

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.
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COMFORT

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CONTENTS

CRUMBS OF COMFORT	Page 2
THE CRACK IN THE HEART Wallace Arthur	2 & 21
IN AND AROUND THE HOME. Fancy Work Conducted by Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson	3
A FEW WORDS BY THE EDITOR	4
CHAPERONING A CHAPERON Short Story William S. Birge, M. D.	4 & 19
COMFORT'S SISTERS' CORNER	5, 10 & 14
CREATURES OF DESTINY: or Where Love Leads (Continued) Charles Garvice	6, 23 & 27
COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS Conducted by Uncle Charlie 7, 8, 9, 12, 19, 22, 27, 29 & 31	8
AS IT HAPPENED Short Story Sarah Cottrell	9
VERA MABEL GAMMON Short Story Scott N. Swisher	11 & 25
MODERN FARMER	13
POULTRY FARMING FOR WOMEN Mrs. Kate V. St. Maur	16 & 17
HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS Geneva Gladding	17 & 28
AN ADVENTURE Short Story Eva Caldwell McGarr	18
PRETTY GIRLS' CLUB Conducted by Katherine Booth	20
MANNERS AND LOOKS	20
VISIT TO THE SICK ROOM Short Article Orin Edson Crooker	21
VETERINARY INFORMATION	22
A CORNER FOR BOYS Conducted by Uncle John	24
TALKS WITH GIRLS	24
MARJORIE'S SURPRISE PARTY Short Story Violet Knapp	25
HOME LAWYER	26
FAMILY DOCTOR	28
INFORMATION BUREAU	28
THREE WHEEL CHAIRS IN AUGUST	29

Crumbs of Comfort

If we waste time, time will waste us.
The fewer the words the better the sermon.
Anxiety never yet bridged over any chasm.
We get out of life no more than we put into it.

Whatever you do in life, be greater than your calling.

Providence is always on the side of the last reserve.

Our minds are given to us, but our characters we make.

On the great clock of time there is but one word—Now.

Life is stern reality fuller of duty than the sky is of stars.

Shut the door to the sun and you will open it to the doctor.

Nature, by pain, compels us to recognize her established laws.

O, woman, whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;

Whether sunned in the tropics, or chilled at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too.

—Moore.

The world always listens to a man with the right spirit in him.

If you love life do not waste time, for that is what life is made of.

The man who never knows when he is beaten, is very seldom beaten.

Success in most things depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed.

No man struggles perpetually and victoriously against his own character.

They who have courage, faith and decision, have whatever else they want.

Only a fool is so satisfied with himself that he never wishes to be wiser and better.

There are certain things we feel to be beautiful and good and we must hunger after them.

Hope lifts us step by step up the mysterious ladder, the top of which no eye has ever seen.

Do noble things, not dream them, all day long. And so make life, death and the vast forever one grand sweet song.

—Kingsley.

No man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.

You cannot have too much of that yearning which is called aspiration, for even though you do not attain your ideal, the efforts you make will bring you nothing but blessings.

The Crack in the Heart

By Wallace Arthur

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"HEY, there, mister, you better look out!" a shrill, thin voice piped. Deutchy checked his big bulk to a standstill. From where he loomed tall and brawny on the rickety tenement stairs he looked down on the quaint little figure on the landing below.

The faint sunshine that stole in through the small pane of the window as if half ashamed of itself shed golden beams on the little chap who stood poised and ready in a belligerent attitude over a curious structure of tin cans and pieces of wood, which another step of Deutchy's heavy, coarse-booted foot would have crushed to utter shapelessness. The tow-headed little form planted its thin legs determinedly over its property and the keen voice cracked once more. "You go round, there's room—you'll smash my fort!"

"You'd better get your fort, kid, some other day," Deutchy rumbled, gruffly, in his deep German bass.

"You step on 'em, an' I'll ping you!" the high voice shot at him. The little fists clenched, and the pale blue eyes blazed up to his with the light of battle.

Deutchy started again, surprise mingled with anger on his heavy featured face; then like sunshine stealing through the clouds of a coming storm, a broad, homely, friendly smile crept over his face lighting its coarse lines with a soft suffused brightness.

"Ha-a-h!" he rolled it out. "You're a spunky poy—o'course I won't step on your fort. Vat's your name?"

The towhead was silent and watchful, but as they looked into each other's eyes a slow smile on the boy's face answered Deutchy's; such is the magic influence of a big heart in a big or small frame; and in the silent passage of the smile a bond of friendship and understanding was established.

"Min'e Pete—what's yours?"

"Deutchy."

"I'm glad to meet you, Deutchy." The little figure reached up a thin hand, and Deutchy bending far over from his bulky height, with a bare hesitating stare of a moment, shook hands slowly and solemnly with Pete. The truce was declared and Pete held the fort.

All that afternoon as Deutchy drove his big team through the noisy city streets and helped load the heavy boxes at the factory the picture of the mite of yellow-headed humanity at the foot of the stairs unwaveringly defying him grew to life and vanished in the slow panorama of his brain. Once in a while he would break into his deep, rolling laughter—which breaks caused his co-workers to eye him wonderingly now and then, for Deutchy seldom laughed although the silent sunshine that had filtered into the big fellow's soul from God's great good world always lingered about him like the sunshine of a long summer's day.

But the picture pleased him. With one of his rough hands cracked and hard as one of the steel "jacks" he used to tip boxes around, he could have crushed to silence the frail figure that defied him so sturdily. He wondered who the little shaver could be; he had never seen him before in the tenement; but Deutchy knew that the human tide that flows in one door of the tenements in the morning often ebbs at night.

His slow born curiosity was satisfied that night, however. Not long after he had climbed the creaking stairs in his ponderous way and settled himself with pipe alight in the old rocker, that fairly seemed to mourn the burden he thrust upon it, he heard a knock at his door, a little timid, perhaps, but very assertive.

"Come in," he rumbled.

The door opened a bit, and the towhead looked in. Deutchy smiled his slow, expansive smile; the thin little face at the door wrinkled in answer and the pale blue eyes brightened. Pete came in.

"Legates, mein Herr," said Deutchy.

Pete stopped short. "Huh?" he queried, and half made ready to cut for the door.

Deutchy smiled. "I was glad to see you, Pete, take a chair."

The smile and the "chair" was sufficient. Pete slid into it without further parley.

"I came up to call on you," he announced.

"Dat's the poy," Deutchy responded jovially.

It was an odd conversation that followed, but it filled Deutchy's heart, which was in exact proportion to his body if proportions are ever exact, with understanding and sympathy. Pete told him in his wise, sober, old-mannish way

of moving into the lower room with his father who, Deutchy gathered, had not a very great love for his boy; and gradually as the little fellow went on to tell him of his troubles, of the time his mother went away and didn't come back, Deutchy's pipe went out and hung fireless in his lips, and the lumpy lines of his face were relaxed and full of interest.

Evening after evening went by; and regularly at the same time he heard the familiar knock at his door; and slowly, for everything went slowly with Deutchy, he came to look forward with as much eagerness as was possible to his nature to the evenings with Pete. The little fellow's quaint ideas, the vividness of his imagination developed by loneliness and necessity was all of interest to Deutchy, for imagination was one thing he did not possess in any way whatsoever. Life was simply a blunt plain reality to him, that was composed of four things; his pay envelope that Porter & Co. gave him every week for his trucking, his meals, his pipe, and his room. But Pete opened a new world to him that he had never entered nor even approached.

As Deutchy's interest folded around Pete, he sought information of the father; he soon learned all he cared to know; and the knowledge only drew the little fellow closer to him. For Deutchy discovered that many nights passed when no father appeared at all—off on a drunken spree; and the little chap slept alone in the bare room below. Deutchy tried to get him to come up and stay with him, but the feat in Pete's face of the father was enough to silence any urging he might be led to make.

One thing, too, they loved between them particularly, and that was music. All the old sweet melodies of his Fatherland were perfectly familiar to Deutchy; and although his voice was too heavy and deep to sing them effectively, yet the heart's and the soul's longing was in them that brought a quiet rapture to Pete's face. Deutchy's delight knew no bounds when Pete learned to sing them with him in his high boyish soprano, softly, hesitatingly at first, then stronger as he learned them better. Sometimes the other lodgers objected when in the full swing of their enthusiasm they sang too loud, Deutchy's deep voice rolling along from deep cavernous lungs and Pete piping high and clear in the songs Deutchy loved. But such objections as were offered were usually made at a safe distance, and Pete except when Mrs. McMenon had a "bad spell" or one of the innumerable babies about them was sick.

Quickly, too, Pete picked up the German phrases and Deutchy's delight knew no bounds when Pete first greeted him with the right German salutation. One by one he caught them from Deutchy's patient lips; and one night Deutchy happened to use a word which was to have momentous consequences for Pete—*heimweh*.

Deutchy's voice was soft as the whisper of night winds over still waters, and his eyes glowed like the embers of a dying fire.

"Pete, someday I was going *heimweh*, home to the Fatherland, in a little of village ver my mudder and vater live. They're old now, Pete, but I'm goin' to see them when I get the money. I save now, but I must have a lot to go. A big lot to go—almost got it now. Then I go to my vater and mudder, and see them before they die—only a little while they live. Pete—and when I get the money, I work but a little, and they work no more at all. Oh, it was a beautiful place, the little old village, ver I live as a poy. You can see the river running to the sea, and the big woods on the mountain—ah! it was gute, Pete, it was ein gute spot."

From a deep corner of his old bureau Deutchy pulled out a stained and much thumbbed bank-book; with tender if clumsy fingers he turned its pages and pointed out to Pete one page particularly.

"See, Pete," he said softly as if imparting a secret, "I have to get just a little more and then I go"—his eyes sparkled—"then I go! Pete!"

Pete listened and looked his interest, for it was evident even to him that Deutchy's thoughts of the time when he could go back to the old home and see the loved ones who stood so near the borderland of that Fatherland where human footsteps never reach, were the consuming fires of his mind—the sole aim and purpose of his life.

Pete's quiet self importance in having been entrusted with Deutchy's secret pleased the big German immensely, and drew still closer the golden links of the friendship between them. Deutchy to reward him asked him one day if he would like to go to the factory with him and ride back and forth from the factory to the

freight depot. Pete assented with rapturous eagerness; and the next day found him sitting beside Deutchy on the high driver's seat of the heavy truck wagon, a little mite of diminutive humanity perched up beside the massive bulk of Deutchy.

Pete clung with tense hands to the seat on the first ride, and snuggled up close to Deutchy. The tossing sea of many teams, the thousands of shifting faces, the crash and the rumble, the deep undertone of the city streets was something entirely new to Pete, only the echo of it had reached his little world, and now he was in the midst of it, and grew to be a silent and profound little watcher of the wonderful panorama. Deutchy was usually busy with his team, but he was silent and somewhat taciturn by nature so Pete's silence did not trouble him—it seemed to be all either cared for to be near each other.

One day Porter, himself, spoke to Deutchy, a faint smile on his cold business face. "Where'd you pick him up, Henglestein?" he asked. "Isn't it rather risky having him around with you—an accident—or something?"

A quick fear bit through Deutchy's heart that Porter might order him to leave Pete.

"No, I don't think; he sticks tight—an' we're good friends, Mr. Porter. I like to have him with me," he answered hurriedly but firmly.

Porter started to speak, but the heavy lines of the German's face set doggedly; and whatever may have been his intention at first, he said nothing, but watched them drive away with a queer smile that defies analysis.

That night in the little room suppressed excitement raged, for Deutchy had enough money now. Pete looked on with deep silent interest as Deutchy with much care and thought packed his belongings in an old veteran of a trunk. He was going to the Fatherland. The thought of parting had not come to them yet; Deutchy's mind moved only to present issues, and so far as he was concerned he was so near the realization of his dream that it was all in the world there was for him.

His notice had been filed that he was to quit work; and the next day he was driving the big grays, and Pete was riding with him for the last time. They turned into the Avenue where the traffic is thickest; slowly the big grays churned their way through the mass, Pete looked on as usual with wide, interested eyes; Deutchy was as usual with his old accustomed skill when a sharp cry cut like the sizzling of a rocket in the night through the noise, a deafening roar went up—a heavy truck piled high with boxes drawn by four horses, driverless careened from a side street and hurled itself like an avalanche straight into Deutchy's team. Deutchy felt himself shot as if from a gigantic sling up into the air—then a downward sensation and a fearful pain in his head; he got up dazedly and rubbed something wet from his forehead that stained his hand red; then he stiffened sharply erect—a cry had rung out, a boy's rending scream of fearful agony.

Deutchy fought his way through a mob of men gathered around a pile of boxes, slinging the men aside like ninepins. Wedged far in such a way that only one man at a time could reach him was Pete; a box that weighed more than one man's strength could lift was upon him. Men tugged and strained, wild cries for bars, boards to pry with rasped up, but none came as death in a moment would. But Deutchy had not been counted on; with one hand he yanked the man out who was in between the boxes attempting to lift the weight from Pete. He bent over, his big red hands sank under the box's edge.

"You big fool, you can't budge that!" some one yelled at him. "Pull him out! He'll pull the mover!" another shouted; and mingled cries of approbation and discouragement rubbed discordantly through the air.

Deutchy made no comment. His red hands caught a firm and sure grip, the big muscular body bent like a massive steel spring; a hush fell over the watching crowd. The knotted muscles of his back rippled and churned and congealed to lumps of iron—slowly, slowly the great box rose, inch by inch the eyes of the onlookers saw it creep upward.

Deutchy saw a hand shoot in and Pete was snatched out. Far away he heard distant cheering, that rose like the hollow sighing of a wind around a chimney in a soft crescendo and died away to a soft murmur; the pain in his back ate into his consciousness; and he knew no more. He opened his eyes to look into Porter's cold face. He tried to move, and very suddenly lay still. "Ver's Pete?" he asked huskily.

"In the General; you're here in Weston's Private Hospital," Porter said shortly. "Henglestein, I warned you against this, and now you've got to pat for it; but you're too valuable a man to lose."

"Is the kid alive?" Deutchy persisted.

"Yes, he's alive; that's all you can say. You stay here; I'll pay all the bills, see, but you're to do as your told."

Deutchy looked up into the even face with a little light of tenderness in his eyes; he knew from that statement that he would not have to use the money he had saved; he was grateful as a dog is grateful.

In a few days they told him he could go out; but they told him something more and he knew it was the bitter truth; the muscles of his shoulders and back were useless; he would never be able to lift his arms above his shoulders as long as he lived. It was a hard blow to him, but his mind always worked with one idea or purpose at a time; and on the very afternoon he left the hospital he presented himself before the head surgeon of the surgical ward of the General Hospital.

The doctor whirled around in his chair as the deep voice greeted him and his cold, irritated, professional glance softened as he saw the German's face and heard his request.

"Yes," the doctor said, "the little fellow is well—that is, as well as we could expect, but—" he fingered the fountain pen in his hand a few moments as if seeking a way to soften the words he was about to use. The agony of suspense on Deutchy's face lay a silence upon his lips, for Deutchy felt that something ominous was coming; once his mind would never have gone beyond mere spoken words, but Pete's friendship had opened to the sunlight the darkened vistas of his soul; and now he could see into the void with his mind's eye where the unborn realities of life lie.

"Well," the surgeon went on after a minute or two, slowly and carefully, "he has been continually calling for you. He seems to think a lot of you; and—well—the box lay in such a manner across his body that definite injuries resulted which we are powerless to remedy. He's a cripple for life. He will never walk again."

Deutchy's big form drooped like a sodden sponge.

"Never—walk—again?" he whispered.

The surgeon nodded. He looked at Deutchy's face and turned away. The marble clock on the desk ticked long and loudly.

Deutchy sagged into an office chair. He leaned far forward.

"Ain't there no way?" he begged, soul in eyes and heart in voice.

The doctor stared out of the window—the brute agony on the face was too much for him. He shook his head, then caught himself. "There is a bare possibility—a bare possibility. An operation seldom tried and seldom successful might do the work. Only one surgeon in the city or the country could perform it—it would cost."

The clock ticked again.

"How much?" Deutchy asked.

The surgeon named the price.

A stillness like that that lies over wastes of waters came into Deutchy's soul. He had the money but it would take every cent. It meant that the dream of his life so near realization would be a vision still forever; his father and mother would die; he never would see them—neither them nor the little old village sleeping

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

"Faithful Shirley"

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

This great story of love, heroism, sacrifice and devotion, intensely interesting, entertaining, and elevating in its tone, touching the heart and compelling the sympathy of the reader, will run as a serial in COMFORT. Don't miss the interesting first part in

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September, 1912.

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over hook through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Knitted Skating Cap

WITH the first fallish days one naturally thinks of the coming winter and then the approach of another Christmas and many a worker who loves to knit and crochet plans out the gifts which are to be handmade.

As the Christmas season seems primarily for the children, thoughts of them usually come first. Any healthy boy would be more than delighted with such a cap as is illustrated, to defy Jack Frost, and grandmother's wrinkled fingers can easily fashion it, as it is not difficult to knit, though such a particularly good shape. It is made entirely with two needles, and is in one piece except for the edging around the face opening.

Cast on 60 stitches and rib 40 rows, knitting 2 and purling 2 alternately. 41st and 42nd rows, purl. Then rib 16 rows, knitting 1 and purling 1 alternately.

62nd row.—Rib the first 18 stitches as usual, and slip them on to an extra needle or a length of thread will answer, cast off 24, rib to the end and then backwards and forwards on these last 18 stitches until 36 rows are finished.

Now slip this set of stitches on an extra needle, return to the first set of 18 stitches and beginning at the inner edge, rib 36 rows to correspond with those on the other side. Finish at the inner edge, cast on 24 stitches to correspond with the cast-off stitches, and on all the stitches (now 60) rib until 36 rows are done. Decrease as follows to shape the top of the cap to fit the head.

1st row.—* K. 8, k. 2 tog., repeat from *.
2nd row.—Purl.
3rd row.—Purl.
4th row.—Purl.
5th row.—* K. 7, k. 2 tog., repeat from *, continue to decrease in every fourth row; that is after working a purl, a plain and a purl row,

peat from *, and only 6 stitches will be left. Work 3 rows and then begin the back.

37th row.—K. twice into every stitch.

38th row.—Purl.

39th row.—Plain.

40th row.—Purl.

41st row.—* K., 1, increase in every 4th row, or to correspond with the decreasing, and in each increase row knit one stitch extra until there are 72 stitches. After the last increase row begin ribbing (on the wrong side) knit 1, and purl 1, the same as in the other half section.

Work 88 rows thus.

Then work 2 purl rows, 1 plain row, 2 purl rows and 40 rows ribbing, 2 plain and 2 purl alternately, cast off.

Pick up and knit, on the right side, 24 stitches along the bottom edge of the opening for the face, and 40 stitches up one side of it, 64 stitches in all.

On the wrong side rib, * purl 2, knit 2, repeat from *. Continue this ribbing until 8 rows are finished, cast off loosely.

Pick up and knit 64 stitches along the top and down the other side of the face and then rib (planning to work so that the ribs will match those at the other edge of the border), until 8 rows are done, cast off loosely. Take a needle threaded with wool and join up the two openings in border around the face, with care the rib meets exactly.

If one prefers, four needles can be used around the face and the result will be better, although a careful worker can accomplish a neat piece of work with only two.

Join the sides of the cap together on the wrong side, beginning at the bottom, and

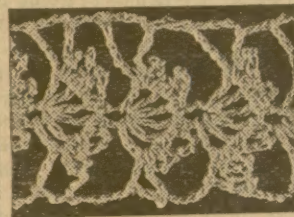
ch. 3, ch. 9, picot, ch. 3, 1 s. c. under next ch. 2, work across the fans in this way, ch. 4, 1 s. c., ch. 4, repeat all around.

These mats are very durable. In making the different sizes one will have to plan out the border somewhat and if necessary begin with more or less stitches, but in both the shell of treble crochet and the pyramid of single which forms the edge, the number should be uneven, 7, 9 or more, according to the size of the mat.

Shell Insertion

Chain five, turn.

1st row.—6 tr. c. with ch. 2



SHELL INSERTION.

between each in the third st. of ch. 5, ch. 8, turn.

2nd row.—1 s. c. under ch. 2, ch. 5, 1 s. c. under same ch. 2 to form picot, continue across the scallop, ch. 8, turn.

3rd row.—Shell in third picot of second shell, ch. 8, 1 tr. c. under ch. 8, ch. 8, turn.

4th row.—Same as second row ending with ch. 8 and 1 tr. c. under ch. 8 in last row, ch. 8, turn.

5th row.—Same as third row to *. Then ch. 6 and 6 tr. c. with ch. 2 between each under ch. 8, ch. 6, 1 d. c. in end picot of first shell, ch. 6, 1 s. c. under ch. 2, ch. 5, 1 s. c. under same ch.,

Shell Upon Shell Lace

Chain five, turn.

1st row.—6 tr. c. with ch. 2 between each in the 3rd st. of ch. 5, ch. 8, turn.

2nd row.—1 s. c. under first ch. 2, ch. 5, 1 s. c. under same ch., repeat across, ch. 8, turn.

3rd row.—6 tr. c. with ch. 2 between each in the third picot of last row, * ch. 6, 1 tr. c. in last picot, ch. 8, turn.

4th row.—Same as second row ending with ch. 8 and 1 tr. c. under ch. 8 in last row, ch. 8, turn.

5th row.—Same as third row to *. Then ch. 6 and 6 tr. c. with ch. 2 between each under ch. 8, ch. 6, 1 d. c. in end picot of first shell, ch. 6, 1 s. c. under ch. 2, ch. 5, 1 s. c. under same ch.,

scallop, ch. 3, finish picots on third scallop of the edge, ch. 8, make sixth shell. Continue until the last is the desired length.

M. F. PHILLIPS.

Corn-husk Baskets

Last year while in the country a bright girl originated a new use for corn husks, from them making dainty and useful little articles which were suitable for gifts.

She gathered the corn husks and hung them up in bundles to dry. Some were white and others selected purposely because they were reddish or bluish in color.

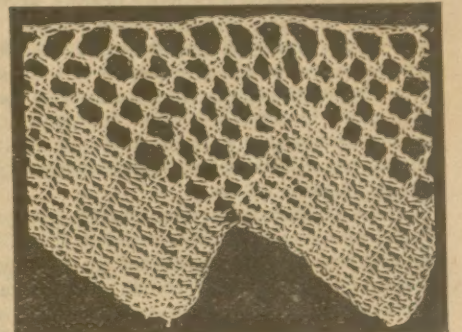
When dry twist in a uniform cord, then braid and sew around and round or work as raffia by tying, thus forming little mats which can be used for the bottoms of silk bags and baskets with straight or curved sides, which are handy for catch-alls, sewing purposes, buttons, hair-pins, jewelry, etc.

Heavy Edge Pointed Lace

This lace is effective and can be rapidly made as it is so simple.

Make a chain of 24 stitches, turn.

1st row.—1 d. c., in 4th st., ch. 2, skip 2, 1 d. c. in next st., repeat 3 times, ch. 2, 10 d. c. in next 10 sts. ch. 3, turn.



HEAVY EDGE POINTED LACE.

2nd row.—10 d. c. * ch. 2, 1 d. c. on d. c. repeat from * 5 times, ch. 4, 1 d. c. ch. 7, turn.

3rd row.—1 d. c. under * ch., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on first d. c. repeat from * 4 times, ch. 2, 10 d. c.

4th row.—10 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. 8 times, ch. 4, 1 d. c. ch. 7, turn.

5th row.—1 d. c. under ch., ch. 2, d. c. on d. c. ch. 2, 1 d. c. ch. 2, 10 d. c.

Continue making each point in the same way till lace is the desired length.

MRS. HELEN COMBES.

Crocheted Handkerchief Bag

1st round.—Ch. 10, join in ring, 26 s. c. in ring, ch. 3.

2nd round.—1 tr. c. in each of first 8 sts., * ch. 3, 3 tr. c. in next 3 sts., * repeat from * to * 5 times, ch. 3, join, ch. 3.

3rd round.—9 tr. c., 3 tr. c. under ch. 3, ch. 3, 3 tr. c. under same ch., * 3 tr. c., ch. 3, 3 tr. c. under next ch. 3, * repeat from * to * 5 times, ch. 3.

4th round.—13 tr. c., ch. 3, 3 tr. c. under ch. 3, then same as last row from * to *, only making all of the last 3 tr. c. on the last 3 tr. c. of previous row instead of under ch. 3, join, ch. 3.

5th round.—Tr. c. on each tr. c. to first ch. 3, under this ch. make 10 tr. c., repeat under each ch. 3, then 1 tr. c. on each tr. c. of previous row to joining, ch. 5, sl. st. in 3 tr. c. of last fan of 10 tr., ch. 3.

6th round.—19 tr. c., ch. 9, catch in center of fan of 10 tr. c., ch. 12 or 14, catch in center next fan 10 tr., repeat five times, ch. 9, 1 sl. st. in end last row, ch. 3.

7th round.—20 tr. c., 10 s. c. under ch. 9, 18 s. c. under each ch. 12, ch. 3.

8th round.—20 tr. c., 3 tr. c. on first 3 s. c. sts. of last row, ch. 3, 3 tr. c. on next 3 s. c. sts., ch. 3, sk. 3 sts., 3 tr. c. on next 3 s. c. sts. Continue making two groups of 3 tr. c. each on each 12 s. c. sts.

9th round.—25 tr. c., ch. 3, 6 tr. c. separated by ch. 3 under each ch. of previous row.

10th round.—26 tr. c. fan 7 tr. c. under first ch. 3. Fans of 12 tr. c. under each other, ch. 3, all around.

Repeat from beginning for other side, catching the two together by sl. st. in center of fans of last row.

Line with any color which will show off the work best. Then starting from right-hand side, join thread and work ch. 3, 6 tr. c. separated by ch. 3, ch. 3, turn, 6 tr. c. separated by ch. 3 under ch. 3 of first fan. Continue until the cord is the desired length, crochet to opposite side. Shaded silkateen or silk of any color makes a very pretty bag.

MARY M. BURK.

Guest or Individual Towels

Many housewives are buying fine huck by the yard, scalloping the ends and embroidering them and their monogram just above at one end. A very good plan is to have individual towels—that is, towels for each member of the family—with the individual's monogram worked on them. A set of towels wrought with a monogram and embroidered in scallops at each end makes a charming holiday gift.

Knitted Shell Edging

Cast on 11 stitches and knit across plain.

1st row.—K. 2, thread over twice, n., k. 5, thread over, n.

2nd row.—K. 1, seam 1, k. 7, seam 1.

3rd row.—K. 10, thread over, n.

4th row.—K. 1, seam 1. Knit the rest plain.

5th row.—K. 2, thread over twice, n., o. 2, n., k. 4, o. n.

6th row.—K. 1, seam 1, k. 6, seam 1, k. 2, seam 1, k. 2.

7th row.—K. 12, o. n.

8th row.—K. 1, seam 1. Knit the rest plain.

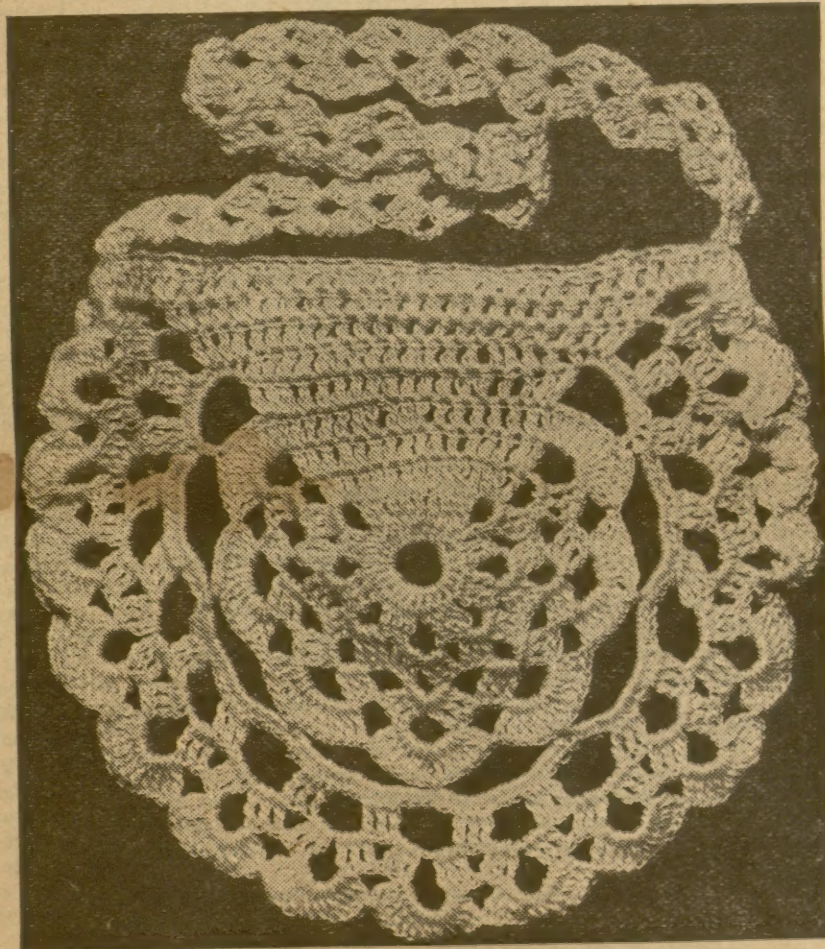
9th row.—K. 2, o. 2, n., o. 2, n., o. 2, n., k. 4, o. n.

10th row.—K. 1, seam 1, k. 6, seam 1, k. 2, seam 1, k. 2, seam 1, k. 2.

11th row.—K. 15, o. n.

12th row.—K. 1, seam 1, k. 5, bind off 6, leaving 1 st. on the right-hand needle and 10 sts. on the left-hand needle. Knit them plain.

Repeat from 1st row. FRANCES LEWIS.



CROCHETED HANDKERCHIEF BAG. By Mary M. Burk.

work upwards where the slight extra fullness of the back can be gathered in a little at the top. Care must be taken in joining that the horizontal ribs run evenly all round above the ribbing around the neck.

Pineapple Table Mats

A set of table mats is something which any housekeeper would appreciate, and if intended for a Christmas gift should be commenced in ample time, as it means considerable work.

Use a coarse well-twisted crochet cotton and a suitable steel needle, work tightly, then the mats will be firm. Begin with an even number of stitches, 30, 40 or 50, turn, 1 s. c. in each st., up one side of the chain and then down the other, turn and work a row of s. c. all around, taking up the furthest loop of each st. only, turn when each round is complete and make eight rows or four ribs on each side of the center chain. After finishing this make ch. 5, 1 tr. c. in first st. of ch. 5, ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 tr. c. all around excepting corners and point at opposite end, there place 2 tr. c. in the same st.

Next 5 rows of s. c., then 1 row tr. c., followed by 3 rows s. c., 1 row tr. c., 5 rows s. c., ch. 3, 6 tr. c. in next 6 sts., * ch. 2, sk. 1 st., 11 s. c. in next 11 sts., ch. 2, sk. 1, 11 tr. c. in next 11 sts.; finish the round by repeating from *, after last ch. 2 make 4 tr. c., ch. 3, 6 tr. c., ch. 3, 9 s. c. on 11 s. c., ch. 3, 11 tr. c. on 11 tr. c., with ch. 1 between each, repeat around, finish with 4 tr. c., ch. 3, 6 tr. c., ch. 1 between each, ch. 3, 7 s. c. on 9 s. c., repeat around, finish with ch. 3, 6 tr. c. with ch. 2 between each, ch. 4, 5 s. c. on

7 s. c., repeat around, ch. 3, same as last row, only 3 s. c. on 5 s. c., finish with ch. 9, form picot by catching in 3rd st., ch. 3, 1 s. c. under

repeat, making 5 picots, ch. 8, picot across the third shell, ch. 8, 1 tr. c. under ch. 8. The scallop made on this row is the first of the edge.

6th row.—Ch. 8, turn, shell on shell, ch. 8, 1 s. c. in last picot of third shell, ch. 8, picot across fourth shell, ch. 8, 1 tr. c., ch. 8, turn.

7th row.—Shell on shell, ch. 8, 1 s. c. in last picot of fourth shell, ch. 8, picot across fifth shell, ch. 8, 1 tr. c., ch. 8, turn.

8th row.—Shell on shell, ch. 8, shell under ch. 8 of last row, ch. 6, 1 s. c. in last picot of fourth shell, ch. 6, 1 s. c. under ch. 2 in last made shell, ch. 5, 1 s. c. under same ch. 2, 1 picot under next ch. 2, ch. 8, turn and sl. st. to last made ch. 6, ch. 8, sl. st. to ch. 8 at end of third shell, ch. 3, 1 d. c., 2 tr. c., 3 d. tr. c., 2 tr. c. and 1 d. c. each with ch. 2 between under the last made ch. 8. This is the beginning of the second scallop which forms edge of lace.

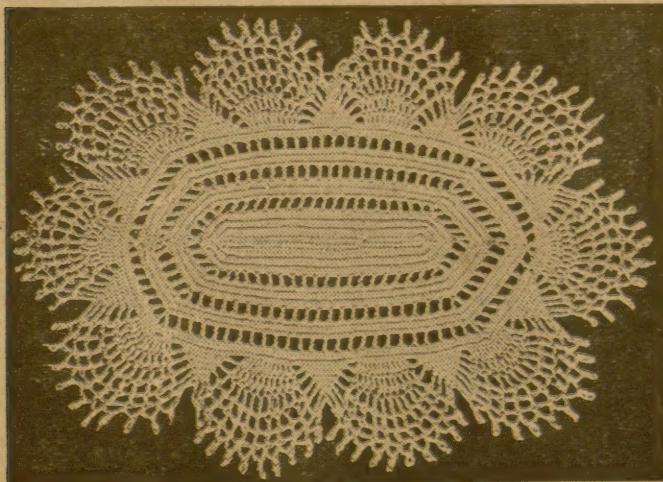
Ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 5, turn, work back around this scallop, putting 1 d. c. with ch. 2 between under each ch. 2 in last row. Picot back across this



SHELL UPON SHELL LACE.

8th row.—Shell on shell, ch. 8, shell under ch. 8 of last row, ch. 6, 1 s. c. in last picot of fourth shell, ch. 6, 1 s. c. under ch. 2 in last made shell, ch. 5, 1 s. c. under same ch. 2, 1 picot under next ch. 2, ch. 8, turn and sl. st. to last made ch. 6, ch. 8, sl. st. to ch. 8 at end of third shell, ch. 3, 1 d. c., 2 tr. c., 3 d. tr. c., 2 tr. c. and 1 d. c. each with ch. 2 between under the last made ch. 8. This is the beginning of the second scallop which forms edge of lace.

Ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 5, turn, work back around this scallop, putting 1 d. c. with ch. 2 between under each ch. 2 in last row. Picot back across this



PINEAPPLE TABLE MATS.

and in each decreasing row knit one stitch less before knitting the 2 together.

At last the 33rd row will be—* K. 2 tog., re-

A Few Words by the Editor

WHILE the big political conventions for the nomination of presidential candidates were being held in Chicago and Baltimore, and politicians were busy with the usual machine-made platforms full of rosy promises, thousands of women were parading the streets of New York, Brooklyn and other big cities, forcibly closing up hundreds of meat markets, and holding meetings of protest against the high cost of living. Owing to the interference of the police, considerable rioting resulted at times, but the women were apgr and almost desperate, for the soaring prices of provisions, made it impossible for them to provide even the cheapest cuts of meat for the family table.

The Republican National Convention at Chicago had little if anything to say about the high cost of living, which seems rather strange considering it is the one great problem above all others that is now agitating the minds of the mass of our citizens. Politicians have money (the people's money as a rule) and are not at all concerned with the soul-racking problems of the poor.

One delegate to the Chicago Convention, desiring to economize, ordered a dish of prunes, and eight prunes were brought to him, and for these he paid forty cents, which figured out exactly at five cents a prune. Our California readers who raise prunes will probably have a spasm when they hear this. It appears this is the regular price for prunes at fashionable hotels in the Windy City. Evidently the man who gives up steak for prunes with the idea that his living expenses will be reduced, will have a rude awakening if he boards at any of our fashionable hotels.

The tremendous advance in the price of meat has caused and is causing consternation in millions of homes. A sinister fact which should not go unnoticed, was, that immediately after the government prosecution of the meat trust—which as usual with such prosecutions, failed dismally—the price of all meat products was boosted. Evidently the meat trust intended to give the people a lesson and make them pay the expenses of the trial.

All sorts of reasons have been advanced for the high cost of meat. Apologists for the high price of meat with the twinkle of deception in their eyes, inform us that fifteen per cent. of the corn crop is used in the manufacturing of breakfast food products, which adds to the scarcity of food for live stock. Then we are told that the use of corn in the manufacture of various liquors adds to the cost of living by diverting this valuable article of food from cattle to other and less useful purposes.

But now comes the Department of Commerce and Labor which brushes aside the mass of falsehoods that have been utilized by the unscrupulous representatives of the meat trust as an excuse for cruelly extortionate prices. Instead of a shortage of cattle, which we have been informed right along has been the cause of the high price of meat, during the last four months, it appears that more cattle have been received at the seven great western markets than at any previous period during the last ten years, and the stock raisers have to take what the Trust offers them for their cattle, and that is comparatively little. So they have the public both going and coming. Another official report by the way informs us that the cattle exported to foreign markets during the last few years have broken all records.

From this you will see that the law of supply and demand, which is supposed to regulate the cost of all articles, is not boosting prices. We have not only plenty of cattle for home consumption, but plenty to send abroad, and we sell our meat, and better meat abroad for less than we do here. So you see the whole thing is a "Hold up!" Extortion that ought to be criminal if it is not, by men who manifest neither conscience nor pity, and who have nothing to fear from our courts, our juries or our laws, bleed the national pocketbook until the women of our cities, having no means of reaching those who are responsible for the depletion of their scanty resources, scatter kerosene on meat displayed in stores of the small retailers and force hundreds of these innocent victims of trust extortion out of business.

Many people wonder why there are so many strikes. With the present high cost of living, men with families, who earn less than a dollar and a half a day must either strike for higher pay or starve, no other alternative is left them. No man worthy of the name, especially an American man is willing to die of starvation in a land of plenty without making some effort to secure food to retain the life in his body, and secure better conditions of living for his family.

Every ten years we take a census, and many remarkable facts are gleaned from these census reports.

In the year 1909 for instance, some six million workers employed in manufacturing industries, received a wage of \$519 per year—less than ten dollars a week. This is an increase of nine per cent. over the wages paid five years previously, but the cost of living during that same period increased no less than forty per cent. It is thus readily seen that the dollar of today compared with a dollar of five years ago, has a purchasing value of only some sixty-five cents. Wages then are as a matter of fact lower than they were years ago when living was so much cheaper.

A bill is to be introduced in Congress inviting foreign governments to investigate the cause of the increased prices of food and other necessities of life. The trouble with these investigations is that after we have found what the trouble is (and we know what the trouble is before the investigation begins) no effort is made to remedy conditions.

Some of the reasons for the present high cost of living are patent to us all. The advance in wages accounts for only a small part of the increase in prices of food and other commodities. Neither does the fact that the farmer gets better prices for his products give the true cause, because the farmer gets only fifty cents on the dollar paid by the city consumer for the food stuffs he produces. We must look elsewhere for the principal cause of high prices.

The cost of distributing food products is enormous. The shipping charges of railroad and express companies are exorbitant. Between the man who produces the food and the man who consumes it, there are a whole army of middlemen and retailers, men who merely handle the food, and sometimes don't even handle it, except in their account books. It is the handling of food products and the passing of the same from one set of men to another and the intervention of the trusts that boosts the cost of living to Alpine heights, and makes living such a soul-breaking problem to not only the poor man, but to the man of average means as well.

The automobile (and there are thousands of them owned by the middlemen), the luxurious home kept up by these individuals, the college education that is given to their children, and all the other luxuries indulged in by this class, must all be added to the cost of the food articles which we consume. With the railroads, express companies, trusts and middlemen adding one hundred per cent. to the cost of food products, it is only natural that somebody, in fact everybody, has to pay tribute to those who, if they do not produce the food of the world, at least monopolize its handling.

We know that it costs more to produce things than it did a few years ago. We know that the distribution of the food products is clumsy and badly managed. In fact there are many ways in which we can account for the increased cost of living, but the explanations given out by those who ruthlessly plunder the public for gain and profit deceive no one. We are all willing to pay a little more for both the luxuries and the necessities of life, if those who produce them are, by the added expenditure enabled to attain a higher standard of living and a higher standard of citizenship, but the nation is tired of being bled and exploited by a conscienceless few who, by their rapacious methods, are making life unbearable for millions of our people, and a crushing burden for those who, belonging neither to the artisan or laboring classes are forced by circumstances, at all times to dress well, and keep up appearances, in spite of empty cupboards and depleted pocket-books.

Since penning the above the writer noticed the following article in the New York American. The article was headed thus: "Butchers mob and almost kill a wholesaler. Crowd of

one hundred retailers chase him and knock him down. Police come to his rescue. Women join in the attack. Trust, after putting prices up to highest in forty years, refuses credit to small dealers."

The writer quotes the following remarks from the article in question, and feels sure they will profoundly interest all our readers:

"George Thomson, who has been fifty years in the meat business in New York, and is President of the New York Butchers Calfskin Association said:

"There seems to be a belief in some quarters that it is unprofitable to raise cattle because of the cost of corn. The answer to that is, don't feed them corn. Take a lesson from Europe. They don't raise any corn there.

"The admission to this country of free beef on the hoof from wherever it may be raised is the only remedy I can see for high prices, short of ceasing to eat meat.

"There is as much beef grown now as ever. The Trust men assert there is a shortage, and that the prices on the hoof are therefore too high. The reason dates back about twenty years—to the time when the Beef Trust was first formed.

"Farmers were making money from raising cattle, but the combine decided that the time had come to increase profits. They entered into a compact by which they gradually forced down prices of beef on the hoof. The farmer had to take what was offered or nothing.

"In course of time the price was driven down to such an extent that raising cattle no longer became profitable to the individual. Then the Trust stepped in.

"It can easily be proved that the Trust has been the great cattle grower of the country. Its agents raise the cattle and then sell them to the Trusts at fictitious prices, in order to make the people believe that the original cost is so high that there is justification for the wholesale prices demanded. This is the inside of the whole situation."

The price of meat should be at once lowered by governmental action in putting an end to the meat trust or by governmental regulation of its business.

Likewise with the coal combine, one of the worst, most cruel and oppressive of those that are sucking the life blood of the American people. Having a practical monopoly of the anthracite coal fields in the United States, it is putting out a poorer quality of coal, such as would not have been marketable a few years ago, and is forcing the public to pay a higher price. About ten years ago, after the great coal strike, the price was raised, and since then the writer has never been able to find a ton of decent hard coal in the market, poor coal, more slate and other stone in it. Now, since the recent settlement of the coal strike of last spring, the coal combine has again raised the price, this time 25 cents a ton, because the miners' wages have been raised a trifle. The increase in wages is only about 10 cents a ton and the other 15 cents goes as clear velvet to the trust and adds six million dollars a year more to its enormous and excessive profits. This is an outrage that should not be permitted by the government; and yet Congress helps it on by keeping a protective tariff duty on the importation of foreign coal. Ask your Congressmen and U. S. Senators about it when they come around and ask you for your votes this fall.

And the Standard Oil Company has raised the price of gasoline from nine cents to sixteen cents a gallon in the last seven months, and those who are obliged to use it say that the present product is much inferior in quality.

What are you going to do about it? How long are you, the sovereign people who have the votes, going to stand it?

You are taxed to pay for expensive Congressional investigations of the trusts, but when the wickedness, lawlessness and oppression has been exposed, what does Congress do about it? Nothing.

It is up to you in the coming election to elect a Congress that will enact effective anti-trust laws, and an administration that will enforce them.

Comfort's Editor.

Chaperoning A Chaperon By William S. Birge, M. D.

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I WAS to join the Doane girls and their aunt that summer for a month in the Black Forest, where Nina was ordered to try the waters of Bad Imnau for her health. We had been schoolmates earlier at home in America, and were now greatly delighted with the prospect of a reunion in Germany.

Just before I went to Stuttgart to join the girls, and proceed on our journey, their aunt was called to England by the illness of a relative, and our plans were thrown into confusion for lack of a chaperon. However, at the last moment, a hastily written letter from Fanny Doane brought me the welcome news that all was well.

"We have persuaded Mrs. Jaffray and her daughter to go with us," she wrote. "I know you will be charmed with Mrs. Jaffray. She is a widow. Her husband died five years ago, but she has borne up wonderfully, and has such a brave, patient spirit."

Our chaperon-to-be instantly took her place before my mental vision as a sad-eyed, middle-aged matron of dignified and stately bearing. The daughter I fancied as of about my own and Fanny's age.

When I stepped into the Doane's pretty apartment in the Olga Strasse, two days later, and saw a charmingly pretty girl in a white lawn gown throwing crumbs to the sparrows from the balcony window, I expected an introduction to Miss Jaffray, and it would be difficult to describe my sudden revulsion of feeling when I learned that this dainty little creature with the childish blue eyes and arch smile was no other than our chaperon, the "brave, patient spirit" of Fanny's letter. Dolly, the daughter, a merry, thistledown sprite of seven years, made her appearance in due time.

We formed a joyous and merry company altogether, in spite of Nina Doane's delicate health, and the ruling spirit among us soon proved to be Mrs. Jaffray, by reason of her gay good humor, her wit and personal charm. Her age was in reality twenty-six, but she looked, next to Dolly, the youngest of our party.

We soon found, even on our journey south to the Black Forest, that we should not lack for excitement as long as Louise Jaffray was our chaperon, for it was impossible for her to go anywhere without attracting attention, and an array of brand-new devotees was quickly produced, beginning with an English physician who minis-

tered to Nina's needs en route. He was followed by an elderly Tubingen professor, who became interested in her as we waited in a little inn at Reublingen for our Black Forest train.

Mrs. Jaffray was strolling about the inn parlor, with Dolly's adoring arm thrown about her waist, and they stopped to look at a map of Switzerland on the wall. Instantly the old gentleman in black velvet skullcap and spectacles, who had been hovering in the background, was at her side, bowing gravely, and asking in German: "Desires the highly revered Fraulein to delineate the map to the little sister?"

What could Louise do but smile her frank, winning smile?

But Fanny Doane turned to me in despair as we watched them and murmured: "Amy, what shall we do with our chaperon? The very mischief is in her! It will take our combined efforts to get her safely to Imnau. There will be a lawyer on the train—mark my words. We have had medicine and divinity. Cheer up; the worst is yet to come!"

Imnau, which we had fancied the most quiet and monotonous of German Bads, as it certainly was the most remote, proved to contain that season an unexpected and most gratifying sensation. The ruling Duke and Duchess of the adjacent province had come with a somewhat extensive retinue just before our arrival, and taken a bare and rectangular villa which belonged to the Kur-Haus as a kind of dependence.

Accordingly we found the tiny village alive with titled people, whose doings greatly interested us, and with some of whom we speedily made acquaintance. This was all very agreeable, but the task of chaperoning our chaperon through the mazes of German sentiment and courtly gallantry grew more difficult every day. Not that Louise Jaffray was a coquette—that she was imprudent or designing. She was a devoted mother, an ardent friend, a frank, generous nature, but she possessed that irresistible charm which nothing could conceal, and which drew men and women alike to her.

It was at the close of our second week at Bad Imnau, on a radiant, dewy morning, that Mrs. Jaffray, Fanny and I proposed immediately after breakfast to walk to Meiningen, the nearest village up the valley.

We stopped for a few moments at the door of the village inn with its swinging sign, "Zom Gemse," glittering in somewhat dazzling splendor

of paint, and looked up at the castle, which now loomed above us, at closer range, in proportions far more impressive than when seen in the distance.

"It is the most perfectly feudal thing I ever saw," remarked Mrs. Jaffray; "the Rhine castles don't compare. I suppose it is the forest inclosing it so on all sides that gives it that utterly impossible air, as if it had just stepped out of one of Marlow's romances."

The landlady of the little inn had come out to greet us, and was listening with wistful smiles to our eager comments in English. Turning to her, Mrs. Jaffray, who was the only one of us who could speak German fluently, asked:

"Are the Herrschaft at home? Do you suppose we can see the inside of the castle?"

"Count Wolfgang rode up to the castle last night," was the reply, "but he may have gone back to his regiment this morning already. If none of the Herrschaft are there the castellan will doubtless allow the gracious ladies to see the state apartments."

Thanking the woman, we proceeded up the narrow village street, which grew ever steeper and rougher.

"Now, heaven send," cried Mrs. Jaffray, stopping to lean against a rock, her face flushed with the heat and effort of climbing, "that the lordly Ritter, Count Wolfgang, may have betaken himself, even with the lack to his aforesaid regiment."

"So say I!" cried Fanny. "I don't want to take all this trouble just for a view. Think what a lot of them we shall have to go in for next month in Switzerland! What I want is to see how these Ritters live. I am just dying of envy. What would I give to live in such a place! Happy beings!" and she gazed with longing eyes up at the towers and battlements gray with age and rich with ivy, which now seemed to rise directly over our heads.

"Oh, nonsense!" returned Mrs. Jaffray; "they are full of rats and mice. I wouldn't live in one for anything. Imagine making Fadennoedel soup for his lordship's dinner! That is what these poor Frei-Fraus do in real life, Fan, you can take my word for it. And onions! The high nobility of Germany subsist chiefly on onions! No feudalism for me, thank you. Give me Boston and baked beans and such like democratic institutions, and men who know how to treat their wives."

"That is all very well until you see a uniform," I remarked, quietly. "Who can stand before them? It is not in the heart of woman."

When we had reached the summit of the cliff on which the castle was built we had to cross a bridge over an ancient moat, and straightway thereafter we found ourselves in the castle courtyard. As we entered a prodigious brindled mastiff sprang fiercely upon us, but a boy appeared, who assured us that he was securely chained, and gave us permission to walk out upon the terraces beyond the castle overlooking the valley. The view was both majestic and entrancing, and we stood spellbound in silence for many moments. Later Mrs. Jaffray's invincible gaiety returned, and she insisted that we should at least attempt to see the inside of the castle, a project which Fanny and I were fain to give up, being not a little overawed on near approach to so much of ancient magnificence.

"What are you afraid of while I am with you?" cried our little chaperon. "With me to lend dignity to the undertaking, there can be no possible harm!"

We looked at her, Fanny and I, and laughed. She was so pretty that morning, and in her white gown and broad, white hat, she did not look more than seventeen, and so I told her, as we followed her somewhat timidly back to the courtyard entrance.

Our summons were answered by the same lad who had quieted the dog, and to him Mrs. Jaffray put her question:

"Would it be permitted that these American ladies who had come so far and had never seen a castle like this, should be permitted to view some part of its interior?"

I was positive that a word of denial was on the fellow's lips when a call of "Fritz!" came from the background, and, murmuring that he would see the castellan, the lad disappeared, while Mrs. Jaffray nodded to us gayly, expectant triumph shining from her eyes.

In a few moments a man in servant's livery appeared, bowed and in sober, although not ungracious silence, indicated that we might enter. Following our guide, we were now ushered into a suite of lofty rooms, with faded decorations and somewhat comfortable furnishings. The castellan named the purpose and characteristics of each briefly, but seemed disinclined to enlarge

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



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Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

ALTHOUGH many inquiries have been given me through my corner by sisters interested in the adoption of children, little has been said indicating that the matter went any further.

To quote from two letters will best give you an idea of the vast number who earnestly desire to adopt babies.

Mrs. Lillian E. Stenson writes: "To the sisters who so kindly opened their hearts and homes to the dear little baby I asked a home for in March COMFORT will say that I received over six hundred letters asking me to let them have her."

Mrs. Pearl Lackey writes: "I have received so many letters requesting the woman's address from whom we got our baby, about seventy-five in all, that it is impossible to answer each one, but I have clipped every address and mailed to the home so they may know direct. . . . It is through your kindness, Mrs. Wilkinson, and dear old COMFORT that we have baby."

A stringent rule of the Sisters' Corner has been that no letter can appear except over a genuine signature. For the first time I am going to overstep this rule that I may give you the benefit and pleasure of reading a letter from a very remarkable woman, when the reason for withholding her signature will be obvious.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have just finished reading May COMFORT and how I do enjoy the Sisters' Corner, especially the letter from Clara Bell, Havenwood, Mo. How my heart went out to her.

Here is another's life's story. I was born and reared on a farm, an only child. My parents were both hard-working good people. From the time I was eight years old I milked from four to six cows, put in feed for all the horses, and my work grew with my years, until at the age of eighteen I could and did do all kinds of farmwork except plant corn.

Then I married a man that worked just like my father and who thought a woman should help in the field as well as the house.

Now sisters, for sixteen years I cooked for from four to six hired men, milked twelve cows, made all the garden, always raised four hundred hens, did the housework, and when help was hard to get worked in the hay field.

No children came to bless me and oh, how I longed for baby hands to clasp in mine when I was so tired. One day I said to my husband, "Let us adopt one or two children." This was what he said: "If you haven't enough work to keep you busy, take the hoe and cut weeds out of the corn." When we were married sixteen years he died.

Now Clara Bell, I will tell you what I did. I sold the farm he left me and bought in another state where no one knew me. Then I went to an orphan's home (now you will know up your hands in horror) and I adopted five children, the oldest six, the youngest three weeks, three boys and two girls, including twins, and oh, how proud I was of my family! Then I moved to my new home where no one would know, and there I have reared my happy, happy family.

That was fourteen years ago. Sometimes it was hard to make both ends meet, but at night when we all knelt in prayer I thanked God for His blessings.

Now my dear oldest son is twenty and runs the place for mother, and as he kisses us all good night, every night he will say: "God bless you darling mother." Sisters don't you know I am happy? Would I not be? And the rest are just as good and dear to me, and not for the world would I have them and know that they were not my very own. They watch for COMFORT as anxiously as I do. So I will sign myself, "HAPPY MOTHER OF FIVE."

The fortitude, courage and strength of character shown by this woman does credit to the highest type of motherhood, and as my thoughts center on the six hundred and seventy-five who would adopt this rare woman who has lived to receive the blessings of her adopted child, it drives out the dark side of life and brings me very close to the beautiful, and to a realization of the influence and power of good women.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: I received your kind letter asking particulars of my cure of rheumatism, with pokeberries.

In the first place, I read a sister's letter in COMFORT telling of an old lady eating pokeberries for rheumatism. I began at once eating them three times a day before meals. I ate five, the first day (three times), six three times the next day, and so on, increasing them three each day until I ate twenty-five three times a day for about a week. Then I stopped on account of the berries becoming dry, but have had no rheumatism since. Could hardly rise from my chair when I began eating the pokeberries.

Now I will be truly glad if this should be of benefit to anyone. Kindly yours, MRS. LIZZIE E. WATSON, Fincastle, Brown Co., Ohio.

Mrs. Watson. I greatly appreciate your reply to my letter asking for information regarding this cure which I felt might be within the reach of many afflicted sisters. There are so many forms of rheumatism, each one requiring different treatment, that some may try the pokeberry without good results, but if even one finds relief through our combined efforts, it will indeed be gratifying. Thank you very much.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: As I have read so many interesting letters on rearing babies on bottles I want to send my experience.

I have twin girls, eight months old. I use condensed milk and hygienic bottles and nipples. I boil the water and carefully measure water and milk according to directions on milk can. About every two weeks I

use one tablespoon less water, or one ounce a month. I commenced the use of bottles when babies were six weeks old as my milk had ceased completely when they were three months old. My babies have the hardest and firmest flesh I ever saw and have never been sick a day, although they took whooping cough when about three months old. They have two teeth apiece and are trying to crawl and sit alone. They weighed five and a half pounds at birth and now weigh eighteen pounds.

I believe cleanliness and carefulness is the secret of my success. I have special utensils for preparing their food which are never used for anything else. I have a gallon porcelain boiler with a top for their water and keep it well covered, and a half gallon porcelain bucket with top. I heat the boiled water at each feeding, then I pour it in a straight pitcher, then pour into bottles to get the number of ounces, then pour back into pitcher and add milk. I use twelve ounces of water to three tablespoons of milk, also add about a teaspoon of lime water to each feeding, which is about every three hours.

I make my own linewater. I use a quart of boiled water to two heaping tablespoons of lime (the kind used for whitewashing). Stir it well and let set for several hours, and then skim and drain off carefully so there is no settling at bottom, then strain through several thicknesses of cheese-cloth (I use a flour sack doubled), then bottle.

This is also fine for indigestion for adults. Use a teaspoon in a glass of water after meals. An old doctor told me how to make it, and it cured me of a bad case of indigestion and constipation.

Now to get back to my first subject. Just as soon as babies get through eating I wash bottles, nipples and pitcher, either in strong soda water or very hot water, then I rinse them before I use them, and keep bottles and nipples wrapped up until wanted again. I must admit this is some trouble, but just think of the reward; two of the healthiest and best babies anywhere. I do all my work and babies are not neglected; they come first, and they are not spoiled. They stay on bed contented, kick, crow and play all day. They have never had any solid food. Have given them fresh buttermilk with a little sugar in it and give them fresh water several times a day. I have never rocked them to sleep. I put them in their little bed between seven and eight and don't hear any more from them until about six next morning. My daily prayer is for strength and wisdom to bring them up in the way they should go.

I think it is right that women should vote if they want to, but God has given us the greatest mission on earth, when he gives the little mites of humanity to make and guide in the right way, and if I fail it will be from ignorance and not from neglect.

Would like to give a lot of my experience that might help if I hadn't looked at the number of this page, so will close and try to come again. With love and best wishes to COMFORT readers, Respectfully, Mrs. W. A. SMITH, 1325 Ash Crescent St., Fort Worth, Texas.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: This morning is cloudy and raining and I can't get out in the sunshine so am going to try and give a little sunshine to COMFORT sisters as they have given me many pleasant hours reading their letters, and as I never saw a letter from Orange Co., Indiana, will you please give me a corner chair this morning and let me visit with you all?

I have been a reader of COMFORT for many years and a subscriber for a long time too. It certainly is a comfort to the household and one that should be in every house as it has so many helpful helps within its covers.

Believe it was in the March number where a little maid from a Southern state wrote in regard to constipation and gave her remedy that was "cottonseed oil," also the comments on it too, by the editor. I heartily endorse every word that was printed for my home is with an aunt who has had this affliction for eighteen years and since her physician prescribed the treatment she has been greatly benefited by it and thinks if she had known it at first she would have been permanently cured. She wishes the many COMFORT sisters to know this and asks that I write a letter to your corner telling you too, that since commencing this oil treatment, those awful neuralgia attacks have had to go and seldom has one now. We think it a "great remedy."

Also dear housewives how many of you use the rag carpets? If you do, do you sew your rags before tearing or cutting them? It is a time and patience saver to sew them first with the machine across each end about the desired width you want your rags from the edges then when they are torn to this row of stitching there's strength to hold them. One can turn and tear back forth until the piece is finished and there's no short rags to sew by hand, but one nice long one to wind into a ball. Try it.

Will some kind sisters give this remedy for scaly-legs hens through this corner, as it is a disease of hens in this vicinity.

I have told you at the first of this letter my home is in Orange Co., Ind. Will further say it is good for farming and fruits of all kinds that grow in the temperate zone it seems as there's such a variety. However this year winter has killed many kinds as it was so cold, and will be very scarce except apples, which seem to be plentiful. Corn, wheat and oats are the principal grains, clover and Timothy are the grasses that thrive best and make splendid hay.

I will write you again and tell you of our beautiful country and home help.

If any of the sisters would like to know more about the "cottonseed oil" as a treatment and will write me with stamps enclosed will gladly tell them all I can.

Hoping someone may glean from this letter something that will help them as I have often found helpful ideas from others, I close thanking that dear Southern girl for her nice letter and hope many will be helped by it.

Wishing all a long and happy life, I am your COMFORT sister, MISS NANNIE WALTERS, Lelpsic, Box 43, Ind.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have received COMFORT for nearly a year and think it fine. The first part I got I thought I would write but hate the waste paper.

I will describe myself. I am four feet nine inches tall, fifteen years old and weigh about seventy pounds, so I am only a wee person. I have dark brown hair and blue eyes.

I have just graduated from the grammar school. Some sister might say "She is going to high school." No high school for me! I am going to the Lowell Industrial School and take up housekeeping, which is a two years' course. We have the same studies as in high school, excepting languages. Any sister is welcome who wishes to come.

Is any sister troubled with ants? If so, make a thin paste of red pepper and turpentine and brush it in their path.

Before cooking rub the bottom of the pans with fat and any smut will easily wash off.

Salt will make your teeth white and strong when used to clean them.

Your loving sister, MARTHA ANDERSON, 42 Fay St., Lowell, Mass.

Martha. I wish every girl could be favored with an opportunity like yours; a two years' course in an industrial school. There is an increasing desire among girls, whether they are to become wage earners or otherwise, to know more of domestic science, and the advantage of the girl who knows how to cook, keep house and sew, over the one who does not, is fast bringing about different standards. The women of this country are becoming more and more active in all branches of work, domestic, and industrial, and it behooves every young girl to store up all the knowledge she can. In her own home she should assume certain light duties to be increased as she develops strength and competency. I do not mean just a smattering of this and that, but a real knowledge attained only through purpose and ambition which eliminates drudgery. So many girls marry and go into their own homes firm in the belief that they know how to keep house because they made the cake, wiped the dishes and made the beds for mother; perhaps ironed the small pieces. 'Tis far too often that the girl thus poorly equipped, will after a few years of housekeeping, fall victim to "nerves", because when she stood face to face with real duties, she found herself unprepared.

Well, my progressive "wee" friend, I intended to wish you success and withdraw, but instead have written quite a sermon.

When you are well launched in your studies of housekeeping, won't you, for the benefit of your young COMFORT sisters, give an outline of what you are doing? My good wishes follow you.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: What a beautiful idea it is that we can all belong to this great sisterhood and exchange helpful thoughts for the benefit of others!

In your hand you hold a five-cent piece.

Right at the grocer's hand is a package of Uneeda Biscuit. He hands you the package—you hand him the coin. A trifling transaction?

No—a remarkable one—for you have spent the smallest sum that will buy a package of good food—and the grocer has sold you the most nutritious food made from flour—as clean and crisp and delicious as it was when it came from the oven.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

I was much interested in the June letter from Mrs. McCoy of Calexico, Cal. The Imperial Valley is indeed a great place. It is not yet a dozen years old and has had many things to hinder its growth, yet it is advancing more rapidly than most people believe.

With twenty thousand settlers it is coming to the front with great rapidity.

Two crops a year are raised upon the land and prices are always good. Alfalfa has been the leading choice crop from the first. Small wonder, for not a few fields have yielded from six to eight crops per year. The custom of fattening cattle or hogs on alfalfa half the year and cutting the remaining crops has gained favor and points to great possibilities. Of the soil's fertility and versatility there is evidence everywhere. With the grain growers barley is the popular crop.

Oranges ripen a month earlier than anywhere else in the U. S. and grape fruit and lemons do as well. Apricots, apples, almonds, figs, berries and dates are doing well there. Many thousands of freight cars are loaded each month with cantaloupes, early tomatoes, sweet potatoes, onions, asparagus, cabbage and garden products, and sent to our Los Angeles markets from this new country. Sugar beets do well, stock and poultry raising are as yet but indications of great things to come. The long Egyptian variety of cotton has found favor there and commands high prices. For people who are willing to work there is still plenty of cheap land and the wonderful advance in prices will well repay them for coming to a new country. There is much to be done but I know of no more enterprising place than the Imperial Valley.

To any of the sisters who would like to hear from me I will answer all who enclose stamped envelope. I feel that I belong to the COMFORT corner and think there is nothing more beautiful than to help one another, for to be happy ourselves we should make others happy.

MRS. D. D. MILLER, Sierra Madre, Cal.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: As I have never seen a letter from this place I am going to ask permission to join the happy band of sisters and tell how much I enjoy reading their letters and helpful replies.

I think Queen Victoria's prayer so helpful and strengthening.

I will describe myself. I am five feet three inches tall, weigh about one hundred and fifteen pounds, and have been married twelve years to a good, kind husband. We have a dear son who is lots of help to us. I think farm life the finest in the world as I have lived both in town and on the farm. Would like to hear from the sisters.

Wishing COMFORT success, MRS. THOMAS CARMAN, Hamburg, R. R. 2, Box 50, Iowa.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: May I step into your pleasant circle for a few minutes? Under your clever management there is being so much done to help the sisters of COMFORT.

I am a farmer's wife and think I prefer the farm to town life.

I think it a blessing that so many who have no children of their own are willing to adopt one or more and I hope the good work will go on for there are so many people without children who can provide a good home. We have eight children; two married and the rest at home, and it would be a dreary home without them.

This country is beautiful and we raise nearly everything; corn, hay and fax are the main crops. We also have all kinds of vegetables and a good many kinds of fruit. Land sells from fifty to a hundred and twenty-five dollars here.

I have received so much benefit from the sisters' letters that I will try to assist a little.

For rheumatism, use sulphur and cream of tartar in equal parts. Mix and take one teaspoon morning and night for two days, then omit two days, and then take again as before as long as necessary. This is a tried recipe but it may not cure every case. It is harmless, but don't get wet while taking it.

I will close with best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie and all the COMFORT sisters.

MRS. MARTIN AKERS, Peculiar, R. R. 2, Mo.

Mrs. Akers. Your words of praise are very pleasing and helpful and I thank you heartily. You have no idea how gratifying it is to receive these messages of good will and appreciation of COMFORT's work. I agree with you that caring for the homeless children is a blessing, and every sister who has expressed a desire to take to herself one of these little ones, giving it her name and home, I picture to myself as capable of great acts, and one who sees life in its fullest sense.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you allow a Virginian to enter your charming circle and tell you how much good she has received through the Sisters' Corner? I could not do without COMFORT. I feel so sorry for the shut-ins and I am sure Uncle Charlie is doing fine work for them. He is a noble brother; would there were more like him.

I have been married nine years and have two children aged three and four years. I think the home is not complete without children.

I will send my recipe for drying green beans to the sister who asked for it. Take the beans, string and break as for cooking, but do not put water on them, and spread out real thin in a shady place and stir once a day until dry, then sack up. I have always dried mine this way. They have to be soaked over night when you cook them.

I would like to hear from the sisters but I fear I could not answer all. I would like some good reading as I live in a very lonesome place.

Long live COMFORT! MRS. MAMIE A. FANTY, Mt. Williams, Frederick Co., Va.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader for some time and this paper has taught me many things. I also have made several nice friends through COMFORT.

I am twenty-eight years old, and married but I am very sorry to say no darling babies. My health is not the best, though I can't complain for I can most always wait on myself, and I am thankful for that. My parents died when I was but thirteen years old. Since then I have always worked to make an honest living and God has been my guide. Six years ago I married the man of my choice. You know we all have faults, but if we are careful and do not dwell on one's small faults, they will in a short time be forgotten.

We live in the city and it is so close and hampered one cannot get a good breath. I love the free country life. One of my greatest enjoyments is going to the country.

Mrs. Louis Slemmer, Nebr. The home you have must be a darling place from the way you describe it. I know I would just prize it, and Mrs. Henry Burger of Montana, I wish I could be a near neighbor of yours. Just keep trying you are doing fine and there is no word "can't" if one wants to do a thing.

I find nearly all the recipes sent to our paper which I try perfectly. I will try and repay with some I learned from an old lady, "Pass a good thing along for those who do not know."

For carbuncle, bind on a handful of cockle burr leaves, pounded till juicy. It is also good for stone bruise.

A hot mullin leaf poultice is most excellent to relieve pain. Pour boiling water over the leaves and apply as poultice. Bruised cabbage leaves serve almost as well.

A supply of dog-fennel will cure asthma. Make a strong tea of the dog-fennel, then boil down half, add equal amount of sugar and boil till a thick syrup.

Dose—give teaspoon three times a day.

A splendid liniment can be made from one cup of vinegar, one cup of turpentine and one raw egg. Put in a bottle and shake well and it is ready for use.

I love to read all the sisters' letters about their homes and children.

I believe in helping a husband with his work when he is tired and worn out and the wife hasn't much to do. And always, if possible, have meals ready when he comes home, and above all things look neat and clean as you did before you were married. The cheapest of clothes can be made to look nice.

I am glad and thankful our dear publisher gives us this helpful corner. May happiness and success reign supreme with COMFORT and all its readers.

MRS. R. L. PHILLIPS, 1601-12th Ave., Huntington, W. Va.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am also a reader and advocate of the dear old COMFORT. Have been a subscriber for years, but have not entered your letter circle for four years.

Every month when I read the dear sisters' letters I feel just like writing a reply to some of them and have written personal letters to a few. But there are so many that I would like to say a word to, that I have been tempted to write to the Sisters' Corner once again.

I was very much affected while reading Cora Bell's letter in the May number. How anyone can take a little child into their care and treat them as she was treated is more than I can tell. I have a dear little adopted girl six years old; have had her almost three years. I know I love her, and she loves me as well as though she were my very own, and all that keeps me from fully enjoying her little companionship is because my health is very poor just now. I have not had good health for eighteen years, and for the last

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Creatures of Destiny; or, Where Love Leads

CHAPTER I.

THE ROAD TO THE CASTLE.

By Charles Garvice

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A SOLITARY boat, a black speck in the blood-red sunset light, rowed slowly toward the sandy beach on which Raven Castle towered.

The lad who rowed was the only human being in sight, and so intense was the solitude, so impressive the silence, that the soft sough of the waves as they lapped the shore, the shrill yet musical cry of the gulls, served only to accentuate the loneliness.

The lad ran the boat up the beach, sprang out, drew the keel beyond reach of the tide took out his basket of fish, and, slinging it over his shoulder, started toward the path that wound up the cliff side; but presently he paused and glanced at the sun, as others might glance at a watch. Then he flung himself full length on the warm earth, took an old and tattered book from his pocket, and began to read.

He was a splendid specimen of boyhood, and all the grace and ease of limb which belong to sixteen; tall, thin, lithe, with a face and arms and chest tanned as brown as the sails of his boat—a singularly handsome boy, with clear-cut features and the dark eyes and brows which one is given to describe as Italian. His hands and feet—bare and tanned like his face—were small and shapely, but with the strength which was indicated by his brown chest and the muscles which already showed themselves in his long and slender arms. He read with the glorious eagerness and absorption of which his age alone is capable, and every now and then as he came upon a stirring passage his cheeks kindled, his eyes flashed under their long, black lashes, and his bosom heaved.

The book was that old and fascinating one, "The Travels of Mungo Park," and Mungo Park held him in such complete thrall that he did not hear the slow footsteps of a man coming down the path, softened by the sand drift. The man was almost upon him before the lad looked up; then he closed the book quickly, with something like a defensive movement, and, raising himself on his elbow, looked and waited.

The newcomer was not a prepossessing addition to the scenery. He was old and wizened, with grayish black hair so long that a wisp of it fell down one of his sallow cheeks. There was something peculiar about the man's face and his figure, that indescribable cast of countenance, that air and bearing, which belong to the gypsy; and he looked out of place in that wildly beautiful scene; though in what spot of this earth of ours is the gypsy out of place, seeing that wherever man has trod he and his forefathers have claimed the right to wander? The lad and the man challenged each other with their eyes for a moment or two, the lad's gaze one of steady surprise and fearless inquiry, the man's flashing darkly from under bushy brows; the man was the first to speak.

"What's your name, boy?" he asked, in so soft, so silky a tone that the boy's eyes grew larger with surprise, for he had expected gruff and strident tones that should match the saturnine face; the voice was like that of a woman.

"Laurence—Laurence Harding," replied the lad.

The man repeated the name to himself. "Where do you live?"

"In the village—at Ravensford." He jerked his head with its short, wavy chestnut hair toward the valley or comb that cleft the cliffs.

The man nodded, then, seating himself, drew out a blackened clay pipe. He knocked the ashes from it; then filled it carefully, lit it and smoked, with his hawk-like eyes fixed upon the sea; and he seemed so wrapped up in himself that the boy opened his book, and began to read again; but the man, without moving his head, took the book from the boy's hand, glanced at it, hesitated for a moment, as if he were wondering whether it was worth while to annex it, then slipped it into his pocket.

Laurence rose quite calmly, and held out his hand.

"What is it?" said the man.

"My book, please," he said, with a perfect calm in his eyes; but there was something in both tone and gaze that made the man, after a steady stare under the bushy brows, take out the book and hand it over.

"Reading's foolishness," he said; "waste of time. No good ever came of it, no money, no money. What's your father?"

There was no answer.

"What's your father?" he repeated.

The boy—he had dropped down and was reading again—shook his head.

"Dead," he said.

"Oh! Your mother?"

"Dead," said the boy curtly.

"Oh! oh! So we're our own master, eh? Where do you live? How? Ah, fish, I see!"

His hawklike eyes had seen the fish long ago.

"At the mill," said the boy, still more curtly, for he liked neither the questions nor the questioner.

There was silence for a moment or two, the man's eyes fixed on the sea; then he said:

"There's a castle up above there, isn't there? What's it called?"

"Raven Castle," replied the boy. "Do you want to go there?" he added, with by no means flattering surprise.

"And if I do? Why not, eh? Why not?"

"I don't know," responded Laurence, and the tone implied, "and don't care."

"It's a fine place, I'm told," resumed the man, after another pause. "Who is the owner? A great man, I'll be bound?"

"It isn't a man; it's a lady."

"Oh! oh! A lady. Her name, now?"

"My Lady Marie Celestine Denleigh."

The man eyed him. "You've got it put enough!"

The boy reddened at the sneer.

"Why not?" he said. "I've known—I've lived here all my life; I was born here."

The man's evil lips twisted into a smile at the "all my life."

"And so you know the old lady well, eh?" he said.

The lad shot a glance at him.

"The Lady Marie isn't old," he said curtly. "She's young—a girl."

The man's brows shot up. "A girl! Married, then?"

"Married!" Laurence laughed as if at some secret joke. "Married! Oh!"

"I've twisted a man's neck for less of a laugh than that," remarked he of the evil countenance.

The boy laughed again. "Well, you won't twist mine," he said quietly.

His companion accepted the assertion without question, and, presently rising, knocked the ashes from his pipe and stretched himself in the gypsy way.

"Which is the nearest road to the castle?" he asked slowly.

Laurence jerked his head toward the almost perpendicular cliff behind his back.

"That's the nearest," he said.

The gypsy laid a grimy, sinewy paw on the boy's almost bare shoulder, and gave it a twist

which brought Laurence to his feet with a spring. "Take your hand off me—take it off, I say, or I'll—I'll pitch you over into the sea!" he exclaimed, with the sublimity of youth and strength.

His assailant glared into the steady, angry eyes for a moment, then loosened his grip. "You've got pluck, my lad," he said; "rare pluck. All alone, too! And you don't know it's the Snapper you're talking to. Now, then, the road, my young lord."

Laurence waved his hand toward the path. "Go back the way you came and find the drive. It winds round the cliff."

Then he dropped down and fell to his book again.

The man with the pleasing and expressive name eyed him with sarcastic admiration. "Looks like a lord and speaks like a lord; and he's only a common guttersnipe of a fisher boy," he remarked. "A boy to be remembered; a boy."

"Are you going?" demanded the boy impatiently.

"Yes, my lord; this moment, this very moment. I wish your lordship good day! Have you any message for your friend—the Lady Marie, I think you said—if I should see her?"

The boy's face reddened, his eyes flashed; but he set his teeth and bent still lower over his book, and the man, with a laugh as soft and silky as his voice, raised his greasy cap, made a low, ironical bow, and with a "Good evening, my lord," turned and went up the path.

Laurence did not raise his head to look after him, and kept his eyes on his book, but his face was still flushed and his lips were closely set. After a while, as if the volume had ceased to charm, he dozed in boyish fashion, turned round, then sat up, and, cuddling his knees, stared out to sea.

a place as this existed, in England. It is as remote as if it were a thousand, instead of two hundred miles from London. Even the ubiquitous tourist does not seem to put in an appearance.

Mr. Wharton smiled. "You see, Ravensford is eighteen miles from a station," he said. "There is no inn in the village; the farmers and cottagers are forbidden to take in lodgers; there is no conveyance to bring them here; and, though the scenery—well, you have seen it—is magnificent, the place is unknown. We might be in Timbuctoo rather than Cornwall or Devon—we are, as a matter of fact, in both counties."

"The country is magnificent!" said Mr. Sherborne, with great enthusiasm. "Startling in its variety and in its grandeur. I've seen nothing more exquisite than some of the villages we drove through, nothing more awesome than these cliffs and rugged shore. But it is this castle which impresses me most. Really, one could easily believe that we had fallen asleep and were dreaming of the Middle Ages. The size of the building, the almost regal state you keep—it is medieval."

Mr. Wharton listened, pleased, and, with half-shut eyes, nodded approvingly.

"That's it. The Middle Ages. As a matter of fact, we go back to a much earlier period than that. We are Norman, of course."

"Of course," murmured Mr. Sherborne, with a certain significance.

"Of course. And the additions and restorations have been executed with such conscientious care and marvelous taste and accuracy that it is difficult, if not impossible, to tell where the old ends and the new begins. The late earl was no mean architect, and he had a strong affection for Raven. No wonder. It came to him from his wife, the Countess of Normandyke."

Marie refuses to carry out the contract, she loses Raven Castle and the Ravensford estate, which would pass to the French, the Norman, branch of the family.

"And if my client should refuse he loses Belmayne?"

"Precisely."

"Has—has Lady Marie been informed of this arrangement?"

"No," answered Mr. Wharton succinctly. "She was not to be so informed until she reached a certain age. Your client, the marquis, has also been kept in ignorance, I understand."

"Quite so, quite so," said Mr. Sherborne. "You saw him today?"

"Yes."

There was a moment or two of silence, then Mr. Sherborne said, in a low voice:

"He is very singular." He paused. "Of course I had been prepared by my partner—indeed, I have heard my father speak of it—of the—er—affliction—under which the young marquis suffers; and I was surprised to find that it was scarcely noticeable; indeed, but for the very slightest limp, the lameness was scarcely perceptible."

"Sometimes it is not perceptible at all," said Mr. Wharton.

"He struck me as very clever—no that's not the word—intellectual, accomplished."

Mr. Wharton shrugged his shoulder slightly. "Oh, marvelously so; a born musician, too."

"So I've heard," said Mr. Sherborne. "A musician and—er—a poet. And he has the face and air of one. He was shy at first, and reserved, like—just like—"

"A poet?"

"Quite so, quite so; but his shyness passed off before we had been together half an hour, and I found him singularly frank and charming, and not a bit—er—stiff; rather the reverse."

Mr. Wharton smiled.

"You will find the lady, however, a distinct contrast," he said. "She is pride personified. That's the Norman blood, you know. The Norman is the conqueror, and his descendants unconsciously regard the rest of us as—well, let us say, their inferiors. Oh, yes, it's inherited."

Lady Marie has one of the sweetest natures I have ever met, but—yes, it's in the blood, and it will show itself. What a perfect night! Shall we go outside?"

The two men passed out onto the terrace, which ran along the very edge of the cliff and was protected from the precipice by a low wall, covered with ivy, and with its long line broken by vases from which flowers drooped in a crimson flood. Mr. Sherborne drew a long breath of admiration.

"There is a better point of view," said Mr. Wharton; "let us go up to the tower." They ascended the Norman tower, and Mr. Sherborne gazed around him and murmured:

"Magnificent. It's the only word! How far does your land go?"

"As far as you can see," replied Mr. Wharton complacently. "We join the Belmayne estate on the other side of that wood, but we reach inland for some miles."

"A fine estate; too good to lose!" breathed Mr. Sherborne.

"Far too good to lose, as you say," assented the other lawyer gravely. "I have to see that we do not lose it. It is the care, the anxiety, of my life. Sometimes the responsibility—"

"Which I share," interpolated the other.

"Scarcely," said Mr. Wharton quickly. "You will have to deal with a man, I with a woman. And such a woman! So proud, so willful, so impulsive and impetuous—hush!"

He stopped suddenly, and laid his hand on the other lawyer's arm. Something white had floated from one of the rooms onto the terrace. Mr. Sherborne looked over the battlement and saw quite a young girl leaning against the low wall among the scarlet-bud flowers. She was dressed in a white satin frock, over which, in girlish fashion, hung a dark flood of hair tied with a ribbon fastened by a diamond clasp. She was tall for her years, and the white silk stockings suitable to her age made her look even taller than she was. A graceful child, to whom the stereotyped phrase, "all legs and wings," would have been an insult; for already there was the promise of the singular grace and ease which womanhood would bring.

"The Lady Marie!" said Mr. Wharton.

Mr. Sherborne almost held his breath.

"What a—a beautiful girl!" he said, for she had turned at the moment, and the light from the windows had fallen on her face. "How old is she?"

"Twelve," replied Mr. Wharton. "Yes, she is beautiful—already," he added, with a sigh. "Later on she'll be—"

The girl stood for a moment or two looking round her as one looks at some familiar and well-loved scene, then, tossing her hair back with a girlish gesture, and humming light-heartedly, she moved quickly, with childish restlessness, along the terrace. One of the upper windows opened and a lady's voice called to her:

"Marie, you have no shawl. You will catch cold. Will you not come in? It is nearly tea-time."

"Presently. In a minute, five minutes, Lady Merston! It is so warm. And the flowers—oh, they scent the air! Yes, five minutes more, please."

"Very well, but take care, dear," returned Lady Merston.

She just nodded and laughed reassuringly, and, taking up her song in her childish treble, she moved out of the line of light into the dark shadows cast by the castle walls. Every now and then she paused and leaned over the parapet to gaze on the sea, across which the light of a young moon was drawing a silver line, and she stood with her dark eyes wide open, drinking in the marvelous grandeur of the scene with all a young girl's half-unconscious delight in the beautiful.

At one of these stoppages she stood at a spot where, below the wall, a lad was half lying, half clinging; so near that she could almost have reached over and touched him. So near that Laurence held his breath lest she should hear him. His eyes, dark as hers, were fixed on her face with a boy's naive, reluctant admiration and awe. He had often seen the Lady Marie from a distance, had watched her as she passed through the valley in her carriage or rode over the undulating downs on her Exmoor pony, but he had not, until this moment, been so close to her; and her grace, her beauty, the glamour of her rank, held him in boyish thrall.

Almost to his relief—and yet he was sorry, for she was so pretty to look at—she turned, and, shaking her hair back, moved toward the light again. A moment or two afterward Laurence was preparing for the awful descent, when he saw something gliding among the shrubs that lined the back of the terrace.

With a catch of the breath, he remembered why he had made the climb, and knew that the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)



CHAPTER II.

IN THE CASTLE GROUNDS.

The subdued splendor of the castle dining-room—not the big banquet hall, capable of seating five hundred persons, but the small room used nowadays—shone softly in the glow of the wax candles, for there was no newfangled electric light or acetylene gas at Raven Castle; and two gentlemen, leaning back in their chairs, smoked the eternal cigarettes and talked in a tone as subdued as the light.

"I can understand your amazement—the impression this place, this country, has made upon you," remarked the elder of the two.

He was Mr. Wharton, the family lawyer, who had come down from London to meet another lawyer, Mr. Sherborne, the legal adviser of the Belmaynes, whose ancient house lay hidden among the hills two miles up the valley which curved at the castle foot.

Mr. Sherborne nodded. He was a young man, who had only recently entered his firm.

"Yes, this is my first visit, you know, and I confess that I had not the least idea that such

"From whom it descends to Lady Marie? By the way—though you do not call her countess, I find—she is one in her own right?"

Mr. Wharton bowed. The bow was almost like the gesture of respect which the devotee makes at the name of his patron saint.

"Precisely," he went on, in a subdued voice. "We call her by her English title; a peer's daughter."

"I have not seen her ladyship yet," remarked Mr. Sherborne, also subduing his voice in harmony with that of his legal brother.

"Her ladyship dined in her own apartments with her guardian governess, Lady Merston," said Mr. Wharton. "You will probably see her tomorrow." He spoke as one speaks of an audience with royalty, and Mr. Sherborne bowed as one bows to a lord chamberlain.

"I shall be glad," he said. "I have been wishing to do so since I entered the firm and took up the Belmayne affairs. The—er—romance of the case is so striking, so singular, that one's interest, curiosity, is only natural."

Mr. Wharton nodded.

"Yes, it's romantic enough in all conscience," he said; "but we live in a land of romance here; romance is in the very air we breathe. It is not often that two children are, so to speak, wedded to each other in their cradles."

"Excepting in old-fashioned novels," put in Mr. Sherborne, with a smile.

"Exactly, except in fiction," assented Mr. Wharton. "And the cause in this case would have delighted the novelist."

"I never heard it," said Mr. Sherborne eagerly. "It's soon told. The late earl, Lady Marie's father, was the sweetheart of the late Marchioness of Belmayne. But they were separated by some evil chance or other, and the earl married the Lady Normandyke, and his first love became the wife of the Marquis of Belmayne and the mother of your client, the present marquis. But the old love still lingered; they were friends for life, till death—and it was they who made the engagement between the two children, my Lady Marie and your Lord Philip."

Mr. Sherborne pondered a moment. "I suppose it is quite valid—I mean that the arrangement could not be upset?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Wharton. "If Lady



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YOU have heard so much about the trusts, that you are probably sick of them, but you will hear a lot more about them before this campaign is through. A vast number of spell-binding orators will talk to open-mouthed easy marks the country over, and tell them what marvelous things the present administration has done in the way of annihilating the trusts. Now let me tell you what "dreadful" things have been done to the following trusts, Standard Oil, Tobacco, Bath Tub and Beef. These have all been attacked in turn, and the result of these attacks I will now reveal to you.

The first "blow" was delivered at John D.'s oil opus. This suit was supposed to have been won by the government, and the mighty monster was dissolved with the following results: When the company lost (?) this suit, Standard Oil stock was selling at \$679 a share. Now this same stock, in spite of the government's hammering and dissolving process, is worth \$885 a share. In other words, the various Standard Oil properties today, are worth three hundred million dollars more than they were when Uncle Sam started in, or made a bluff at starting in, to make them behave and be good. Don't you wish the government would dissolve you, and put you through the courts with the same results? You bet you do, but then you are not the Standard Oil, and if the courts got hold of you, you would be dead broke by the time they got through with you. You see there is a vast difference in the eyes of the law between a poor man, and a rich corporation.

Now for the Tobacco Trust. The stock of this trust was selling at \$300 a share in Wall Street, on the day the government began its suit to dissolve it. When the government finally ordered the trust dissolved at the conclusion of the suit, the stock was worth \$500 a share! Today the stock of the subsidiary concerns which originally comprised this trust, is worth \$700 a share. Uncle Sam's bluff at annihilating this trust, and the dissolution which was supposed to have taken place, resulted in the value of its shares jumping from \$300 to \$700 for each individual share. Wouldn't you all like to be dissolved at the same price? You bet you would.

Now for the Bath Tub Trust. A criminal action for violation of the Sherman anti-trust law was brought against this combination which was claimed to have created an unlawful monopoly to control and raise the prices on kitchen and bathroom iron ware. On December 6, 1910, the trial was pulled off in Detroit before a jury in the Federal court. Wonderful were the results. The jury disagreed, of course, and the indictments were dismissed.

Now for the Beef Trust. The government started to attack this trust May 10, 1902. A criminal action was brought against a number of the big packers. The trial was held recently (after a delay of nearly ten years) in the Federal court, before a jury. Great results for the government again. The defendants were all acquitted.

That is a glorious record is it not? You see if even the government does "win" a suit, the trust that is dissolved in the front room reorganizes in the rear and gets richer than ever. The government's attempts to prosecute the trusts are about as efficacious and ridiculous as the attempt of a certain Hindoo to try and cut an elephant's throat with a sofa pillow.

Talking about trusts. Here is something that will interest you. Two presidential candidates have been telling some startling things about one another. It may interest you to know that when one very aggressive, strenuous trust buster, became president, the total amount of the stocks and bond issues of the combinations and trusts including the railways then in combination, was only \$3,784,000,000. When this country was turned over to the gentleman with the smile that was supposed not to come off after six years or more of his predecessor's militant attitude towards the trusts, the total capitalization of these business combinations amounted to the enormous sum of \$31,672,000,000. You see they had jumped from three billions to thirty-one billion dollars in six years, and more than seventy per cent. of this was water. In other words only thirty per



COUSIN JESSIE GIBSON (22), NURSE, HUDSON RIVER STATE HOSPITAL, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

cent. of this enormous sum represented anything real and tangible, all the rest was wind and water which the dear public pays for with good money, and the interest on which the working man by the sweat of his brow has to earn. As one of these presidential aspirants says: "Prices were put up on transportation, and on the products of the mines and factories to pay interest and dividends on fraudulent capitalization."

This will give you a pretty good and correct idea of things as they exist in this country today.

I hope these figures make it plain to you that it is Wall Street and not Washington that rules, and that politicians are mere pawns on the checker board of the nation's affairs, and it is the big money kings who manipulate these pawns, and when they feel so disposed, throw the political pawns overboard altogether.

Do you remember a few years ago, the terrible sensation that was caused by Upton Sinclair, who in his book "The Jungle," told of the horrors that took place in the stock yards and packing houses of the beef trust in Chicago. The whole world was nauseated, sickened and disgusted, at the horrifying details that were brought to light. Europe for a while simply declined to eat American meat products, and everything eatable imported from America was viewed with suspicion. The government was forced to investigate, and to quiet public suspicion and restore public confidence the inspection laws and regulations were made more rigid. The packing houses and abattoirs the country over were placed under supervision of U. S. meat inspectors, and only the carcasses of healthy animals were supposed to reach the public. Most of our readers have no doubt become familiar with the stamp on the Chicago ham, which says "U. S. Inspected." All meat shipped from state to state has a government inspection tag intended to be a guaranty that it is up to the standard required by the pure food law. Now has come a revival of the old scandal. Recent disclosures show violations of the law, and published accusations of fraudulent and corrupt practices have again aroused public suspicion and distrust of the meat that is offered for sale. An inquiry has been going on in Washington. It seems that only good meat has been shipped to Europe, while the putrid, diseased, unwholesome meat, to the extent of millions of carcasses, it is estimated, has been handed to the American public at high prices, for consumption.

Here is what J. W. Burroughs, a former inspector of meat, said in giving testimony before the Congressional Committee on Expenditures in the Agricultural Department: "Whenever we made an objection or protest, we expected to be overruled by our superiors. Meat was passed as suitable for food as long as it would hang on a hook. There was a feeling of helplessness amongst us, and I may say a sort of contempt for those above us." Then the witness told how he went with a veterinary inspector of the department into the basement of one of the packing establishments. "We noticed," said Burroughs, "the carcasses that were to be ground into sausage meat. They were black and stringy. I pressed several fingers against a newly cut side. My hand sank into the meat almost to my wrist. We summoned the inspector in charge. He examined the meat and questioned our wisdom in condemning it. I protested it would be a menace to health to pass such carcasses. Finally he ordered to let them go by. When the inspector left the building the veterinary looked at me, grinned and said: 'Oh, Burroughs, what's the use?' The next day the beef became sausage."

Dr. John A. Laddy, formerly Federal meat inspector in New York and Newark, in his testimony said: "There is not one of the twenty or more packing houses in New York which slaughters meat-producing animals in a manner intended to hurt and safeguard the public health. I know as a fact that whenever the packers object to some ruling or regulation in the meat inspection service, all that is necessary to have it changed as they wish, is a visit to Washington. Their (the packers) attitude towards a conscientious inspector is one of supercilious contempt. The great majority of such an inspector's condemnation rulings are reversed by his superiors." Dr. Laddy got disgusted with conditions and resigned from the public service. You see it is the old story. If this and other testimony is true (and who doubts it?) meat inspection appears to be a farce and a humbug. That's how the beef trust obeys the pure food laws, and you get an excellent idea of how the government enforces these laws and you have to pay the piper both with your money and your life. You have to pay famine prices for meat that is liable to send you to your grave, and you have to pay the salaries of government officials, who, if they did their duty, could and should prevent poisonous food being sold to you. This is only one of several notorious scandals that call for a thorough purging of the Department of Agriculture. Now let us all sing "Star Spangled Banner," and "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and get ready next November to vote for the continuance of the same wicked old evils.

Uncle Charlie's birthday is the twenty-fifth of this month. If you want to celebrate this joyous occasion in a fitting and appropriate manner, as you doubtless do, get up a club of only four fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT and obtain Uncle Charlie's unique and beautiful volume of riotously funny verse. No COMFORT home is complete without this beautiful volume, which contains the cream of Uncle Charlie's life work; splendid pictures of the author, and a heart-touching sketch of his life, bound in lilac silk, a gift fit for a queen. Get an autographed copy while you have the chance. Work for it today.

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PA.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Would you please put a letter in print from a country girl, I mother? I am not a very good scholar as I was married very young. I would like to see this letter published as perhaps it will be a lesson to some of our dear young girls. I got smart when I was fourteen and would not mind my parents. Would run around with fellows at night, and finally ran off from home when fifteen years old and got married to a worthless man. He lived with me over two years and since then I haven't heard from him. He left me with two babies and very shortly after he left a third arrived. It is a little over three years since I was married. Now I am an old woman at eighteen, working hard to care for my children. My mother's heart was about broken when I left her. But I don't ask for sympathy. May God protect all the children that are as foolish as I was.
I will close hoping to see this in print. We have taken COMFORT ever since I was a little baby and I joined the League four years ago.
MRS. HILDA ROSS.

This letter needs little comment. It tells its own sad, heart-rending story. It is a story as old as the hills. Headstrong youth determined

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to have its way at any cost, acting in haste and repenting at leisure, and the bitterness of repentance, and the misery and suffering caused by youthful folly cut deep gashes in the heart, causing wounds that last till the fitful span of a life that is blighted is over. The writer of this letter frankly admits that she would not heed the advice of her parents, and unless parents put a rash child under lock and key or commit them to an institution, it is a hard problem to control those who are determined not to be controlled. The minister or official who is guilty of assisting and making possible one of these child marriages should be sent to the "pen" for empty steen years. He is committing a crime against the race, and heaven knows the race can commit enough crimes of its own without being assisted by lunk-headed officials. I suppose some ministers and some officials would marry a three-month-old baby to some germ-saturated bum of fifty if they could rake in fifty cents on the deal. There should be a law prohibiting the marriage of girls under eighteen. Hasty marriage means quick divorce and life-long misery, especially when it is indulged in by kids and rounders. It would be a good plan if those who intend to get married were compelled to appear before some magistrate of the highest character, and after each had submitted a certificate of health, endorsed by two physicians (real physicians, not the usual horse doctor) authorized by the state, let him question them closely as to their fitness for marriage, their sense of responsibility, and impress on them the seriousness of the step they contemplate taking, then send them home for a few weeks to think the matter over. At the end of the probationary period, if they are still of a mind to marry, let them be made man and wife. I don't believe in making marriage too hard, as that only leads to other and worse evils, but it is a crime to make it too easy. The thought of consumptives, epileptics, and people with venereal diseases marrying and bringing children into the world, poor innocent mites doomed to lives of torture and suffering—makes my blood boil, and it only shows you what a lot of uncivilized barbarians we are that we permit such things to go on. Poor Mrs. Ross was too young to know what she was doing. If she or her parents could not protect her, then the state should.



CURLEY CURTIS GAYDEN (COWBOY), SPARES, NEVADA.

There is a lesson for all in this sad life story of Mrs. Hilda Ross. Take it to heart. It may save you from a like fate. Mrs. Ross did not ask me to withhold her address, but I felt in duty bound to withhold it.

HERMAN, NEBR.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Talk about your answers, you certainly know how to give them. Say Uncle Charlie what do you think of my writing? Swell isn't it? I write muscular movement, do you?

Now for a description of myself, because I know you want to know how I look, don't you? Oh! yes you do, so just "fess up." I have black eyes, brown hair, am five feet five inches tall and weigh one hundred and sixteen pounds, age, sixteen.

I have been going to the Hooper high school for two years, but quit last month and am now staying on the farm.

Do any of the cousins enjoy reading detective stories? I just love to read them and do not see why there aren't more detectives like Old Sleuth, Nicholas Carter and Badger. What do you say about it Uncle Charlie? Why didn't you go into the detective business when you were young? I believe you would have excelled even Old Sleuth. Or didn't you have the nerve and you know it takes nerve to be a detective? I don't think you were meant for detective because I have your book of poems and think they are great. I don't see why your poems are not studied at school as those of other poets whose works are not near as interesting. Now Uncle Charlie this is no "hot air" but I mean every word of it.

I have a brother who joined the army about a year ago. He is coming home on a furlough in October. We intend having a big reception. I am writing this letter purposely to give you an invitation. Can't you come? Now don't refuse. Give a good reason if you can't come. An excuse won't work. If you intend coming let us know and I will come after you in our Rambler car.

I would like to hear from some of the cousins. I already correspond with a few. Will try and will answer as many as possible. Your niece and cousin,
BETH RUSS.

Beth, you ask me what I think of your writing. I think you write an elegant list. No trouble for you to get a position in an office. I don't know whether I use my muscles when I write or not, but I always use my brains. As a matter of fact I have to dictate nearly all my letters and literary matter, as it is almost a physical impossibility for me now to do any writing by hand. Yes, dear I am most anxious to know how you look. I look straight ahead as

a rule. You look with your eyes I suppose. Your description is quite entrancing, though Billy the Goat says you will have to put on at least ten more pounds before he can utilize you as a centerpiece for a Thanksgiving dinner. It's rather odd to find a girl interested in detective, excuse me, I mean detective stories. As you have an appetite for that kind of literature why haven't you inspected Sherlock Holmes and Gaboriau? You ask me why I didn't go into the detective business when I was young. I did, my dear, I was trying to detect a hole where I could hide from all the detectives that were chasing me. After being chased all over creation by detectives I went into the detective business myself, and as a detective I had Old Sleuth and the whole bunch lashed to the mast. In my first assignment, I was most successful. A fat man with a lot of money lost his appetite and after searching all over Europe, Asia and Africa. I eventually discovered it one day sitting up on a tree in Kalamazoo, Mich., and restored it to its rightful owner. Then there was a man who weighed about half a ton. He got sick and lost sixty pounds, and he hired me to find it. I discovered it in the back yard of the house sitting on a fence with a green ribbon round its neck. A celebrated prima donna lost her voice, and I discovered it walking round Central park, New York with tears in its eyes, and leading it on a hand car wheeled it back to its owner, with only three notes missing. Then a gentleman in the Four Hundred lost his reputation in a divorce suit. I failed to find the gentleman's reputation, in fact it was a useless quest, as the members of the Four Hundred never had any reputations to lose. Then I was hired to search the whole United States to see if I could find a man that a certain ex-President had not called a liar. Needless to say I again failed. Then I was sent to Washington to see if I could detect an honest politician. That's where I lost out again. Then I was hired to see if I could discover a federal judge who would send a corporation magnate to jail. Dismal failure again. Then I tried to find a prohibition state that was not full of whiskey. Lost again. Then I was sent out to see if I could find a state that didn't have its prisons full of murderers, and a fool governor who wasn't pardoning them as fast as they were put behind the bars. Again I lost out. Then I was hired to see if I could find a lady in the United States over thirty who would tell her correct age. (Now girls you don't need to get out those hat pins and prepare to jab me because I'm not going to tell you whether I succeeded or not, but I guess you know pretty well that I didn't). Here are a few other things, though a first-class detective, the best that ever lived, that I failed to discover. I failed to discover a grocer who was not ready to guarantee rotten eggs as strictly fresh; a man who was delighted when his mother-in-law cut her visit down from six months to six days; a woman with false teeth who could chew gum without getting her face out of shape; a minister who would not rather raise money for an automobile for heathen Chinese, than get a wheel chair for an invalid member of his own congregation; a girl with beautiful teeth who was not longing for an opportunity to smile; a mother who did not think her baby the cutest kid that was ever born; a woman who could pass a mirror without looking to see if her hat was on straight; a standpat politician who ever had enough brains to cover a ten cent piece; a mule that would let you play checkers on his tail; an undertaker who never rejoiced in epidemics; a man with a red nose who did not always blame it to indigestion. I would tell you a lot more things that I failed to discover, but these will suffice for the present. You will readily see Beth that I have had quite some experience in the detective line. At present I am chiefly concerned in trying to detect returning signs of national intelligence and sanity that will result in the people of this country, kicking grafters and plunderers out of office and putting real men in their place, and getting the reins of government once more in their own hands. That is what I am trying to detect and this time I hope I shall win out. Though the Lord knows I fear I won't. You ask me if I can come to your reception. I'll endeavor to come my dear, but I won't promise to come on a furlough, as I don't believe such things have either wheels or wings. Anyhow I'll get there somehow even if I have to ride horseback on Billy the Goat.

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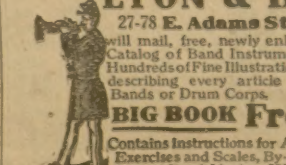
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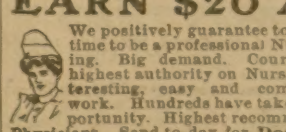
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AS IT HAPPENED

By Marah Cottrell

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IT really does happen! I have so often wondered whether writers just imagined it, but they don't. It does happen. I remember perfectly the May evening that Allan and Gertrude came over to tell us. Edith had been restless, and as I came down from her I heard Allan's voice, explaining something, as usual. It often annoys me to hear him explain so much while Philip listens quietly, when Philip knows quite as much about it as he does, and often more. As I came out on the piazza, Allan could hardly wait to tell us.

"Oh, Katharine, he broke out, 'we've a great plan, Gertrude and I haven't we?' She laughed and admitted that it was a real sacrifice to let him tell it. Philip and I too took it very calmly. We were quite used to their plans—they have a new one every week, and most of them are wildly impractical. You see, we think that if we had their money we could use it to so much better advantage—but I dare say they don't think so."

"We've rented a cottage!" announced Allan, in italics.

"Where?" asked Philip.

"What for?" I put in.

And then they told us, in turn and in unison, for Gertrude didn't entirely give up her share, about finding this tiny cottage, perched on a cliff over the Sound, with a view, and a beach, and good trains and—quiet. They had rented it—and wouldn't we spend August with them. By that time Philip and I were nearly as enthusiastic as they were and Philip whispered to me as we sat together in the Gloucester hammock that it did "sound good to him." We couldn't decide on the spot, of course, but we did plan a good deal that evening. They were going to camp out with one maid, and they thought Edith and little Philip would be company for Donald. I knew, in my heart that Gertrude wanted me, or I wouldn't have considered it a moment. Of course, living across the street, we have a lot of common interests, the church and the literary club and the hospital board and our friends, but we really have a deeper feeling than that because we care for the same things and are both in love with our husbands and babies.

There are certainly times when I get provoked at Gertrude because she has little ways that prevent people from knowing how fine she is. Though she spends a lot of money on clothes, some of the best things are queer, and even her really good ones she puts on so badly that they don't show what they are. Her heavy dark hair might be beautiful but she won't take time to do it properly and it's the kind you just can't do well in a hurry. Not even the big spectacles she wears can spoil her eyes, because her very goodness shines out of their hazel clearness. She's the witliest, cleverest person, just the greatest fun to be with. I never thought Allan quite appreciated her, or was half good enough for her.

I was thinking some of these things that very night, as we stood at the edge of the piazza, watching the stars. The men had gone in to look up an article in a scientific paper and we were alone. Everything was hushed in that wonderful growing silence of spring and we were quiet, too. As they went down the path, Philip put his arm around me, as he always does if he's anywhere near, and it's at all proper, and sometimes when it isn't, I remember thinking how perfect it was to stand there with one's husband, in one's own home and call "good night" to such dear friends. The world seemed so complete that night.

We went to Greenmount in August, of course, and for three days we did have the best time. Then, came that telegram—I never can get used to them, but Gertrude doesn't think anything of them and opened it carelessly. In just a few minutes it was all changed. Gertrude's mother, Mrs. Crawford, was with her son, but his wife, had just developed typhoid and Mrs. Crawford had collapsed under the strain. She wanted Gertrude to come and take care of her, so naturally, Gertrude felt she must go, at once. We made plans all that hurried, worried evening, and it was finally decided for us to stay there and keep house for Allan and Donald.

"I'm afraid it will be lonely for you," Gertrude protested, but I could see that she was relieved at the idea, and I told her I'd be only too glad to stay, and I was. "Philip will be up at least two days a week, and I won't be lonely, really," Allan joined in. "Yes, and I'll get some time off, too, so don't worry about us, honey. I'll come up and get you the very first minute you can come."

She went the next day and I can't deny that I was lonely without her. She's such fun! However, Philip was up a good deal, and when he's home, that's all I want. It was about a week later that I began to notice Allan's manner. He had brought me candy and fruit and books, all the time, and was most thoughtful about ordering provisions from the city—for it often was hard to get things up there. I never thought anything of it, for he's that kind of a man, but one day, when he was presenting a box of candy with one of his half-funny, half-formal speeches, I saw a queer look in his eyes. I used to see that look in men's eyes before I stopped watching any but Philip's, and really a woman can't mistake it. I didn't like it, so I decided to forget all about it. You can imagine what success I had! On the contrary, I began to notice other little things—the tone in his voice when he sang in the evenings, the instant too long that he held my hand as he helped me out of the canoe, his reproachful look when I'd go in early from the rocks.

I knew exactly what was the matter. He missed Gertrude very badly and was lonely, and so I was sorry for him and tried to be as nice as I dared but he didn't know what the trouble was and had an entirely wrong idea of the situation.

One evening, I was waiting for them on the piazza. The sunset was marvelous, spreading 'way over to the east where an absurdly enormous moon was rising. It was so beautiful that I especially wanted Philip, when the car rushed up to the door and stopped with a B bus-s-s.

Allan was alone. "Where's Philip?" I called.

"Oh, he phoned that some business had come up that he'd have to stay down for. He's coming on the nine-six, and I said we'd meet him." Now, Allan had been up one or two days without Philip, but that was quite different from an evening alone with him. There was nothing to be done, however. "Oh!" I said and my face must have showed my disappointment for Allan came up with a great basket of fruit!

"There," he said, "won't that console you?"

"Allan," I protested, "you oughtn't to do it! It's much too extravagant! Oh, isn't it delicious!—but don't you ever do it again." He only laughed and said it was little enough in return for all I was doing for him, and again that queer look came into his eyes. Fortunately the children, arriving at that moment, created a diversion, and we went in to dinner. I kept thinking about it all as we sat there, and I tried to convince myself it was all nonsense, and that my vanity was imagining things. Certainly there was nothing suspicious at dinner except a feeling.

Afterward I spent as long as possible upstairs with the children but I had to come down at last. Allan was smoking in the long chair as I went out and perched on the railing. I remember the way he stared, especially when he looked at my white shoes so long that I got nervous. I wanted to see for myself if anything was wrong with them, though I am a little vain of my feet. I began to talk fast, but he broke in:

"Let's go out in the canoe, Katharine. It's perfectly calm, and the moon's simply great. Don't you want to?"

Of course I didn't, so I fussed and protested and raised objections in a way which was really unusual for me. He looked at me rather strangely, and then said, "Well, we can go on the rocks, any way. You can hear the children from there and we can get to the station in fifteen minutes, and we won't upset, and we can see the moon on the water."

I felt rather as if I'd made a mess of things, but there wasn't any use being foolish, so I let him fix me a nest of pillows on the rocks and he threw himself down beside me on a steamer rug. As a safe topic, I asked about Gertrude, and he said that in another week her mother would probably be able to go to her other daughter's in Boston, and then Gertrude could come home.

"Oh dear," I said, "and then in a day or two it will be the first of September and we'll have to go."

"Must you go the very first?" he asked.

I answered that my mother was expecting us and of course we couldn't disappoint her.

"I'm mighty sorry you've had such a stupid time, Katharine," his tone was a danger signal but I answered lightly:

"Allan, you mustn't fish like that. You know perfectly well that we've had a lovely time. Of course, I missed Gertrude, but not as much as you have. Such a forlorn creature as you are without her!"

"I was forlorn when I saw you and Philip forever making love, and I had no one to play with, but I wasn't lonely when I was with you, Katharine," and he actually reached over and put his hand on mine. I gasped inwardly, but shook it off with a little laugh.

"Don't be silly, Allan,"

"It's not silly, Katharine, I mean it," and he caught my hand firmly. At first I was perfectly furious, and then, just as suddenly I cooled off. Sitting up very straight, I began to talk. "Allan! I hoped I wasn't going to have to speak right out, but perhaps I must after all. You've forgotten a lot of things that I needn't remind you of, because you'll remember them in a moment. There's only one thing I do want to say, and that's to tell you what's the matter with you. You're so deadly lonesome for Gertrude, and you want her so badly that when you see me here in her place you think you must treat me just as you do her. Now, Allan, we've got too good a friendship to spoil, haven't we? On Friday, you'd better go and bring Gertrude home and we'll forget all this ever happened, shall we? There's my hand on it."

I don't believe he ever heard me make as long a speech as that in my life, and he listened rather dazed, just staring at me. Then, he took my hand frankly. "There's mine on anything you say, Katharine. You're boss here now," and I knew he'd come back to his senses. He almost spoiled that beautiful evening for me, and it wasn't until he left Philip and me alone on the rocks that I really began to enjoy that moon.

Naturally, I thought that was the end, but my surprises were not yet over. One snowy afternoon, the next winter, Gertrude and I were sewing in my bedroom. She had been particularly gay and witty, and it seemed as if we had never been closer, more sympathetic friends. I was trying to finish a dress for Edith so I didn't notice when Gertrude stopped her work and sat staring out at a very gorgeous sunset.

"Katharine," I looked up for there was something unusual in her voice. She was nervously turning her thumb round and round her finger and did not meet my eyes. "Katharine, I've something to tell you. I never thought I would but I can't go on being friends like this with you unless I do. I'm not built that way." I listened in such astonishment that I'm afraid my mouth was open. "Last summer when I was up at Mary's and you were at Greenmount, I was nearly crazy with jealousy. You see, I know Allan so well, so absolutely—I know just how susceptible he is. Isn't that a horrid word? And yet it rang over and over in my brain—'susceptible, susceptible.' I knew how quickly he fell in love with me, and his sister was careful to inform me of his previous affairs. In fact, once since we've been married, I was a little jealous, but not much. I would get thinking how he was there with you two, and I knew there were days, perhaps evenings, when Philip couldn't be there—and Allan admired you so, and his letters were full of you and what you'd all been doing and not nearly enough about missing me. I just knew how it was. I'd go to the glass and look at myself, till I almost hated you for being so attractive, so pretty." Suddenly she faced me. "Jealousy is hell, Katharine, nothing less, and I'm ashamed of it, so ashamed to tell you, if I ever yielded to it that I felt I had to tell you, if I ever wanted to feel 'good' again. It was pretty hard, but perhaps it would have been harder not to. I don't know what happened last August, and I don't want to, but I can guess fairly well, and I'm mighty glad you're my friend, Katharine."

My amazement finally gave way to pity and then to complete understanding, as I tried to imagine Philip like that. It was hard for Philip isn't that kind of a man, but still I'm jealous enough to know that it could be hell. I remember after she stopped, how still it was in the room except for the distant jangle of sleigh bells and the shouts of the children on the hill. I didn't know what to say, so I just reached over and put my hand on hers, and we sat there watching the sun slip down behind the bare trees. Then my eyes wandered about the room and rested on Philip's chiffonier in its unnatural daytime orderliness.

Just then Gertrude saw Donald trudging up the street, a small brown figure, plastered with snow from his ears down. "Oh, look at that child," she exclaimed. "I'm sure he's wet through, and he's got a cough already. I must get him right in."

Neither of us are at all demonstrative, fond as we are of each other, so I was rather surprised when, as she went out, she leaned down and kissed me.

So after all, it does happen. Of course I was in love with Philip. If I hadn't been—but I was.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

GRAND JUNCTION, R. R. 1, Box 29, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you admit a Tennessee girl into your corner with the rest of the cousins for just a short while this lonely Sabbath day, for it has been raining all day and I have been at home all day long, for it has been too stormy to go anywhere, even to go to Sunday school, and going to Sunday school is something that I surely enjoy. For there is not anything that is better or more necessary to have than good Sunday schools for the young people to go to.

Well, cousins I enjoy all of your letters, and I want to ask you and the readers of COMFORT if any of you wish you would send it to me for I want to speak the last of our school and it will be out the 19 of April. The subject is the patchwork quilt, and I will be ever so much obliged to you if you have the peace to send it to me at once. So I will say good by to all. Best wishes to you all.

CARRIE HENSLEY.

I am sorry, Carrie, that the rain kept you away from Sunday school. Boys and girls, never let anything keep you away from Sunday school if you can possibly help. This is a pretty tough, lawless country to live in at the best, but God alone knows what it would be if it were not for the Sunday schools which give moral and spiritual training to the youth of our land. Carrie your urgent appeal to COMFORT's readers

to send you a "peace" has got me a little muddled. It's the desire of my heart to bring peace into this world, but apparently you want it in the form of a patchwork quilt, and just how I'm to send you a patchwork quilt made of peace is beyond me. Why is it you want a patchwork quilt of the peace variety? Is it because you have been sleeping under a crazy quilt that has got so completely crazy that it's been dumping you out of bed and throwing you out of the window? I know crazy quilts will do extraordinary things at times, and if you have been sleeping under one and it's brought on nervous prostration, I don't wonder that you want a peace quilt, or a quilt of peace as the case may be. You say if we all have the peace "I wish you would send it to me." What will become of us if we send you all our peace? With peace gone from our lives, war and trouble would naturally ensue, for without peace life is not worth living. A pretty state of things would come to pass if we all sent you the peace, and you converted the national peace into a quilt and slept peacefully beneath its soothing folds, while we, bereft of peace, would have no other alternative but to fly at each other's throats like a bunch of wild cats. You are asking entirely too much, my dear, when you want to appropriate the peace of the nation in this manner. We shall all be only too delighted if you speak the peace at the end of your school term, and we hope you will speak it loud enough for all the world to hear. It's a good peace, but the world needs, for the year of war is destroying the homes of all nations. Europe's war debt alone is twenty billion dollars, and the interest on that enormous sum is a billion dollars a year, and it's the poor wretches who are sweating and toiling the world over for a crust who have to pay that interest. The debt itself is so stupendous it will never be paid. In these United States seventy-three per cent. of our income goes on the army and navy and other adjuncts of war. In one generation, and that's a very short period, the people of Germany, France, Great Britain and the United States, at the present rate of expenditure, will blow in on war preparations, sufficient money to build twenty million splendid country and village houses, costing two thousand five hundred dollars each. Reckoning four to a family, this sum would furnish dwellings for a hundred and twenty million persons, or more than the total of all the people of the countries before mentioned who actually live in rural districts outside the cities. Two and a half billion dollars are spent yearly for navies and armies by the four leading "civilized" nations of the world, a sum which equals in value the entire wheat and corn crops of the United States in a year of plenty. In the hundred years that elapsed between 1789 and 1889 it is computed that twenty million men were slaughtered on the battle-field while a hundred million more were wounded, a large percentage of them being made invalids for life. It is also estimated that twenty million non-combatants, men, women and children, met death as a result of, or in consequence of these wars. This does not include the millions whose blood was defouled by venereal disease, and who were sent to their doom as a result of this disease. As General Sherman said: "War is hell," and those particular people who want this kind of hell, should have their fill of it, but unfortunately those who don't want the hell are the ones who get most of it, and they by the way are the masses of the people. So, Carrie, when you speak that patchwork quilt peace, speak it loud enough for all the world to hear. Oh, rats, here comes that old goat again. He says you mean "peace" and not "peace," and that you don't want the nations to give up war, but that you are only hunting a recitation that concerns a miserable old bit of bed clothing. What a toppling down from the sublime to the ridiculous! World-wide peace and man's brotherhood vanish and a recitation about a patchwork quilt holds the stage. Billy the Goat fan me, I'm going to faint. Carrie, you say your school will be out on the nineteenth of April. That is too bad as I was contemplating making a call on your school on that day, and in consequence of it being out I shall miss that pleasure. Please let me know when your school will be in. Carrie I hope you will get the piece you want, and some day I hope you will get that peace that passes all understanding. If you keep on going to Sunday school that is the peace that will be yours some day.

CUSHING, NEBR.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am sending you a letter, or rather a prayer as it is called, which came through the mail to me. There are at least five of such prayers that have come to our family in the last twelve or fifteen months. The first one or two that came we complied with the request, but lately we pay no attention to them. You can see that there must be hundreds in circulation. Please tell us through the columns of COMFORT what you think of it. Should we answer all such things? Is it a scheme of some postmasters or is it a government scheme for stamps to cancel or what? How did it originate? Our friends around the country receive them too, and really believe some great misfortune will befall them if they do not comply with the request. If you will give your opinion it may help hundreds of folks to decide what to do about them. Thanking you in advance,

J. M. MAYER.

I enclose the prayer which is as follows:

An Ancient Prayer

"Oh, Lord Jesus I implore Thee to bless all mankind. Keep us from all evil by Thy precious blood, and take us home to dwell with Thee eternally."

"This was sent to me, I will send it to you. It is an exact copy of an ancient prayer. In Jerusalem it was said that she who did not copy it will have some mishap (usually it is 'calamity' or great misfortune—Uncle Charlie). She who will write it nine days, beginning the day you receive it, and send a copy of it each day will receive a great joy and be delivered from all calamities. Make a wish when writing this. It is for your good luck. Do not break the chain, nor sign a name."

Thousands, probably tens of thousands of our readers have been deluged with this ancient prayer business. Who started it I do not know, but this I do know, the people who have deluged me and others with these things ought to be sent to jail for the rest of their natural or unnatural lives. The Mayer family alone have been indicted with five different visits of this prayer nuisance. Tens of thousands of other families have had the same experience. If the Mayer family had carried out the instructions that accompanied this prayer, they would have had to mail forty-five letters to different people. If those forty-five people were sufficiently scared by the threat which accompanies this "prayer" and each one sent out nine more copies of it, it would entail the mailing of 405 letters, the postage alone on which would be eight dollars and anxiety, fear and terror it has created in the minds of ignorant, foolish, stupid people, must in the years the mania has been raging have caused the expenditure of probably more than a million dollars to keep the thing in circulation. And the money has all come out of the pockets of poor people. The idea that Uncle Sam has a hand in this business or that it benefits any postmaster is preposterous. As a matter of fact if these threatening missives be would put them behind the bars and punish them severely, for the endless chain letter scheme is illegal and is forbidden by the postal authorities. Remember when you send these "prayer" letters along you are not only a sneak and a coward but a lawbreaker as well. Who started this ancient prayer business I do not know. Possibly some crazy religious fanatic who had no conception of the terrible harm this "prayer" might work and has worked on those it was possibly meant to benefit. The world is still full of the densest ignorance and supersti-

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tion, and the individual who started this prayer business, knew that the only way to make it successful was to work on the fears and superstitions of the masses of the people. Even strong-minded persons do not like to be told that some terrible calamity is going to happen to them if they do not religiously carry out the instructions attached to one of these so-called "prayers." No one likes to have a threat hanging over him or her, even though they know the threat is only born of ignorance and stupidity. So even people who realize the wrong they are doing in passing the threat along, have yielded to the germ of superstition and fear that still lurks in many other-wise sensible people, and helped to keep the ball rolling, realizing full well that in doing so they were guilty of a cowardly act, worthy only of a blackhand or a blackmail. To give you an idea of what terrible harm this endless "prayer" chain business has worked on some individuals, just listen to this:

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: SEBAGO LAKE, MAINE.
I send you a letter today and would like you to read and express your ideas in regard to it. During the past four years I have received no less than eight or ten of these so-called "prayers." I am of a very nervous disposition. The first one I answered for I was so nervous I dared not disobey. When the next one came I could not get money enough to mail the letters, so I waited in fear and trembling for the misfortune that was to befall us. None came. I have received these prayer letters three times this winter. I am a sufferer from curvature of the spine, and have been in a plaster of Paris cast for nearly a year. I am at present just a bunch of quivering nerves and every time I receive these prayer letters, in spite of common sense, the cold chills go up and down my back, and a sleepless night follows. Have not yet closed my eyes and it is almost morning. I cannot help it. Perhaps Uncle Charlie you can reach some of the sensible people in the United States through COMFORT, and save some other sufferer from what I have had to endure during the past four years. I would not let my children go hungry so that I may have stamps to write copies of this letter and mail them. I am alone in the world, except for my children, and have a hard fight to live now that I am sick.
MRS. LAURA A. SANDBORN.

That letter would melt a heart of stone. I put this poor soul's name in our shut-in columns and asked our readers to send her cheery letters, and this is the way some flinty-hearted fanatics have responded to my query. And they have done the same thing to many other of our shut-ins. Hanging and boiling in oil would be too good for people who would torture a poor creature in Mrs. Sandborn's physical and financial condition. Now as for myself I have been deluged by cowardly fanatics with hundreds of these prayer threats. I suppose the poor much-brained idiots, scared out of their wits, or maliciously desirous of making trouble for me, have thought it was a great joke to choose me as one of their nine "victims." Of course they had not sense or intelligence enough to think or know that hundreds of other idiots were doing exactly the same thing. Why, do you know if I were to carry out the instructions in each of these "prayer" letters I receive, I would have no time to eat, sleep or earn my living. If I'd been fool enough to write and mail the letters as hundreds of weak-minded boobies have done, I would be penniless and in a hospital or a bug house. The fanatics instruct me, under dire penalties to write scores of these letters, so that this endless prayer chain may not be broken. Not being a superstitious fanatic I throw the things in the waste basket where they belong. This prayer chain madness to the nervous and superstitious is the refinement of torture and cruelty, and the thing has reached a pass now that nearly every third or fourth letter that comes in to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

VERA MABEL GAMMON

The Fifteen-Year-Old Blind, Deaf and Dumb Girl whose Marvelous Accomplishments Rival those of the World-Famous Helen Keller

By Scott N. Swisher

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AT the Minnesota School for the Deaf, at Fairbault, is one of the most remarkable little girls in the entire country. Her name is Vera Mabel Gammon, and she is without a doubt one of the brightest young women who ever carried the handicap of being deaf and blind.

Vera Mabel Gammon is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gammon of St. Paul, Minn., and is now just past fifteen years of age. She was only four years old when fate dealt her the cruel blow through a severe illness. When she recovered from the illness her sight was gone, and likewise later her hearing and power of speech. When she had fully recovered the parents determined that their daughter should share the joys of life and they sent her to the State School, where she has learned so rapidly that she has often been termed "The Helen Keller of St. Paul."

A special teacher is provided for Vera at the school. Miss Blanche Hansen, who is also deaf, and who is a graduate of the state school as well as Gallaudette College of Washington, D. C., is the teacher and she has accomplished wonders with her pupil. Since Vera entered the school the most of her work has been in language. From the three short words "Ball," "Doll," and "Bear," taught her the first day, her vocabulary has increased to about 4000 words. This extremely happy, ambitious, sweet-dispositioned child of fine mentality writes very good English, is very fond

of reading books in raised type, writes on an ordinary typewriter and braille writer, uses the "square hand" in writing with a pencil on a grooved board, and does neat sewing. She has also learned some local geography, biography, nature study and arithmetic as far as fractions. One of the most interesting features of her education is the reproduction of the daily chapel lectures, which are delivered in the sign language by the men teachers of the school, and which are spelled into Vera's hand by her teacher, Miss Hansen. Recently a brief biographical sketch of Sir Joseph Lister, and his great work for humanity in the discovery and application of aseptic surgery, was given in the chapel lecture. Vera was given no intimation beforehand that she was to write it as a special test, so the attention she gave it was no more than the ordinary every-day attention which she pays to the morning chapel lecture. The subject in itself is a rather difficult one to handle, especially so for one so young. She wrote a reproduction of the lecture entirely unaided, and it is given here exactly as she wrote it, without any corrections.

"The text of the very interesting and fine chapel lecture this morning was: 'He gave power to heal all manner of disease.' The lecture was about healing the sick. People of the present time cannot understand how much the people of two hundred years ago suffered from sickness, and many of them died. Today we have good hospitals and good doctors, who can do various things for the patients. When a person was much injured, he had to lie down on a table and let the doctor operate on him, while he suffered from pain. Chloroform, which was not known then. Chloroform puts people to sleep, and it is a great blessing to the patients, who felt no pain while they were being operated upon. But there was a great trouble: soon after the operations the patients got blood poisoning, which caused their deaths. Ninety out of one hundred people died from blood poisoning.

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How many fifteen-year-old boys and girls that are blessed with sight and hearing could equal this sample of Vera Gammon's work?

William Wade, a philanthropist, of Oakmont,

Pa., who is perhaps the only man of means in the country who has taken a special interest in the work and education of the blind-deaf, has taken a great deal of interest in Vera Gammon. Writing to A. L. Pach of the Silent Worker, a publication devoted to the work of the deaf, Mr. Wade has some splendid things to say of her. He said: "I find that I must correct one expression about Vera Gammon. I have often said that she was easily the 'Second Helen Keller,' but careful observations have convinced me that she is another Helen Keller. I knew both at the same point of education and rapidity of speech, intelligibility of speech, quickness of apprehension, and unflinching sweetness of disposition, they are practically identical."

A. L. Pach of the Silent Worker, who recently attended a National Convention of Teachers of the Deaf, in Wisconsin, had the following to say about Vera: "I first met Helen Keller in Chicago in 1893, and marveled at her now world-wide talents, but I concur with Mr. Wade that Vera Gammon, instead of having a future that will cause her to be known as the 'Second Helen Keller,' will rank intellectually with her, if, indeed, she does not outrank her. Miss Keller owed a great deal to Miss Sullivan, and Miss Sullivan was practically always behind her, and helped her; but Vera Gammon does not need anyone behind her, nor to prompt her. She is just sweetness by herself, and her memory is marvelous. Her teacher, Miss Hansen, has accomplished wonders. But Vera does not lean on her, and is very independent in her way. She met most everybody at the convention and remembered everyone by some characteristic. Now I have pretty good eyesight, but I was not able to remember half the people I met, not by name at any rate, but Vera did. This seems utterly unbelievable since she has only a ring, a charm or the feel of a person's hand."

"When you have talked with her five minutes her way of entertaining is so clever that you are at once attracted to the child. I had a number of long talks with her. She let Miss Hansen go to the lakes on a little excursion, telling her she was going to entertain me, and she did for three hours, and never for a moment was she tiresome, nor did she repeat. She told me of her life at home, of her brother, and she named them all, described her garden, and she named them all, described many of them, and I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself when I stopped to think that many of the flowers she described I could not even tell the names of, were I asked, and in one or two instances I do not believe I could spell the names correctly, although Vera did. There is a girl's charm about her that is irresistible. She is just as modest as she can be, and all she says is the outpouring of girlish attainment that you would expect from a first year girl at Wellesley. Vera is cautious too. A kodak was anxious to take her picture in a group with the writer. 'Will you please call me young and tell her that I want to speak with her?' said Vera looking very grave. When 'teacher,' as she invariably calls Miss Hansen, came and gave the desired permission, Vera looked pleased and relieved. It is a key to her great beauty of character that she always makes sure she is right and then goes ahead."

Once when Vera was spending her summer vacation at home she gave a party for a number of her companions in her home city, who had been at school with her during the previous year. On the lawn in front of her home she strolled over chairs in her eagerness to please her little guests. Eight of the guests were deaf, but could see. Upon their arrival they tried to deceive her as to who they were, but they were unsuccessful. She felt their faces and guessed their names—and rightly too. Association with them at school had impressed their features and characteristics upon her memory which never fails her. Just as the party was drawing to a close a man drove up in front of the house. He motioned to the other children not to tell Vera of his presence. He walked to her and placed one of her hands over his. "Who am I?" he said moving his fingers. "The child felt his face," "Papa," she said, with her fingers. He had been away in the west and had not seen his daughter for several months. Suffice to say the meeting was a happy one.

Dr. J. N. Tate, who has been at the head of

sion has been obtained from Vera's parents. Two years ago last summer when Vera was only thirteen years old she was spending her vacation at home and wrote a rather remarkable letter to Dr. Tate. Here is the letter:

"Dear Dr. Tate: My father got your card yesterday and it was read to me this afternoon before I began to write you. I will be very, very glad to go back to school on the day. I will also be glad to see all my friends again. My father cannot go to the depot with me because he is going to North Dakota this evening. He will come back home for Thanksgiving day and maybe will stay with my mother and dear little Robert all winter. He only stayed home ten days. I am very sorry that Miss Bateman will not come back to teach speech lessons this winter. One of the deaf girls who came to my home a week ago last Saturday told Miss Hansen that Miss Bateman would not go back to my dear school. I want to know if it is true. I am sure she will come back some other time."

"Did you get my card which I sent you? I am going over to Miss Hansen's house tomorrow with a few of my little friends. I have visited her often this summer and she came here as often as she could."

"We have a very beautiful bed full of beautiful pansies in our garden. We also have nasturtiums, geraniums, golden glows, niggonette, asters, roses, sunflowers and gladioli. We had some beautiful sweet peas but they all died and I saved some seed. I love all kinds of flowers and I love trees too. I love pansies, roses, and hyacinths best of all. Our pansy bed is the most beautiful in the garden."

"We have about forty chickens in the coop this summer, and we get five or six eggs every day."

"I have been in Como, Phagen and Indian Mound Parks this summer. I am going to Minnehaha Falls some time before I leave for school. I will try and go to Como park again. I like that park the best of all the parks in St. Paul. It is the most beautiful in the country. I have had a very pleasant vacation and have enjoyed myself very much. I will tell you more about my vacation but of course you will read my journal. Mamma told me to tell you she sends her love."

"With many words of love and best wishes, from your loving friend,"

VERA MABEL GAMMON."

In addition to being able to write, Vera Gammon has also mastered the sign language, and is able to talk to persons who are deaf but can see and who are familiar with this method of conversation, as well as with the manual alphabet. Instead of the free use of motions with the hands the teacher and pupil converse simply by placing the tips of their fingers together and spell out the words. She has also made some progress in learning to speak, and is acquiring some ability to read the speech of others by placing her fingers on the lips of the person speaking.

Miss Winifred Winton, an experienced oral teacher, devotes a short time each day to Vera in her study of this branch.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

COMFORT for this department is a prayer chain letter. Three are lying before me now. One from Bryan, Ohio, one from Rozel, Kans., and the other from Dexter, Kans. I hope the individuals who forwarded those three letters, will have the decency to at once write me an apology, and I hope all the other rack-brained idiots, and stark, staring mad fanatics who have deluged myself and others, especially poor, suffering invalids with this dope, will go down on their knees and ask God to forgive them for the crimes of which they have been guilty—and the sending of these threatening prayer letters through the mails, especially to invalids and busy, tired, harassed people, is a criminal act which even a red-handed assassin would scorn to perpetrate. This prayer and what follows it has passed through the hands of so many thousands of people, many or most of them illiterate, that it is astonishing in what various forms it now reaches me. One of the letters before me instead of calling it "An ancient prayer," calls it "An ancient prayer."

One party evidently unable to make out Jerusalem in the original has written it "Jesus' album." Could ignorance and folly go farther? It's rank blasphemy. I wonder if the party who originally started this prayer chain had any idea how this thing would be garbled and distorted in its constant passing from hand to hand, and I wonder if that individual would not voluntarily pass his or her life in sackcloth and ashes if he or she knew the torture this crime against God and His Son has caused to poor souls of the Mrs. Sandborn type, and they, alas, have been the ones chiefly victimized. Now let me tell you something. The day when religion could be spread or Christianity helped by fear and threats is forever passed. This prayer chain business is a relic of the dark, evil, bad old days of superstition, of the inquisition. People who have been propagating and spreading this prayer instead of helping God and Christianity have been profaning His Holy name and playing into the hands of the Devil. The people who wrote these letters evidently have a weird, wicked and monstrous conception of God. God is Love, Truth and Good, and not a tyrannical torturer of invalids. If the poor, scared, superstitious idiots who have indulged in this prayer mania would only remember that God is love, and that perfect love casteth out all fear, they would not have been scared out of their wits by the threat in this prayer letter contains, and been parties to the crime of spreading the contagion abroad. God is truth and it is truth that will set men free. Free from what? Free from the superstition, fear and ignorance that is at the back of all the stupidity, folly and madness that keeps up crime, sin, suffering, misery and wretchedness hanging eternally over so many millions of homes, that ought to be and could and should be the abodes of a happy, prosperous, intelligent, noble, God-loving people. Now I've written a special prayer which you can use yourselves and bring to the notice of your neighbors if you wish. If you copy and mail this prayer always sign your name and never ask those you send it to to forward it to others. Let them do that of their own accord if they feel so disposed. It is not what we are urged and prompted to do by others that wins the approval of Heaven, but those spontaneous acts of loving service bubbling up hot from the heart, which we do for God and humanity of our own free will and volition that count and bring a blessing. Remember every desire to do right, think right and act right is a prayer acceptable to God and holy in His sight.

Uncle Charlie's Prayer

O God who art the fountain of all love, goodness, mercy and truth, the One great



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Father of us all, we beg Thee to have compassion on those of Thy erring children, who from a false conception of Thee and Thy divine and holy attributes, are enslaved in the bondage of fear, superstition, ignorance and sin. Send the light of Thy love and goodness into the hearts of all mankind, so that we may be uplifted, purified and ennobled, and made more worthy of Thee our Father. Unite all men in the bonds of brotherly love. Teach us to be true to ourselves, and loving, merciful, kind and true to each other, even as Thou art to us. Fill us with compassion and tenderness for the poor, the sick, the needy, the suffering and all those who are burdened with care, sorrow and trouble. Make our lives one of loving service to Thee and to all mankind. Banish greed, selfishness and lust for gain from the hearts of men, so that the blighting curse of poverty and misery may hang no more like a pall over the beautiful world Thou hast created so lovingly for us all. Establish amongst men a love of justice, truth, honor and righteousness, so that all Thy children may have an abundance of those good things which Thy love hast so bountifully provided. Let Thy light and truth guide us so that we may learn to follow in the footsteps of Thy Son, our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Encircle us in Thy loving arms and give unto us the peace that passeth all understanding, and after this life is ended, take us to be with Thee in that brighter world where there is no more sorrow, suffering or death, and where all tears are wiped away, and joy and happiness reign forevermore.—Amen.

YORK, N. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a girl of eighteen years, and I wish to tell you how your reply to Honeyuckle has helped me. It has made a different girl of me. I suppose I am like all other girls, fond of pleasure, and sometimes not at all particular as to the means (CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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William Wade, a philanthropist, of Oakmont,



RUNNING HER TYPEWRITER.

the Minnesota school for more than sixteen years, is intensely interested in the progress of Vera Gammon. He says that in all his work among the deaf, in the state of Missouri, as well as in Minnesota, he has never come in contact with any person in any way so remarkable. There is scarcely a week passes but that Dr. Tate is approached with some sort of a scheme to have Vera give public exhibition of her attainments. He will consent to none of these but guards zealously the welfare of the little girl. The newspaper men are equally persistent, but they are allowed nothing but absolute facts after permis-



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

several months have not been able to go anywhere with my little girl. I hope I may get better sometime. My little girl is so much company to me now, and I try to amuse her all I can. Now dear sisters you cannot do a better thing than to take into your heart and home a dear little child, and love it and call it your own.

I read so many letters from sisters telling what a nice climate they have that I long to go to some one of them. Our climate here in Pennsylvania is so changeable that it is hard on well people, let alone sick folks. But then when one is in moderate circumstances they have no extra means to use in trying various climates. Just now while I am writing this letter, June 9th, I have a nice fire burning in the grate, and it frosted out of doors a few nights ago. It did not do much, if any, damage to vegetation. We had such a cold winter last winter that nearly everyone's peaches were killed in the bud, but I see that we are going to have a few if they do not all fall off. I think I will not stay here another cold season, but when winter comes again there I am still in the same old place. But I hope there will come a time some day that I can pick up and fly away, either to some other climate or to my dear boy that has gone to the world beyond!

In reading Mrs. Martha Seford's letter in June number brings back the keen sorrow that I had one year ago last May, when typhoid fever took my oldest boy almost twenty-one years of age (to a better world I hope). I just have one boy, sixteen years, and my little adopted girl left. I know it was hard to part with them at the time, and I felt for a while that I could hardly get reconciled to the loss, but when one sees the sin and temptations of this sinful world, he loath to call them back to this sinful world, for when they are gone, though we know they may have done many wrong things while they lived, to account for, we know that they would likely have had, had they lived their threescore years and ten. So let us all try to live so as to meet them in a better world, not wishing them back in this sinful world again.

Mrs. J. M. McCoy, Calexico, Cal., you sure must have a nice place to live in. I have friends and relations scattered all over the West and some in the South, but I myself have never been out of Pa.

In May number I read Mrs. Mary Jones's letter, and while there is much truth and wisdom in what she says about lifting the veil of nature to little folks, I cannot just agree altogether with her in everything. We will turn back to the Bible and read where Christ kept the facts of His coming crucifixion for a while from his disciples. Why? Because he speaks of them as of babes, and it would be too much for them to know the full truth just yet, but little by little he lifts the veil of knowledge to them as they grow stronger in faith and love and able to bear the full knowledge. So I think it is best to do the same with children in regard to the mysteries of nature. Of course one can put it off too long, the same as everything else, but the Bible tells us there is a time for everything. So it is for much that to wait when the proper time comes to reveal to the child things it should know. I remember once of a little girl only nine years old making a remark to me that I cannot here repeat. I was surprised that a child so young would know so much and didn't seem to care what she said. I think the trouble with a great many children nowadays is they hear and know a great deal too much of such things for their own good either at school or at home. Now, what I think is that mothers and fathers both should be careful how they talk before the children, but break the news gently when there is something you wish them to understand and it is time they should know. (Time remember). But this thing of parents just telling everything and anything before the children I think is very wrong.

Now I expect if this letter should escape the waste basket (which I am afraid it won't) there will be a shower of stones thrown at me by some of the sisters, for just what I have said in answer to Mrs. Jones's letter, but each one must have an opinion, so those that are in the right cast the first stone at your poor erring Comfort sister.

Mrs. Joy T. Wells, Perryopolis, Fayette Co., Pa.

Mrs. Wells. No stones will be cast for every mother wants these carefully thought out, conservative opinions. In standing united and sympathetic in our opposite ideas we gather light that is never seen by the prejudiced mind.

I want to comment on the point you make of parents talking too freely. Did you ever observe that a child reared in a gossiping home will tell imaginary tales about their playmates? I use this simile by which to illustrate the way the child-mind receives and uses matter that it cannot comprehend. The child listens, perhaps during the meal hour, to a recital of the downfall of some person well known to the family, attended by the usual comments. The financial and social standing of "friends," their clothes and servants will be discussed without thought of the seeds being sown. The result is, a confused mass of ideas will enter this child's head, rendered evident at some future time by words and acts that will surprise and shock the parents and cause them to wonder what bad child they have been thrown in with at school when in fact it was the influence of listening to conversation they could not digest.

And so with nature's great works, the mysteries of which sooner or later are revealed to the

young. If parents, especially mothers, could keep in such close touch with their children as to realize when the first step toward imparting such knowledge should be made, it would seem that many false and harmful conceptions of the great truths would be avoided. If every parent had the wisdom of taking the child's environment and physical development into consideration, the way would be clearer.

Many a girl in her teens has fallen through ignorance, and what might have been a beautiful life sacrificed to one of misery and despair. Instances such as these teach us that every mother has a duty to perform, and that a mighty duty must be performed at her discretion.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

If not intruding I hope you will allow me a small space in your cozy corner. The COMFORT makes its monthly visit to my home and each visit is looked forward to with much pleasure. I only wish it came more often for each issue seems to be a perfect bureau of information.

My home is in the Magnolia state among the towering hills of North Mississippi. I think it the garden spot of the Southland. Our soil is well adapted to almost everything that can be raised elsewhere, but corn and cotton are the principal crops. The raising of live stock and poultry is rapidly coming to the front for which there is always a ready market. To visit our county and state fairs, our produce on exhibit will rival other states that have devoted a great deal more time and attention to such things than we. Poultry raising for the market is in its infancy, but is growing rapidly. In visiting a farmyard a few years ago you would see only a small flock of mongrels, but now at almost every home you will see a flock of thoroughbreds. It has been proven that they can be raised as cheap and with as little trouble as an inferior strain, and when placed on the market bring a higher price. I am raising the White Plymouth Rocks and like them so much. I find them such good layers and they grow large and are easily managed while sitting.

I have not been living on the farm very long; just moved to the country the last of February, although I was reared on the farm that we still own. Five years ago my brother and I decided we would rent out our farm of three hundred and twenty acres and move to town. We liked living there fine, but our farm was rapidly going to waste so we decided to move back. I get right lonely sometimes, but with my flowers and poultry and a gentle horse to drive I don't find country life so monotonous.

The land is worked mostly by negro labor. I would be so glad to have more good, congenial neighbors, and if there is anyone who would like a home in the Sunny South, I would be glad to hear from them. Now don't think dear friends that I am a land agent, trying to sell some worn-out land, for I am not. I have no land to sell but there is some here for sale and rent.

This is a busy season of the year to those having such an abundance of fruit as I have. I never saw fruit nicer and so much of all kinds. I have been making plum jelly and will soon go to work canning and preserving apples, peaches and berries. The grapes and pears will come on later. It is a good thing that all don't ripen at once for if they did we would be worked to death.

I wish I could share some of my nice vegetables with those not so fortunate as to have any, for I can never use half what I have growing in my garden.

With much success, COMFORT, Byhalia, Miss.

MISS MUCKELRATH. Just a few words to say that I for one wish I could share in these delicious vegetables and fruits. It must be so satisfactory to see this grand result of your efforts. You can well feel fortunate and I like your generous spirit of sharing. Our great country yields abundantly, but how unevenly the climes divide it!—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Here comes a suffragette seeking admission to the COMFORT family. I have been a COMFORT reader for a long while. And as I now see a chance of "paying back" a little I will venture to write.

To dry string beans, they must be very tender. String and break in small bits to free from all strings and spread very thin on a smooth surface, boards or table or can be run on strings and hung up. Can be dried in sun but are better dried in shade where plenty of air can reach them. To prepare for table, soak over night and cook as you would when fresh; they are excellent boiled with bacon.

Corn may be dried by cutting from the cob and spreading thinly on plates placed in the sun. Plates should be covered with netting to keep out flies and other insects. And sisters when you dry berries having small seed such as blackberries, don't stir until they are almost dry if you wish your fruit plump and round. Now friends will you let an unprejudiced onlooker give you a piece of advice on the subject of children. Above all things teach them reverence and to show respect to the old. Teach them kindness and unselfishness. Instill in their young minds a love of nature and "nature's God," and you will find they will not go far wrong when they grow up. Teach them to love only animals, never allow a child to injure any living thing. Do not simply tell them not to do it but tell them why they must not.

I am a blonde with blue eyes and light brown hair. I would like to make some "pen friends" through COMFORT. How many will send me pressed flowers or leaves with name and where grown.

Oh, yes, I want to say a word for fresh air. For two or three years I was unable to do any work; was in bed most of the time, but by sleeping in the open air and staying out of doors as much as possible I am now fairly well and strong and mother and I do the housework for a family of six grown-ups.

With love I am your true COMFORT friend,

MAY PATTON, Waynesboro, Box 220, Va.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Many thanks for your nice letters which I greatly enjoyed. As so many of you expressed an interest in Imperial Valley I will describe it as best I can. Our valley, which is fifty miles long and thirty miles wide is the extreme southern part of California half way between San Diego and Yuma, Calexico being on the boundary line between U. S. and Mexico.

Twelve years ago the California Development Company brought water from the Colorado river into our valley. Before that time this was all desert. This company furnished for each acre five feet of water to cover an acre four feet deep for every acre of land at a cost of fifty cents a foot, or two dollars an acre. The land owner notifies the company three days before he wants water, the amount of water and the length of time he needs it. You pay for such water as you use. Two dollars per acre for Alfalfa is what they figure. Cotton and other crops such as corn, canteloupes, and berries not nearly so much. But then you only get one crop per year of the latter, while Alfalfa gives us six and seven crops per year.

The Southern Pacific Railroad runs through our valley. The San Diego and Arizona Railroad is now building. We have a line from Calexico to Yuma through Mexico. The value of unimproved land depends entirely on the cost of levelling and distance from railroad. The cheapest I know of is fifty dollars per acre and then it might take thirty dollars per acre to level. Then it would have to be water stocked.

Improved land on an average is from one hundred and twenty-five dollars up to two hundred dollars per acre.

We have good grammar schools, high schools, churches and fraternal orders.

As a stock country this has no equal because we have green feed all the year and no cold weather. A colt gets its growth in two years. For poultry, especially turkeys, it is wonderful how they grow without any cost as they feed in the Alfalfa fields. There is never a day in this country that it is not the right season to plant something. We plant small grain, principally barley, from September to March 1st, threshing in June as high as thirty-three sacks to the acre.

Corn we plant from March 1st to August 1st, gathering as much as six thousand pounds. Melons we plant in February, picking as high as two hundred and fifty crates to the acre. Grapes we pick in July, shipping as much as one hundred and fifty crates to the acre, bringing as high as six cents a pound. Apricots we pick in May. Asparagus we cut in February. Tomatoes we ship in June. Cotton yields as high as two bales to the acre. We have six Gins and an oil mill in the valley. Alfalfa we cut all year.

Forty acres of land in this valley will support a large family and have money in the bank.

We have a very nice class of people in this valley. The bulk of the land owners being Americans. The laborers are mostly from Texas and the Mexicans who live here. We believe this to be a most healthful climate and I should think would be good for catarrh as well as for lung trouble.

The climate is delightful for about nine months in the year, but during July and August it is rather hot

for comfort. But with shade and the use of ice we can be quite comfortable. Wages are from two dollars per day and up. Millers get fifty to sixty dollars per month with board. House rent in towns is pretty high, considering the accommodations, but one can rent a small farm of ten or twenty acres very reasonably with all necessary buildings.

Such could be found for one hundred dollars per year and up. Cost of living is pretty high where one has everything to buy, but living on a farm, one can raise so much in the needs of a living, making it as cheap here as in any place I know. Milk cows, good ones, are from seventy dollars and up to one hundred and ten dollars.

Snakes, scorpions, centipedes and such things have all been driven out by the water.

Land is now being subdivided into as small as ten acre pieces and can be bought with a small payment. Persons desiring to rent can get best of leases.

After all there is only one Imperial Valley.

Most sincerely,

Mrs. J. M. McCoy, Calexico, Cal.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

My mother has taken COMFORT for a good many years and we all like it fine. I think Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie are doing a great work. Would like to see both of them.

I am a girl fifteen years old with light brown hair, gray eyes, and weigh one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. I have a sister and brother. My brother Claude is eighteen years old and my sister Bertha is sixteen.

We live seven miles from a railroad station and fifteen miles from the town of Guernsey which is not very large.

The trees are all leaved out here. The different kinds are cottonwood, boxelder and willow mostly.

There are many wild flowers in bloom now. My sister and I are pressing a good many this year and have had good luck so far.

There are a good many hills around here and we girls have lots of fun going on long walks over the hills looking for wild flowers and flint, which is a kind of rock the Indians used in making their different weapons.

While my brother was ploughing this spring he ploughed up two Indian war mallets. They are a large stone with a crease around the center where the handle was fastened on by a piece of rawhide.

My brother has found two meadow larks' nests this year, and mother found a wren's nest, and sister and I another.

I would like to correspond with girls of my own age or have a post-card shower.

FLORENCE E. ADAMS, Junction, Wyo.

DEAR SISTERS:

Have just received my first copy of COMFORT and was greatly pleased with it. I read all the letters in the sisters' column, and enjoyed them.

All or nearly all of you I notice give a description of yourself and your surroundings. I wonder if you would be interested in receiving a letter once in a while from the city of New York where I live?

In this letter I will tell you something of how I spent the Fourth of July. In the forenoon there were several parades. The principal one was reviewed in front of our classic city hall by our mayor and his official family from a grand stand. The parade consisted of bands from every nation. The Indians in their own form of dress interested me most of all. The chiefs were in their war paint, feathers, moccasins and all.

There was also the music and the usual speech-making. That I did not hear as the day was very hot and I preferred the shade.

In the afternoon my mother took me for a row in his canoe out on the Hudson. A fine bonny lad is the Boy and we are great chums. He is a member of a canoe club, up on the banks of the Hudson, and had gone up early in the morning. I was to join him in the afternoon. I was detained from getting off until three o'clock, so it was after four when I reached the club, that made our start a little late. We took our lunch along, the average picnic lunch you know, and after we had rowed several miles up the river (or to be exact, The Boy rowed and against the tide too) we beached the canoe and had our refreshments under the spreading branches of a fine old tree. I regret to say neither The Boy or myself could tell what kind of a tree it was. So much for brick and mortar people. We love nature and about only kind of a tree we know is the oak. After supper we read the magazines we had taken along for an hour or longer, so that it was almost eight o'clock when The Boy launched the canoe for the homeward trip. The water was very rough, due to a strong wind that was blowing from the south. At every passing steamer along the New York shore the waves would dash against the rocky parts of the beach, sending the spray high into the air. We hadn't been out long when we were drenched by two immense breakers, one right after the other. We kept close to the Jersey shore, but far enough out to avoid the breakers. It was when we started to cross to the other shore that we found just how rough the water was. The wind had increased and the waves were troubled and angry. Shortly after the fireworks were started all along the river on both shores. At one place almost on the verge of the palisades fireworks were started, and occasionally a rocket would shoot over and fall among the trees on the side of the cliff. I do not like to think what the result would have been had the summer been hot and dry. I remember that The Boy had a wonderful ensue. It would have been laid at the door of the campers and camp fires strewn along the beach.

At one point up the river the fireworks were splendid. Great sunbursts of gold, of violet or green, golden sheaves of wheat, and the high rockets with their vari-colored lights were indeed a lovely sight. At one point we exclaimed at their beauty, but the trip across became rougher we subsided into silence, and now and then a glance of understanding flashing between us at some wonderful effect. On the lawn of one stately home green calcium was burned among the trees. The effect was startlingly beautiful.

But as we neared the middle of the river almost all our eyes were turned to the safe guidance of our little craft. The trembling waves and rough winds showed but scant mercy to the frail canoe. High in the heavens, in every direction, were the fiery balloons set off at some celebration; the bursting fireworks, the flashes of green light among the green glades, the winds and the wild waves transformed the night in very truth into a Mid-Summer Night's Dream. Awe-inspiring it was, wonderful and weird—and as I pause now for a moment's backward glance—strange and wondrously beautiful.

By and by, thanks to the master strokes of the sturdy oarsman, to the staunch little craft itself, and to the unseen pilot that guides safely into port every craft entrusted to his care, we emerged into quiet waters, though still troubled, and eventually reached the boat where we made our landing and anchored and tired. I have been asked if I felt fear at any time. Perhaps for the brief space of a moment I did, but the fear was rebuked and passed off. Nevertheless I hope never to have such another experience.

Perhaps in another letter I will tell you of the world-famous beauty of the palisades. I send love to all of you, and welcome to Mrs. C. E. FISHER, 514 W. 136 St., New York, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I wonder if there is room in the big, happy circle for the Missouri sister?

As the pretty flowers are everywhere now, I am going to tell you of a new use for them: Suspend a pretty bouquet of flowers and leaves by a cord so baby can just reach the flowers with its hands and see how soon baby will learn to throw the little hands so as to touch the flowers, and the motion and bright colors will amuse it for quite a while.

And here at my wildflower home are wild flowers as well as cultivated ones, generally from February until November.

Well, I suppose most of the sisters are busy making jelly and canning fruit. All the fruit we have canned is wild gooseberries and wild huckleberries. We didn't get more of the wild strawberries and raspberries than we could eat fresh. The blackberries most all winter killed, but I think there will be an abundance of grapes, plums, apples and wild crab-apples, but I think no peaches from this part of Missouri.

Try canning tomatoes and apples in light syrup, flavored with lemon peel. I save all lemon peel for this purpose.

When any of the cooking ware becomes scorched while cooking, put in a generous amount of ashes and water, set on the stove and let boil while the other dishes are being washed, and the scorched places will generally rub off quite easy.

Try sulphur and Castor oil mixed for exzema and old sores.

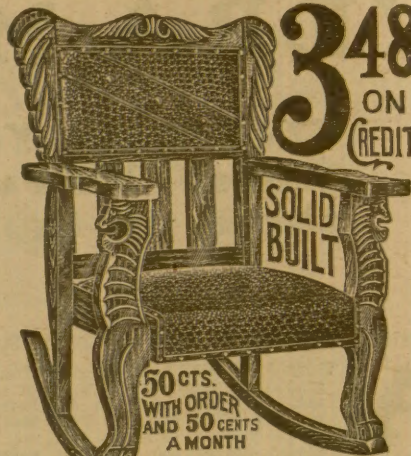
With best wishes to all,

MRS. LILLIAN L. MOORE, Puritan, Mo.

Mrs. Moore. 'Tis such a pretty idea to suspend the bright wild flowers for baby's amusement and exercise.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for years, though a subscriber for only two, and I love it very much.



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I have never written to the dear circle before, but after reading Mrs. Day's letter I thought I would write a few lines.

From childhood until the age of twenty-one I attended Sunday school and church every Sunday and loved it. Then I married a seafaring man and living on the water constantly I seldom ever get a chance to go to church. I have been about fifteen times in the past ten years. But, oh, sisters, if I thought I should not be able to tell you how much I have the love of my dear Savior because I cannot go to church, this would indeed be a sad world for me. I try to live as near like Him as I can. My husband and I read our Bible and pray every night for great good and rich blessings on all the dear COMFORT readers. Uncle Charlie and our dear editor. Sincerely your friend and sister, Mrs. W. M. E. JENKINS, New York City, Gen. Del., N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

As I never see anything from dear old Chilton I will try and write a few words. I have not taken COMFORT very long but during that time I certainly have enjoyed it.

Mrs. Wilkinson, have you ever ploughed any? I have, for father was crippled with rheumatism, although he would come out and plough a round or two for me sometimes to rest a little and you bet I was tired every night. And papa and I made seventy-five bushels of corn and two and one half bales of cotton, besides peas and peanuts. I thought that was a plenty for one little girl of fifteen to work. Now I am seventeen years old and have been married one year. But oh, if I were just at home today I wouldn't marry until I was older. I couldn't get then like I can now, although I do not regret the one I married, for he is good to me.

Everybody said I married to keep from ploughing, but I did not, for I helped papa all I could on the farm and also helped around the house too, as there was but one left with mamma to help and she was sickly. Now she is as healthy as she can be.

I am five feet three inches tall, have dark hair and eyes and weigh one hundred and sixty-nine pounds.

I liked Miss Maud Denning's letter, and also Queen Victoria's prayer which I am going to try and learn so I may say it to mamma when I go home. I live forty odd miles from her, and I try to go and see her every other month. Once I stayed a week from her four months, and that was longer than I wanted to.

Would like to get some letters from the sisters.

Your COMFORT sister,

Mrs. T. A. HENDERSON, Prattville, E. E. 1, Ala.

Mrs. Henderson. No I have never ploughed any, though I had a sick father I should help him all I could. Of course ploughing is hardly a woman's work, and quite likely to injure her health, yet one must be governed by circumstances, using their best judgment.

Sixteen is young to marry, but with your kind husband may you enjoy a long life of health and prosperity.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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Things the MODERN FARMER must know to MAKE THE FARM PAY

This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical, business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Corn after Clover

WE regret to notice that in many districts of the country where clover luxuriates naturally that Timothy is taking the place of that grand enricher of the soil. "Clear Timothy" is fine for baling when made into hay and the market pays a big price for such hay; but clover is difficult to cure, easily broken up, prone to become moldy and dusty and not well liked by city horse feeders. The temptation to grow Timothy is great, and the crop temporarily pays. The subsequent loss is great. Timothy fields are fast losing fertility. This is especially so if the second crop of Timothy in succession is cut ripe with the harvester and threshed for seed. Clover on the contrary feeds the soil and when made a prominent and frequent feature of the crop rotation of a farm brings back the "heart" of the soil and keeps it there. It is a great nitrogen furnishing crop and all crops need nitrogen; but none needs it more than corn and clover therefore is a splendid crop to go ahead of corn. Farmers in many localities recognize this fact; but they often err by plowing the clover sod in spring, when there will be insufficient time for the soil to rot and when there will be most likelihood of loss from cutworms. It is better practice to plow the clover sod in fall and then thoroughly tear and tease it apart in the spring, by use of cultivators or "krubbers" which also incorporate the sod particles with the soil. This is one of the sure ways of getting a big crop of corn. Given the well-prepared clover sod and selected, pure bred, properly dried seed corn that will germinate profusely, a big crop is about certain, provided the weeds are kept down and the soil moisture conserved by frequent stirring of the surface soil to form a blanket of dust mulch. It should be quite possible for every reader of this page to double his corn crop, if they are low at present, by enriching the soil, providing a proper seed bed, using better seed, and giving the necessary amount of after cultivation to save soil moisture and keep down weeds. Decide now to have a bumper crop of corn next year and feel free to send in questions regarding this matter, as soon as farmwork "lets up" a bit and it comes time to do the fall plowing.

Selecting Seed Corn

The season is at hand when seed corn for next year should be selected. Farmers should not wait until husking time to do this but select their seed corn in the field before the stalks are cut. There are several strong reasons for so doing which vary in importance with the locality but should not be ignored in any section of the country.

In the first place the stalk itself should be taken into account in the selection of seed. Good, strong ears selected from good, strong leafy stalks will produce other plants of the same kind. In the leaves is manufactured the starch which is later stored in the kernels of the ear. Big leaves and plenty of them mean great capacity to make starch; hence strong, vital kernels will result. Such plants produce a maximum yield of both grain and forage, hence the importance of the stalk in the selection of the seed ear.

In the second place all ears should be borne about the same distance from the ground in the same variety of corn, neither too high nor too low. Low ears are usually borne on short stalks and since there is a tendency for the same characteristic to prevail in the same plant the ear itself will probably be short. Low ears get broken off or injured in cutting by machinery, rot easily from contact with the ground, and are otherwise undesirable. Too high ears are equally objectionable. In places where the growing season is short they are likely to be late. They give too much weight to the stalk at a long distance from the ground, hence the stalks are very easily blown down and consequently hard to harvest.

In the third place it is desirable that all ears in a corn-field should ripen as nearly at the same time as possible. Where the season is short early ears should be picked for seed as soon as ripe. These in turn will produce early ears and the corn can thus be harvested with least danger from frosts. Where the growing season is longer and the stalks are to be used for forage it is equally desirable that corn should ripen uniformly. Where silos are used uniform ripening is likewise desirable. For these and other reasons picking from the stalk is the best method of selecting seed corn.

Curing Seed Corn

When the seed has once been selected from the stalk standing in the field the seed corn problem is by no means solved. All over the corn belt this year there are many skip hills and even whole fields with only here and there a few scattering stalks. This is due to a lack of care in the curing of seed. Mold is fatal to seed corn. Heat and moisture, especially moisture, are conducive to the growth of mold. Hence seed corn should be thoroughly dried in a place so well ventilated that the moisture driven off from the corn will be carried out of the room. Seed corn should not be piled with the ears resting one upon another. Mold will be very likely to develop where the ears touch. Several racks have been devised for the drying of seed corn by the various experiment stations and by the United States Department of Agriculture. One of the simplest is a frame made from two by four scantling upon both sides of which have been stretched wire netting of about three-inch mesh. The ears are laid in the meshes so that no two touch. Another good method is to drive ten penny finishing nails in a board wall three inches apart both ways with the heads inclined upward. Then stick the butts of the seed ears in the soft parts of the coils on the seed corn. Be sure that the room in which your seed corn is stored is kept dry, by artificial heat if necessary, and well aired during the wet months of late autumn and early winter. If it is carefully selected from the standing corn and goes into the winter thoroughly dry you should have no trouble with poor seed.

Keep the Air Out of Silage

Silo filling will soon begin. Much spoiled silage and nearly all dissatisfaction with the silo are due to improper methods of filling. One cardinal principle which should never be forgotten is to keep the air out, get it out and keep it

o. But how? In the first place see that the silo is tight to begin with. If a stave silo, tighten the hoops, if brick, stone or concrete, fill up all cracks with a whitewash of cement on the inside. Start filling with a perfectly tight silo and keep the silage solidly packed down. There should be no corners in a properly constructed silo but if there are keep them filled tightly with silage. If the corn is ripe and dry use plenty of water to fill up the spaces, exclude the air and assist in packing the silage. Don't try to fill the entire silo in a single day. Give the silage a little time to settle, but keep it packed down. Keep a man in the silo tramping all the time that the silo is being filled. Exclude the air by plentiful use of water and thorough tramping and you will have little trouble with spoiled silage.

Save the Corn Fodder

All over the United States where corn is raised, particularly where it is grown in large quantities, thousands upon thousands of dollars are wasted annually by making poor use of the corn stover or what remains of the plant after the ears are taken off. Three tons of corn stover are as valuable for feed as two tons of Timothy hay. A good crop of corn will easily yield three tons of stover per acre, and two tons of Timothy hay per acre is considered a good crop; hence they are of about equal feeding value, acre for acre. No farmer would think of turning his cattle into his hay-field to harvest it for him yet this is exactly what he does with his crop of corn stover which is just as valuable. The silo, combined with efficient corn harvesting machines have rendered unnecessary such wasteful methods and any farmer who feeds down his corn stalks in the fall and finds it necessary to buy hay in the spring has no one but himself to blame. Such methods of extravagance are not only unnecessary waste but exert a very bad influence on the future of agriculture in a community where they are practiced.

Why Some Farmers Stay Poor

The explanation is summed up in the word *indifference*. Despite what is written and spoken about better methods of management and all of the various items of improved farming and stock raising being introduced here and there throughout our land, thousands simply look on, say nothing, do nothing, stay indifferent and suffer. A while ago noticing a lot of extra poor cows on a good farm worth \$138 per acre, the writer said in kindly fashion to the owner: "Neighbor, pardon me, but wouldn't it be a good plan to get rid of those poor cows and put some better ones in their place?" and the astonishing answer was: "No. To tell you the honest truth good cows would not stand the poor care I give my cattle." This was candid confession surely; but sad. The cows in question were scrubs. Each of them had an udder that seemed to be of one quart capacity; and the feed of these cows was nothing but poor grass pasture in summer and hay alone in winter. Six weeks later, after the argument we had, a pure bred Holstein bull calf was seen running with the cows and the owner said, as we came by: "Now I'm all right, ain't I?" and we had to answer "No" and explain that the right way would have been to sell the poor cows, put in a few good cows and then use the pure bred bull. Some time after we asked a small farmer who said he milked a few cows: "What sort of bull do you use?" and expected to have him answer by mentioning the name of some pure breed, or to confess to the use of a grade or scrub bull. But his amusing answer was simply the words "Fifty cents." That was the amount of the service fee; and enough, for the sort of bull in question. Asked how many cows he milked he answered: "About five, seven or other of those number." On inquiry we found that he and his neighbors received on an average, in summer time with the cows on grass only, "about \$15 a month" from the creamery. That is the kind of check to be expected when a "fifty cent" sire is used. A week previous an up-to-date farmer living not far from the last man mentioned told us that his 25 grade cows had brought him a creamery check of \$200 the previous month (May) on grass alone. Poor cows earned their owners some \$2.00 per month. Good grade cows, by a pure bred sire, brought their owners some \$8.00 a month on grass. Which kind of cow do you own? What is your monthly creamery check? What sort of bull do you employ?

The way to get good dairy cows is to use a pure bred dairy bull and to grade up gradually by that certain means. We saw a cow the other day that had given 630 pounds of butter in one year. The average cow gives 175 pounds of butter a year. This good cow had just two top crosses of Guernsey blood. Are you improving your cows in this way?

Breeding Better Cows

By this time readers of the Modern Farmer Page have learned what its editors teach regarding the importance and necessity of detecting and rejecting rubber cows in the dairy stable. We take it that they accept as good logic and sound common, business sense what has been said on that subject and we have no doubt many a one of them has said: "All very good and true; but where are we going to get those better cows? and what will they cost if found?" and "Can they be bred by the average farmer?" These are pertinent and sensible questions and well worthy of consideration here. We believe that the only sure way to get the right kind of cow in sufficient numbers, year after year, in every farm community, is to breed the cows. The only possible way in which suitable cows can be bred is to use invariably and persistently pure bred bulls of known dairy breeds. They cannot be produced by using pure bred bulls of beef breeds, or by mixing dairy breeds, or by using grade or scrub bulls. Little wonder then that good cows are scarce! Grade and scrub bulls are in common use throughout the country. It is alleged that in the great dairy state of Wisconsin, which now heads all of the states of the Union in dairying, ninety-seven out of every one hundred bulls are grades or scrubs; yet in Wisconsin for forty years or more the doctrine of better blood, and pure bred sires has been preached, and lectured, and written about in season and out of season throughout the state. Evidently something

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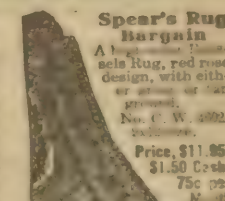
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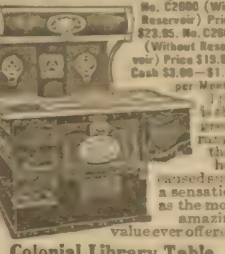
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is wrong with such methods of "educating" the people. Prof. A. S. Alexander of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture, who was the father of the first stallion-license law in America and the father too, of the Pure Bred Sire League idea which has spread throughout the country, seems to have "hit the nail on the head" in a new suggestion relative to the improvement of dairy cattle in Wisconsin and elsewhere. He suggests that it is time to act in place of simply talking, lecturing, writing and advising by actually placing pure bred bulls within the reach of every patron of every creamery, cheese factory, skimming station, or condensing factory. These patrons, every one of them, would be willing and delighted to use pure bred bulls, could they find them near by and within their means. This they cannot do at present; therefore the creameries and like factories should supply the bulls free, or at nominal service fees. In other words a pure bred bull of each of the three or four leading dairy breeds should be kept at the factory, or on a nearby farm controlled by the management, for use by its patrons. In districts where one breed of cattle predominated only pure bred bulls of that breed should be maintained. Fees for service could be deducted from the monthly creamery check. All male calves should be "weaned". All female calves should be kept raised and again bred to the pure bred bulls without mixing breeds. In this way the dairy cows of a district would gradually but surely be graded up and improved and the owners of the creamery, or other dairy factory, would reap the benefit, mutually with the patrons. To start with, as good cows as possible should be mated with the pure bred bulls and, right along, all poor cows, however bred, should be discarded. The inevitable result of such general provision of pure bred bulls for the use of creamery patrons would be the certain elimination of a great proportion of the undesirable grade and scrub bulls now in use the buying and utilization of personally owned pure bred bulls, the provision of a home market for every pure bred bull produced in a given state, the vast betterment of all concerned in the production of dairy products. In connection with this proposal Prof. Alexander has also advised that after the plan has been put in operation and found popular and profitable large companies owning and operating dairy factories might put in herds of pure bred dairy cows from which to produce pure bred bulls, for public service, or sale to patrons and such cows would also furnish valuable milk for factory use. It has been found that there is very little actual danger of spreading disease by the public use of bulls and that danger can be altogether avoided by practice of simple sanitary measures. Take this matter up with your creamery manager and see what can be done. Write to Prof. Alexander at Madison, Wis., if further advice on this subject is desired.

Buying a Cow

Bear in mind that the cow offered for sale is likely to be one that the other fellow doesn't want. It therefore is a good idea to search carefully for the fault that led to the animal's sale. It is a very common practice to sell a cow that has "gone wrong in her bag" and a cow with a diseased udder is a nuisance and one that it rarely pays to fuss with on the farm. The "three teater" is a cow that has had a bad attack of garget and consequently has lost the use of one teat or quarter. That teat may discharge pus and such a cow will "smut" healthy cows. When looking at a cow always note if her teats are properly set, well apart, "one at each corner" and, if that is so, do not rest contented with that much information. Never forget to sit down and milk the cow enough to know that good milk comes from each teat and that the cow is not a hard one to milk. One teat may give clotted milk, or whey, or blue milk, or bloody milk, or pus. Never bother a second with such a cow. Possibly you will find an extra hole at the side of one teat and milk will spurt or run from it at milking time. Don't buy such a beast; or one that has very small teats, or extra big teats that are hard to grasp. Teats of abnormal size and

shape or abnormal smallness are congenital, which means the cow likely will have calves with similar teats. Do not look a second time at the cow whose teats hang in a bunch that you could fit into a pint tin cup. Nor is it well to think twice of the cow that has one hanging down, enlarged, red quarter. She has had udder trouble and the owner is passing her along to the other chap who will be sure to have a struggle with her udder at milking time. Remember that the cow with a hard lump in her udder, high up at the back of the vessel in all probability has tuberculosis of the udder and if that is so her milk will give the disease to babies and to pigs or other young animals. Be careful not to buy a cow that has a lot of pimples and "pocks" on her teats. She is afflicted with "cow pox" and she will spread the disease to the other cows. The milker's hands carry in the infection. Infecting himself in this way he becomes immune against small pox. That fact led originally to the discovery of vaccination against small pox. Buy a cow that is built for the business of milk production. Do not buy an all purpose cow or one that is dual purpose in appearance. The cow that is worth while will make so much milk and such rich milk that when she is worn out she will have paid well, so that the owner will not need to "feed her off" for the butcher. Such a dairy cow will be mighty hard to dry off or to feed off. She will have a sharp backbone. Chose a cow that you would hate to ride ten miles barebacked.

A lot of meat piled along the backbone means that the cow tends to fatten and such a cow ruins the milk pail. She diverts her feed from dairying to beef production. If you want a beef animal buy one that has beef breed blood and beef type build and appearance. When a cow is bought

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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A Man's Comfort

is largely measured by the fit of his collar. LINENE COLLARS are yielding and flexible, with large button holes and plenty of room for the tie. Pick out any one of the styles shown in this advertisement, tell us what size you wear, and we will send sample collar for 6 cents in U. S. stamps or 10 collars for 30 cents.

Price at the stores 25 cents for a box of ten. We also make cuffs and bosoms.

These goods are made of fine cloth with a flexible stiffening material between them, they are finished in pure starch so that they look just like linen. A new LINENE collar costs about the same as the laundering of a linen collar. But the LINENE collar can be worn both sides—costing but 1-4 cents for each side—and then thrown away when soiled. We publish a beautiful catalogue showing 12 styles of collars, 2 styles of cuffs and 3 styles of bosoms. Send for it even if you don't order samples now. IT IS FREE. You will be sure to order after you get the catalogue.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY
Department E, Boston, Mass.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

of securing it. The girls of this town are nearly all of that sort.

A young man came to this town last summer. He was handsome, accomplished, and all that. No one knew from whence he came, and he did not enlighten us. He was a fine companion, was always courteous and deferential to the girls of our set. He soon joined our whist club, and proved an adept at the cards.

Last fall he began paying me marked attention. Of course I was flattered and not a little pleased. He escorted me everywhere.

My parents are good old Methodists and of course did not approve of my conduct and warned me repeatedly against Frank, but I was headstrong and would not heed their advice.

This winter he asked me to be his wife at once and in secret. This I refused to do, as I was attending high school here and was one of the best of my class. He urged a secret marriage not to be consummated until we reached New York where he claimed to have a home for me. I was on the point of leaving home, with him when by the merest chance I read your reply to Honeysuckle. How thankful I am that I escaped, and I owe it all to you, for I see my mistake. I have confessed my secret to my parents and they have forgiven me. Heaven bless you in your good work.

N. B.

You probably all remember my reply to Honeysuckle's letter. Honeysuckle was a little goose who climbed out of the window at night to run about the streets with men, and who described the aunt who tried to protect her from harm as an old hen. The advice I gave Honeysuckle, and the way I lambasted that young lady has brought me letters of gratitude from hundreds of girls, whose eyes I opened and who now realize the dangers they run in secretly meeting men of whom they know little or nothing. Girls cannot be too careful in selecting their male associates. In the City of St. Louis alone, thirty men desert their wives every week the year round. Every city has the same tale to tell. These men drift around the country and having victimized one woman are anxious to victimize others. In addition to these wife deserters there are thousands of flashy, unprincipled, unscrupulous, semi or wholly criminal young men, who drift from city to city, town to town leaving a trail of ruin and broken hearts in every community they visit. The flashy young man to all appearances is entirely respectable. He is courteous and well-mannered and generally secures a position, not because he likes work, but as a part of the scheme of ingratiating himself with those he intends to victimize. When questioned about his past he shuts up like an oyster. No one knows where he came from and least of all does anyone ever know where he is going. He soon becomes a great favorite with all the girls, though the parents invariably regard him with distrust. The girls, of course, think the parents foolish, stupid and old-fashioned. "Mr. So and So is so charming there could not be possibly any harm in him. Everything drifts along smoothly for a few months, then suddenly there is a big scandal. The flashy young man has disappeared. His employer's money generally has gone with him. Then too it comes out that he is in debt to nearly everyone in the town, and then it is learned that one or more girls who have been fascinated by the handsome stranger, and who have severed their engagements with worthy, honest fellows, on account of their infatuation for the said stranger, have been disgraced, and their lives blasted and ruined, and the hearts of the parents broken into the bargain. The big cities are full of these male hawks of the underworld. When the police make it too warm for them in one place they skip to another. Most of them are young fellows who have been well brought up, and have acquired polish. They, however, are not fond of work, and even if they are, the abominable wages paid by mercantile houses and business concerns to young men who have to dress well and appear well, discourage hundreds who would otherwise lead honest, decent lives. Young men want pleasure and excitement. The girls they want to make a hit with must be flowered, candied and theatered. All this costs money, and ten, twelve or fifteen dollars a week won't cover it. The young man gambles or steals and drifts into a life of crime and preys on society. The love of pleasure, the weakness of youth and our inhuman social system are mainly responsible for this type of criminal. The freedom allowed young girls and their gullibility, makes the girl an easy prey to the perigrinating male hawk. If it had not been, you see for the lecture I gave Honeysuckle, the writer of the above letter would have been swept into the maelstrom that drags thousands to ruin in our big cities, especially in that city to which she was to be taken, New York, a city of which by the way I know something, for it is here I have lived and have made my home for nearly a quarter of a century. Girls, trust yourselves only with those men you have known since childhood, and use the utmost caution in your dealings even with them. Take your parents into your confidence in all things. Don't strike up acquaintances with strangers or allow other girls to introduce you to men of whom you know nothing. It seems lots of fun to have an adventure with a strange man. It will be sorry fun though before you are through with it. Eternal vigilance is the price not only of liberty, but of honor and virtue as well. Parents and girls, I have put you wise, the rest is up to you.

RUTLAND, R. R., OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I am five feet and eight inches short, weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds and have brown hair, brown eyes and a brunette complexion. So now you know how ugly I am. My father lives on a farm of one hundred and sixty acres, one mile from the small town of Dexter. I live on a farm with my grandfather.

How many of the cousins like music? I do for one, although I have not much time to study it. I go to school in the winter, and work in the summer. Uncle, I admire your cheerfulness, wit and humorous criticisms. Your criticisms are splendid, and so tender that they do not hurt the most touchy feelings. Uncle,

do you approve of a Christian dancing? Do you approve of writing to more than one girl at a time? I am in my seventeenth year. I like to go to school when I learn, but would rather stay at home when not. But of course I like to be with company too. The sports I like best are hunting, rowing, swimming and horseback riding. My mother died when I was five years old. I am the youngest of three. I have a brother and a sister. My father married again. Uncle, do you think it right to go to parties?

Etiquette has very little sway here, although we have a pretty good form of society. A person is counted something of a first if he (or she), writes to more than one girl (or boy), at a time.

Would like a post-card shower. Will try and answer as many cards as I can.

Good by one and all, your nephew and cousin,
RAY ANDERSON.

Ray, you tell us you have a brunette complexion. Maybe you have brunette teeth and brunette feet and brunette finger nails. The next time you describe your complexion simply say "I have a dark complexion." We speak of women being blondes or brunettes, when we speak of men we say they are dark or fair. You ask me if I approve of a Christian dancing. I suppose a Christian has as much right to dance as a non-Christian, a Buddhist, Brahmin, Confucian, Hebrew or follower of any other creed. I don't see why a Christian should not dance if he wants to. Why in thunder should the devil be allowed to monopolize all the good things of this world? A Scotch friend of mine informed me that in her church at home they won't even have an organ. They think this king of instruments is a contrivance of the devil. I've expressed my opinion on dancing a score of times. Some of you must read your COMFORT upside down, for no matter what I tell you you come back with the same old questions directly after my opinions appear in print. You ask me if I approve of writing to more than one girl at a time. My dear boy, no man ever lived who could write to more than one girl at a time, unless he could write one letter with the left hand and one with the right, and another with his feet, and that would be no cinch. If you had asked me if I approved of a fellow carrying on a correspondence with a number of girls, I could have understood what you meant. There is no harm in a boy writing to fifty girls as long as he observes the ordinary rules of propriety, and does not get flip, fresh or slushy. There is more danger in a boy writing to one girl than to fifty. When a girl narrows his correspondence down to one girl, both the girl and he need watching. You ask me if I think it is right to go to parties. No, I think it's very wrong to go to parties, and I think it's very wrong to go to any form of entertainment. I think it is wrong to sing or smile. It is exceedingly sinful to walk, talk, eat, or sleep. You are doomed to perdition if you go to a theater and terrible things are liable to happen if you go to church. The only fit, correct and proper thing for the average person to do is to be a human worm, jump into a hole and pull the hole in after him. Is it wrong to go to parties? I wonder what some people think this world was made for? I wonder where they got their ideas of life from? Or rather their ideas of a living death. The people who spend all their lives eternally asking: "Is it wrong to do this, is it wrong to do that," never really exist. God has given most of us brains and a conscience and nearly every human being intuitively knows right from wrong. There are some people who are so nasty nice, so unco guid, or uncommon good, as the Scotch say, that they see evil in the most innocent and harmless things. Instead of looking for the good in everything they seek the evil and it simply tickles them to death when they find it. And they always find it, not real evil, but an imaginary evil which their purblind minds discover where no evil exists. We generally get what we are looking for in this world, so seek the good in all things and you will find it and remember that this is a world for live people and not a morgue for dead ones.

ROCK HILL, R. R. 5, S. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

May I occupy that vacant chair over there by Uncle Charlie? I am a South Carolina chicken. I weigh one hundred and fifty-one pounds. I am five feet six inches tall. I have auburn hair and brown eyes. Out of a coop of eight, I am the only little biddie left. The "hawks" have carried off all of my sisters to several distant towns. I only have one brother, but he is married too and living in a distant city. Uncle, I am calmly resting under a strong resolution not to be caught until my education is complete. Am I right Uncle?

I live four and one half miles south of the thriving little town of Rock Hill. My home is near a beautiful creek. The name of the creek is Fishing Creek. Beautiful green grass overhangs the banks, while bending flowers kiss the water as it saucily dashes past them, with only a hurried sparkle to reward their lowly devotion. The sturdy trees upon its banks have weeded with many a tempest; all spring and summer they wave their banners heavenward in thankfulness for glorious victories. Rock Hill is a beautiful town, with a population of seven thousand two hundred and sixteen people. The cars of Rock Hill were formerly drawn by mules, but they have recently purchased the storage battery cars, and will be able to "yank" you around in some sort of style when you come down to pay us a nice visit.

I received my membership card and button in due time and am highly pleased with them.

Cousins if any of you hear Billy "sneez" you will know he has eaten my letter, for I have put red pepper on it.

Long live Uncle Charlie and COMFORT, and over a pathway bright with happiness may it be theirs to journey.

With best wishes to all, your niece and cousin,
PAULINE HEBLON.

Pauline, I am glad you suggested a chair instead of my lap, as your sylph-like one hundred and fifty-one healthy pounds might be more than my knees could comfortably bear just now. The male hawks have certainly raised havoc with your parental chicken coop. If all of your sisters weighed one hundred and fifty-one pounds Pauline, I'm strongly of the opinion that the male hawks must have walked off with them, instead of flying away with them. I think you are quite right to insist on getting an education before you are married. The better education you have, the better wife you ought to be. You won't get a very great opportunity to study the arts and sciences, when you are spending half the day wrestling with the cook-stove, the other half with the washtub, and the remainder with a buttonless pair of pants. Possibly however, you may be able to study the arts, especially the art of making a dress that's three years old gee with this year's styles, and the science of making twenty-five cents buy a dollar's worth of groceries. It takes a lot of education to be a successful wife, especially when you are wedded to a man who decorates his chin whiskers with tobacco juice, goes to bed in his shoes, takes a yearly bath if he happens to get caught in the rain, sells his vote for a dollar and thinks women are inferior animals anyway. So study up before you get married Pauline. You can never tell what kind of male hawk you are going to get hitched to. I would like to see that beautiful creek you mention where the flowers kiss the saucy water. It seems to me those flowers are entirely too flirtatious,—such disgraceful behavior. You say "As the water dashes saucily past." Suppose you make that *pass* instead of *pass*, my dear, and it will all help toward that education you are trying to acquire before you consent to the male hawk carrying you off in his fond embrace. I should like to see the sturdy trees wrestling with the tempest and waving their banners. That must be some sight. I hope the star spangled banner is prominent amongst the various banners they wave. I am greatly interested in those street cars of yours. You say the storage battery cars will be able to yank you around. If that's the case your cars will be full of Yanks. If I were a Southerner I think I would prefer a good old Dixie mule as a locomotive power to a car that's full of Yanks. Billy can sneeze, but he can't "sneez." Thank you, Pauline for your nice letter, and I hope

the male hawks won't get you before you have acquired that education.

BALES, R. R. 3, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I thought I would write a letter and tell the cousins of my trip around the world with the Atlantic fleet. I will now describe myself. I am a young man, weighing my twenty-second birthday, height five feet seven and one half inches, weight one hundred and forty pounds, eyes gray, hair dark brown, complexion ruddy. I am living out here in Beaver county, Oklahoma, with my sister and brother-in-law and like the country real well. Forty miles distant is the railroad town which is Liberal, Kans.

I have had two years and two months' experience in the grand old navy. I enlisted at Oklahoma City, June, 1907, and after I was sworn in two other young men and myself were taken down to the Frisco depot and sent to Norfolk, Va., and on our way to Norfolk we stopped at St. Louis where there were twenty men waiting to join us. Three from Oklahoma City. From St. Louis to Norfolk the government hired a privit pullman car for us boys and I tell you we had a good time on our way. We were to take the Big Four out of St. Louis, but as the officer in charge was late I had a better chance to see more of old St. Louis. Before we got on the train, I heard a young lady saying to her fellow, "Those boys don't know what they are going into."

After a three days and three nights' ride we arrived at Norfolk and were taken over to the Training ship Franklin. After staying at Norfolk ten days, all that were under the age of eighteen were sent to Newport, Rhode Island, to the training station. I was one of these, and was met at the depot by an officer who took us in charge, and the next morning we were taken over to the storeroom and I was fitted out with forty-five dollars' worth of clothes, and soon was in good old Uncle Sam's uniform, and was broke in with a twelve and one half pound rifle that seemed to me as though it weighed twenty-five pounds.

In September we were sent in a draft of about six hundred men and distributed among the following ships: Vermont, Alabama and Rhode Island. I was in the company that was sent to the U. S. S. Rhode Island. She was in dry dock at the Brooklyn navy yard.

The ships assembled at Hampton Roads, Va., so as to be ready for the 16th of December, 1907, when Admiral Rob Evans, commander-in-chief on the Connecticut led the way to the Pacific coast. Our first port of call was Port of Spain, Trinidad, which is 1,850 miles from Hampton Roads. Our stay in Trinidad was from December 23 to 29. The country is very pretty and the people very pleasant. From there we went to Rio de Janeiro, 3,100 miles, "Rio" is a very pretty place and its people were very good to all our boys. We stayed there ten days. Our next port was Punta Arenas, 2,225 miles distant from "Rio." Punta Arenas is a good country in some parts along the coast. We were there from Feb. 1st to the 7th. After coaling and taking on supplies, the fleet left at night in order to reach Cape Horn at daylight, and pass the dangerous parts of the Straits of Magellan before dark the next day. The passage of the Straits was uneventful. We were now rounding the Horn, the end of the American continent, the scene of numberless wrecks, feared by all navigators.

The fleet entered the Pacific just as it was becoming dark. For a few hours a heavy sea was encountered. On the 14th of February the fleet passed the city of Valparaiso, Chili, and salutes were exchanged. Outside of this nothing of note happened after reaching the Pacific until we arrived at Callao, Peru, which is 2,666 miles from Punta Arenas. Great preparations were made for our entertainment. The most spectacular and biggest event on the program was a bull fight, which was held under the auspices of the Peruvian government. It was attended by 600 officers and 4,000 blue jackets. After nine day stay the fleet left on the 29th of February for Magdalena Bay, Mexico, where we held our target practice, 3105 miles from Callao.

We remained here from March 12th to April 11th. Our next port was San Diego, a run of 620 miles. We arrived April 18th. Los Angeles, 87 miles north was our next stop. Santa Barbara, 90 miles further on was reached April 25th. Santa Cruz, 234 miles steaming, May 1st to 4th. One more port and we arrived at San Francisco May 6, 1908. This is half of my world trip.

I know you haven't space for the rest of the voyage, of which no doubt you read anyway.

I would like to exchange cards and letters with the cousins. Will answer all I can.

Your nephew and cousin,

CHESTER E. BAKER. (No. 35,357.)

Chester, I am delighted to hear from another boy who has served in Uncle Sam's navy. I would like to abolish all navies and armies, as I always falls most heavily on the masses of the people who personally have no quarrel with anyone. It is the scramble for trade and foreign markets that causes international jealousy and brings on war. The American shoe manufacturer sends his salesmen all over the earth to find a market for American shoes, and British and German manufacturers are doing the same thing. Queer thing that American men should be chasing all over the earth to find a market for American shoes when the average American citizen has not more than one or two pairs of shoes to his name, and vast numbers of them have only one pair, and their toes are poking through them. The American people, the German people and the British people could use all the shoes they manufacture in their respective countries, if those who employ labor would only give labor a chance to buy back what it creates. There can be no surplus or overproduction of shoes in a land where so many people are barefooted. It's the greed and grab instincts of those who govern nations that brings on war, and that's why we have to have armies and navies to fight the battles of those who hope to profit by war, and it's not the peaceful exchange of commodities that brings on conflict, but the greed, grab and ambition of those who hope to profit by war, and it's the people who are short of shoes and short of everything that makes life worth living (mere food for bayonets, flesh for cannon as Napoleon styled them) that are made to fight and die horrible deaths that greed and ambition may be satisfied, and so-called national honor maintained. Sometimes the people have to do a little fighting on their own account, just as we had to do with England, but in the main war has been the sport of kings, and the pastime of brutes and savages. Today we have the bayonets that think. If it had not been for the rise of social democracy in Europe, England and Germany would now be engaged in the bloodiest war of modern times, but as long as other nations keep armies and navies we must have the same things. So we all owe a vote of thanks to Chester Baker for being ready to take his country's part if called upon, even at the sacrifice of his life. Now, Chester, though that historic tour of the world with the American fleet is somewhat ancient history we are glad to have you recall it. If the boys and girls will get out their atlases and follow you in your trip around South America, they will learn more about that vast continent in a minute than they otherwise would do in ten years. What, however, has interested me in your letter is the remarkable statements you make about your experiences when you first enlisted. You say that "When you first had a man can't join Uncle Sam's navy without having to do a lot of swearing. I've no doubt a man has to do a lot of swearing after he gets in the navy, but at least they might let him in without making him indulge in profanity. Chester, you say, the government hired a "privit" Pullman car for the benefit of your sake what is a privit pullman car? I have seen a good many pullman cars and ridden in a good many in my time, but never came across one of the "privit" variety in all my experience. Billy the Goat says he thinks it's one with wheels on the roof, and that you have to get out and push when you want it to move. If that's the case, I think I'll try an airship. Nix on the "privit" car for me. Possibly you mean private, Chester. Let us fervently hope so. You say you had a better chance to see more of old St. Louis, I hope you found St. Louis in excellent health, and that he gave you a warm welcome. How is the old scout anyway? It is not everyone who has the opportunity of making a personal call with such a distinguished personage as St. Louis. The goat informs me he is of the opinion that the city named after that gentleman, which by the

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way is anything but saintly. In your letter you also state that you were to take the Big Four out of St. Louis. Now Chester how did you ever manage to get that big four out of St. Louis, and what were the big four doing in St. Louis anyhow? You don't say what the big four consisted of, but I suppose they were four big tramps or roustabouts that had been annoying the citizens, and the city government being unable to manage them Uncle Sam came to the rescue and had you take them out of town in your "privit" car. I don't suppose the big four would go into anything else but a privit car. Chester, and that's why you had to have one. Anyway I feel confident you did a laudable and commendable work in taking that big four out of St. Louis, and I hope the city rewarded you well for your work, and that St. Louis himself chipped in an extra ten cents for good measure. Oh, rats, here's that infernal goat spoiling all my illusions. Billy says the big four is the name of a railroad, instead of four big, fat individuals. Well anyway, Chester if you took a railroad out you were doing pretty well. I tried to take a hotel towel out of St. Louis once in my stage days, but the landlord objected. I guess St. Louis needed it to wash his face with. You did pretty well to get away with a whole railroad, and I hope you sold it for a good price. I don't think there was any cause for that young lady to make the remark "that you boys did not

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

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Suggestions Worth Considering

BEYOND the gratification of receiving public assurance that your birds are the real thing, a showroom indorsement increases profits considerably. It changes the value of thirteen eggs from the ordinary market price of twenty-five to forty cents to two dollars, and sometimes even to five dollars a setting. If your birds happen to be good enough to capture two or three first prizes at different shows during the same season. So everyone who keeps poultry should do some showing, if they keep thoroughbred birds. Every poultry-keeper should thank the clubs and fanciers through whose work shows have been established in different parts of the country, or they arouse general interest in good stock, and bring the cream of profit to the breeder industrious enough to study the standard and develop point by point until their birds approach perfection.

First, of course, you must have some thoroughbred birds, of whatever breed you intend to devote your energies to. Many people think that "thoroughbred" and "full-blooded" means a breed sure to win prizes. But that is a great mistake. A bird which has been hatched from an egg laid by a champion may develop a wry tail, comb, wattles or earlobes that are off color or out of proportion, or some other small blemish which quite unfits him for competition in a showroom. Yet he would of course be a thoroughbred bird. This is why it is often possible to buy full-blooded birds at reasonable prices from established fanciers, and by good mating develop prize winners in your own yards. Having good, pure-blooded birds, you must study their faults, and breed to counterbalance them. To explain: If you have a hen with legs slightly too long, coarse comb, or some such slight defect, mate her to a rooster which has short legs, or a very fine comb. It is only by this means that improvement can be made in a flock.

You who have been breeding from well-selected birds will surely have a few good youngsters worthy of being sent to the showroom, and it is none too soon to start on their training and special care.

It is not possible to tell just how a bird will develop, so it is best to prepare several, even if you only contemplate entering only two or three. Of course there must be thoroughbred stock to start with, but feeding and general care have much to do with success. The best blood won't take a prize if the bird is out of condition either in health or plumage. The selected birds should be confined in a special house and yard, and accustomed to handling. A little patience will soon get them so tame that they will eat out of your hand. Once used to being picked up and stroked they will not be frightened when put up for public admiration, nor will they give the judge trouble when they have to be examined for points. But if the birds are taken from large yards and sent off in small coops to be handled by strangers, they invariably get sick, and show to such poor advantage that they fail to receive the due rating.

The Standard of Perfection instructs judges to deduct two points a pound for any deficit from standard, or one half point an ounce for any excess over the standard in bantams. In all varieties of turkeys, geese and ducks, having weight clauses, three points per pound are deducted for any deficit from standard. This short summary will prove the importance of weight.

Feeding and Care

First, the frame of the bird must be the right size, so that sound, firm flesh will cause it to tip the scales at the right mark. Over fatness birds lose shape and condition. Many birds of good size, shape and build fail to receive awards because of condition and plumage, more the result of feed and care than of breeding. I have seen a bird take first prize at one show, and at another later in the season, when out of condition, be passed over entirely.

From time of selection, feed good, sound food three times a day—just the amount they will eat clean in ten minutes. Never throw down unlimited supplies, or they will get over fat and lazy. A quarter of the whole grain seed, to make the feathers bright and glossy. A good mash feed for the last few weeks is rice or wheat boiled in milk. If your birds are white or light colored, shade them from the full rays of the sun, for it has a tendency to tan white feathers and impoverish the quality of the buff plumage.

The day before shipping, light-colored fowls of any sort should be washed. Don't gasp—it's not by any means a difficult undertaking—but must be done thoroughly, or the result will be anything but pleasing to behold. An ordinary wash-bowling makes a good bath, because of the oblong shape. Put enough warm water into it to cover the bird. Make a lather of good white soap. Stand the fowl in the water and soak for a few minutes. With a moderately soft brush, scrub down and across the feathers, but never upward. Go at it with a will—don't be afraid—and work as quickly as you can. When every spot is removed, hold up the bird and have someone empty and refill the bath with clean water; rinse, repeating the scrubbing downward, to remove the soap. Repeat this process with the third and fourth water. On the rinsing depends the success of this washing. When every vestige of soap has disappeared, stand the bird in a tray and dry with a soft towel. Next, brush downward with a fairly stiff, dry brush; then place in a drying cage. This is easily made of wire netting, sides and top, with a wooden floor, and a perch across the center for the bird to roost on high enough to prevent its tail touching the floor. Cover the floor with three inches of sawdust, so that all droppings will immediately be absorbed. The cage should be placed in a warm corner out of all draft, and in a surprisingly short time the feathers will begin to web and fluff out.

Let me warn you—if the water is too warm, the fowl may faint. Don't be alarmed. No permanent harm will result. It will revive immediately the head is well doused with cold water. Get all the dirt off the legs and feet; next morning rub just a touch of vaseline over the extremities to soothe and brighten them.

The shipping coops should be large enough for the birds to stand upright in. As most shows are held in cold weather, cover the open parts with strong, unbleached muslin. Personally, I think the exhibitors should accompany the birds, or send a trustworthy attendant to all shows. Such a

course assures better care on the journey, and enables you to care for their health during the trying time of close confinement which competing for honors condemns the birds to. Your presence often procures better bench accommodations, insures coops which are free from dust, clean drinking cups, and all the small details which help a good appearance.

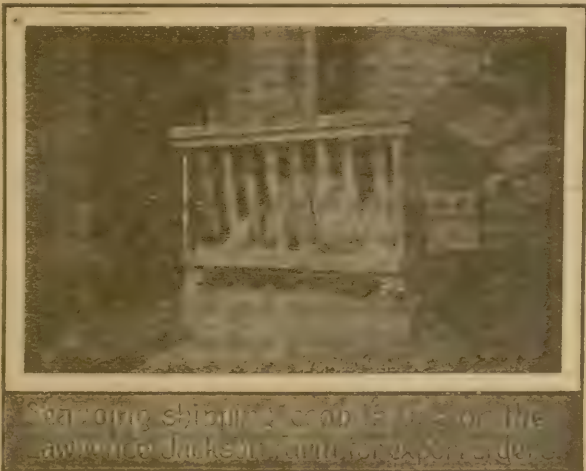
Correspondence

H. M. C.—As I am a subscriber to COMFORT and think it a fine paper, I would not be without it. I find so much valuable information in its columns. I am describing a disease among my turkeys, and would like to know what it is and what to do for them. Their heads turn dark; their droppings are of a dark brown color. The little ones are lively until a day or so before they die. They droop their wings, then die. Please answer through COMFORT.

A.—Your turkey has what is known as blackhead, a disease which has unfortunately become prevalent among turkeys in some parts of the country. Some of our government experts think it is only the outward sign of a diseased condition of the liver, in most cases brought on through worms. The best preventive is to keep the turkeys on fresh ground where no other poultry runs. To raise turkeys successfully, they should be far removed from the general flock of chickens. Never let turkeys—especially young ones,—roost or run around the chicken-house. I know no certain cure for blackhead. When things have gone as far as that, the hatchet is the only remedy. My advice is, treat the whole flock for worms, without waiting for them to develop blackhead.

E. S. H.—I have been a subscriber to COMFORT four years, and like it fine. Am interested in poultry raising. Have thirty-five or forty pullets hatched in March or April, and would appreciate your advice on feeding them for late fall and winter laying. They are Golden Lace Wyandottes and R. I. B. Will pullets hatched in May and late June lay this winter? How is Kaffir corn, sorghum seed and corn with cornmeal and peameal for feed, and how much? Will hens lay in winter if they have access to pea patch all fall? Some say they will not. Please give me some advice. I am anxious to secure eggs this winter. My chickens have free range.

A.—The May pullets should be laying in November, and in your part of the country, where the winters are mild, the June pullets are pretty sure to commence



in December. The rations you quote are all right except the corn and pea meal. They are both very fattening, and must be used cautiously. Your best plan would be to use half cornmeal and peameal and half ground oats for mash. If the hens have the run of the pea patch all through the fall, they are liable to become too fat to lay well, unless you are very careful, and notice their condition. If you think they are getting too many peas, feed nothing else, and once a week put a teaspoonful of citrate of magnesia in the drinking water. If, on the other hand, you think they need any food when they come home at night, feed them oats or Kaffir corn. If you want a good supply of winter eggs, you must supply animal food for them after frost has killed the insects out of doors. There are several different sorts of dry meat and bone on the market, especially prepared for poultry. Buy some, and when you commence to feed mash, make it of one quarter animal meal.

O. E. P.—I am a constant reader of your valuable paper, and come to see if you can help me with my chickens. I have mostly White Brahma hens, a few B. P. Rocks, and did have some R. I. Reds, and have the thoroughbred R. I. roosters. They have free range of the farm. I have lost four hens this spring; one died in March, two a month later, and one today. They are apparently well at night, and next morning cannot stand, and when I found them first they were lying down flat on their breasts, and necks stretched out, and seemed to be gasping for breath; then in an hour they would keep getting worse. Their heads would turn over their backs and their heads would just bob around, then would twist around and almost touch the ground, but they could not keep their heads still. When turned on their backs their bills would almost touch their backs, and at times their necks would lay on the ground; but they could not keep their heads still; would just bob up and down, their bills touching the ground. Then they would lie on their sides until they died. They only lived a few hours. They are one year old. Two of them had little chicks. After they were dead their combs and wattles would turn purple; before they were red. We don't feed them much. When we do we feed whole corn in the mornings; sometimes cracked corn. Sometimes the cracked corn has the cob ground in it, but of course it is always left (the cob, I mean) but we feed mostly whole corn this spring. And I have several hens affected differently. They got so large behind they could hardly drag on the ground, and can hardly walk—just walk like a duck. It extends from the middle of their body all the way back. One got so she couldn't get around at all hardly, and sat around on the ground; at first on the roost all the time. One is that way now, but she lays. I hope I have made it plain. I forgot to say: two of the hens we killed to get them out of their misery, as they seemed to suffer. Just before the other two died, watery stuff ran from their bowels, and after they got real bad, they would lay around like a chicken with its head off, and all the time they would keep breathing through their mouths—keep opening and shutting all the time real fast.

A.—The hens who died had either eaten poison of some sort, or had what is termed lime neck, which is about the same thing, as limberneck is caused by fowls eating the maggots which are found in decaying flesh. It is usually a dead carcass of some sort—a rat or a bird, or some animal which has died on the farm and been buried, or accidentally got dug up. Maggots cause a condition very much like ptomaine poisoning in human beings. If you have any afflicted in the same way again, give a teaspoonful of Castor oil, to which has been added five drops of spirits of turpentine, and keep on a light diet of bread and milk for two or three days. The hens which are heavy behind have what is known as breakdown. Hens of the heavy breeds, like Rocks and Dories, are very liable to get over fat after they are one year old, if they are given too much corn or pot cheese, and the result is breakdown of the muscles of the abdomen. The hatchet is the only cure when they have got as bad as you describe your cases.

N. J. P.—I am a subscriber to COMFORT, and am interested in chickens, and I have come to you for advice. Some of my chickens have something wrong with their combs. First they turn pale, and they walk slow, and they have bowel trouble, and get weak



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G. P. 103

er and weaker till they die. Some of them are shedding their feathers. Now I killed one hen. She was apparently well, and was as fat as could be, but had worms in the intestines about four or five inches long. I have about one hundred and fifty hens and five hundred young chicks. They have free range on a farm, and get all they want to eat. I feed the chicks corn chops and cold corn bread and plenty of cold water. Please let me know through COMFORT what to do for them, and oblige.

A.—It is worms that are causing the trouble. Make a small coop, the bottom of which is composed of slats placed one inch apart on a wire netting. Elevate the coop about a foot from the ground on legs, and put a perch inside; then imprison one or two of the hens at a time in the coop, and give the following treatment: No supper, and in the morning, before feeding, one teaspoonful of Castor oil, with five drops of turpentine added. Two hours later, a light feed of bread which has been moistened with olive oil. The droppings will fall through the bottom of the coop, out of the bird's reach, and must be removed and burned at once. If the condition of the droppings seems to require it, repeat the dose three times, allowing an interval of three days between doses. Clean up the henhouse; if possible, plowing or spading over the chicken yard.

F. H. H.—Please answer the following questions through COMFORT. Where White Wyandottes are confined in a yard, how large should a yard be for twenty hens? Please give the standard requirements for White Wyandottes. What should I feed laying hens at this time of the year? How can I preserve green feed for the winter?

A.—The yard must not be less than twelve by twelve. The larger you can make them the better. The Standard demands that White Wyandottes have perfectly white plumage throughout, without any tinge of color. Beak, shanks and toes must be yellow; wattles, earlobes, comb and face, bright red. Eyes, bright bay. Feed plenty of green vegetables, animal scraps, oats, Kaffir corn, wheat, barley and a very little whole grain at night; clover or Alfalfa hay, chopped fine and steamed; cabbage or sprouted oats, are all good winter vegetable food.

A. M. F.—Will you kindly give me information through the columns of COMFORT, what is the matter with my turkeys, and what to do for them. They are about a month old, and their toes are turning up and get black and dry up and break off. They seemed to do fine until just lately, and now their toes are breaking off, and they are dying. I feed them ground wheat, onion tops and bran, mixed up with warm milk, and they have well water to drink. I take great interest in the columns of your paper, and will be very thankful if you will answer this.

P. S.—We have about two hundred little chickens, but their feet do not get sore, and they run with the turkeys.

A.—I am unable to account for the condition of your turkey's feet. Try rubbing them with carbolic vaseline. I should be glad if any of our readers would write me if they have ever heard of a similar experience, as the trouble is quite new to me.

S. I.—Can you tell me what to do for my chickens? Their legs are all scaly. I would like to know what will cure them; also the cause. I am an old subscriber to COMFORT, but this is my first time to ask a question of any paper.

A.—Hens have scaly leg, caused by a small parasite. Fill a lard pail with warm, soapy water. Hold the bird's feet and shanks in it for a few minutes, to soften the hard, scaly skin, then scrape gently with a soft nail brush and plenty of white soap. After the



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of dear old COMFORT since I was seven years old and oh, what a comfort it is! I dearly love to read your letters, after which I feel as if I knew you all.

I am lonely at times but don't complain. Just one year ago mother passed into the great beyond and I feel so lonely when I think that I can't go back home to see her. When she died I lost my best and truest friend, for no one can be and do what she did for me.

I have been married most five years and no little one to bless our home. I do so love children and long for a sweet baby so much. When I see so many mothers with their babies and they seem so happy, my heart aches with longing for the touch of baby fingers.

We have a nice healthy climate to live in. Most all kinds of small grain do fine here.

We have what most people would call a very humble home, but a happy one. If we just had a little face to brighten it! I have one of the dearest and best of husbands.

I feel the need of Queen Victoria's prayer; it seemed to help me after reading it.

May God bless all COMFORT readers.
Mrs. G. W. WILLIAMS, Canyon, R. R. 1, Texas.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON, ED:

I have often wished to write to "our" paper, but always held back, and your request for drying string beans seemed for me. May be I can return a wee bit of good for the abundance I have received. I am glad the request did not come from Uncle Charlie for I never would have written to him as I have had few advantages, but I have all good will and best wishes for everyone connected with our matchless paper.

All who try my plan for drying beans would confer a favor on me if they report, say about next Christmas when they use the beans.

Gather tender beans and string and break as for use and "string" on white thread by running needle through and make strands about twelve inches long, then hang out of reach of flies to dry. When wanted take off from thread and wash and cook the same as green beans.

Will sign myself your unseen friend.
Mrs. ROSE BRYANT, Baxter Springs, R. R. 2, Box 27, Kansas.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have lived for more than four score years, and have come a long way since the golden gate of childhood closed behind me to open nevermore on earth. I have seen many changes take place, and nearly everyone who started on the great journey of life with me have fallen by the wayside, their hands now resting over hearts of clay, while I, like the storm-bitten oak on the hillside, alone remain. But over all God's banner of love has waved over me, and the "Wonderful cross on which the Prince of Glory died," has ever been as a beacon light to guide my weak and faltering footsteps toward the home in my Father's house of many mansions. From Zanesville, Ohio, my parents moved to Western, Ill., in the old Indian days, where I grew up to womanhood and married. But over all God's banner of love has waved over me, and the "Wonderful cross on which the Prince of Glory died," has ever been as a beacon light to guide my weak and faltering footsteps toward the home in my Father's house of many mansions.

For many long years I have been greatly afflicted with rupture, and of late years I am scarcely ever able to go out any, even to a neighbor.

Two years ago my house burned down and all of its contents. All of my household treasures, pictures of departed loved ones, books and friendly gifts that I had been a long lifetime gathering up from many sources were destroyed in a few moments.

My birthday is September 25th, the same as our beloved Uncle Charlie. I will then be eighty-three if I live till then. Will the sisters kindly remember me then with a few good letters, post-cards, or some good old-time books or magazines which they have no use for? That will help cheer my latter days while waiting till life's shadows get a little longer in the valley.

MARY A. SMITH, Fredonia, R. R. 2, Kans.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Please may I come in for a minute?

Here are two sisters with different opinions about Washington's climate. They are both right and both wrong.

Anna Reeken, Tacoma is just what you say. I have friends there and they like it in spite of the climate.

Mrs. Whipple, you are a county and a half from Tacoma and while I know little of Olympia, you probably know its climate quite well.

The part of Washington we live in has light winters, warm springs, with only the average amount of rain I believe, long warm summers and late falls.

Washington's climate varies from the very damp, rainy Sound and coast to the high, dry, cool nighted mountains, to the warm, rather dry southeastern corner, and most anyone might be pleased with some part of Washington.

INA NORTH, Dayton, Washington.

Requests

Mrs. A. Holmes, 88 Spring St., Charleston, S. C., how to make elderberry jelly.

Mrs. W. J. Sharp, New Castle, Box 105, Ky., invalid of seventy-seven years, shover.

Mrs. Elsie Curtis, Millgrove, R. R. 3, Mo., remedy for three-year-old child afflicted with chronic dry ex-zema.

Mrs. Robert Whitney, Comersville, R. R. 3, Ind., letters from Southwestern Arkansas.

Mrs. Emma Key, Troupe, R. R. 5, Texas, sufferer from rheumatism; letters and reading.

Mrs. J. B. Nelson, Midlothian, R. R. 4, Texas; remedy for chronic discharging ear, causing deafness.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Every-day Helps

CREAM OR WHITE SAUCE.—Melt one tablespoon of butter hot enough to bubble, stir in and rub till smooth one tablespoon of flour, then pour in gradually one cup of hot milk or thin cream and stir and cook slowly till done and free from lumps. Salt to taste.

EGG ON TOAST.—Chop very fine six hard-boiled eggs, have ready one pint of white sauce seasoned with salt, a pinch of pepper and a hint of nutmeg. When this sauce boils turn in the eggs and boil five minutes longer. Toast nice pieces of bread, spread with butter, cover with some of the egg mixture, sprinkle lightly with grated cheese and set in the oven for five minutes.

RICE CROQUETTES.—Take left-over rice, add one well-beaten egg and enough flour to shape into little balls. Roll in flour and fry in hot lard.

Mrs. LEBLE DICKERSON, Henderson, Ky.

LITTLE PIGS IN BLANKETS.—Eighteen oysters, bacon and toast. Wrap each oyster in a slice of thin bacon and fasten with wooden toothpick. Put little pigs in a pan, turn constantly until they brown, then serve with toast.

SALMON LOAF.—One can of salmon, two eggs, one cup of cracker or bread crumbs, one half cup of milk, season to taste and one tablespoon of butter. Mix all together and bake for one half hour or till brown.

Tomato and onions fried together are very delicious; also apples and onions.

Mrs. IDABELL COOLEY, Stanwood, Mecosta, R. R. 1, Mich.

CORN CHOWDER.—Fry a few small onions or three large ones in butter, or meat trying until well browned; stir in a scant tablespoon of flour, add three cups of diced potatoes, salt and pepper and cover with boiling water. When potatoes are done pour over one pint of canned corn or more, or put in fresh corn cut from the cob. Can be made of left overs, using fresh potatoes.

CORN CAKES.—To one can of corn, add two eggs, three tablespoons of flour, one of baking powder and salt. Stir well, fry in hot, sweet fat.

FRENCH MUSTARD.—Soak one large, strong onion in one cup of very sour vinegar over night or twelve hours and strain off. Stir three tablespoons of good mustard in one large egg, add vinegar, a little at a time, to prevent lumps. When stirred smooth add one teaspoon of salt, one half teaspoon of white pepper, one teaspoon of sugar, and a heaping teaspoon of butter or two of olive oil, bring to a boil, stirring all the time. Cook until just right to spread when cold. Will thicken a little as it cools.

Mrs. H. M. GAESTEL, Newberg, R. R. 2, Ore.

TOMATO CATSUP.—One peck of nice ripe tomatoes, wash and quarter them. Put them on to cook with one very large or two small onions; add also one large green pepper; reject the seeds which are too pungent. Cook slowly for an hour. When cool, rub through a sieve and return to kettle. Add one and one half cups of strong cider vinegar, one cup of sugar, three tablespoons of salt, two tablespoons of white mustard seed, one tablespoon of whole cloves, one tablespoon of black pepper (the cloves and pepper to be tied in a piece of cheese-cloth), and two sticks of cinnamon; cook slowly for three hours, stirring often. Remove the spices but do not strain, as the mustard seed is a desirable addition. Seal while boiling hot.

SALTED CORN.—Take well-filled ears of corn, and cut the corn off close to the cob, to a gallon of corn add three pints of salt. Pack it in a stone jar; put on a lid that just fits the inside of the jar, and put on the lid a weight and tie a cloth over the top. To use, take out the required amount and soak. By this method, one can keep nicely all winter. String beans and peas may be preserved the same way.

Mrs. GARDEN T. BALDWIN, Woodlawn, Madison, R. R. 4, Mo.

WALNUT PICKLE.—The walnuts should be gathered early in July when they are soft enough to run a pin through the shell. Lay them in salt and water ten days, changing the water two or three times during this period. Rub off the outside with a coarse cloth and proceed to finish the pickle. For one hundred walnuts make a pickle of two quarts of vinegar, one ounce of ground pepper, one ounce of ginger, one half ounce each of mace, cloves, nutmeg and mustard seed. Put these spices in a bag, lay in the vinegar and boil all together for a few minutes, then set the pickle away for use. If the vinegar is not strong add fresh to the last scalding of pickle.

Mrs. ERNEST HARTLEY, Coal City, Box 377, Ill.

NASTURTIUM PICKLE.—Immediately the blossoms are off and the knobs formed, gather stems and lay them in cold salt water, changing the salt and water three days successively. Make a cold pickle of vinegar, a little shallot, pepper, cloves, mace, nutmeg and horseradish. Into this pickle put the nasturtiums. They will be good in two months.

Nasturtium stems laid between layer cake make a fine flavor. Try this sisters!

Mrs. MAGGIE HAZELWOOD, Tammis, Ill.

NASTURTIUM SANDWICHES.—Put both blossoms and leaves in ice water for half hour before using, then cut the bread in thin, uniform slices, butter lightly and lay on lower slice of each matched pair a medium-sized leaf and several bright-colored petals. Dust lightly with salt, or spread with just a scraping of mayonnaise and put together. (You do not wish to lose the aromatic pungency of the nasturtium itself.)

Mrs. A. HOLMES, 88 Spring St., Charleston, S. C.

JELLY ROLL.—One cup of flour sifted three times with two teaspoons of baking powder, two eggs beaten light, one cup sugar, beaten into the eggs, one third cup of hot milk. Put in a pan no smaller than twelve by eighteen. When baked turn out on damp cloth. Spread quickly with one tumbler of jelly and roll.

Mrs. C. H. HARRIS, Beloit, Kansas.

SAUER KRAUT.—Cut firm heads of cabbage very fine, reserving large outside leaves to line sides and bottom of clean keg or jar. Put in a four-inch layer of the shredded cabbage and cover with four ounces of salt, pound with a wooden pestle and then add another layer of cabbage and salt and pound and continue until keg is full. Cover with clean white cloth and on this a plate or wooden cover that will just slip inside and hold a large stone to weight down the kraut. Keep in a warm place until the liquid rises to the top. Be sure and skim thoroughly. Ready for use in three weeks. Keep covered in cool cellar.

Mrs. THERESIA LIEBHERR, Keller, Ark.

PEACH SHERBERT.—One can of one dozen ripe peaches mashed fine or run through food chopper, add one cup of sugar and juice of two lemons. Then put two cups of sugar and one cup of water on to boil and beat whites of two eggs, and when sugar threads from spoon pour over slowly, beating all the time and beat five minutes, then add to the peaches and enough water to make one gallon freezer three quarters full and freeze, turning real fast when it just begins freezing. It is better served without standing. Apricots, pineapple, strawberries or raspberries may be used and will be just as good.

Mrs. BESSIE WALLACE, Sterrett, Ala.

CIDER VINEGAR.—All that is needed is a keg or barrel of cider (that made from the early apples is generally used for vinegar), a warm, dry cellar or back yard exposed to rays of sun. Put into the cider a cup of molasses and set in warm place until it becomes vinegar. The introduction of some "mother" hastens the process. Tea, coffee, or sour beer, left after meals may be added in small quantities at a time with good results. If you do not wish to make so large a quantity, a half gallon fruit jar set in the sun will answer the same purpose.

BREAD DOUGH FORMS "MOTHER."—Take piece size of five cent loaf, let rise and drop into cider. Makes good vinegar in two weeks. Leave pung open. Cover with gauze or netting to keep out insects, etc.

CIDER VINEGAR, No. 2.—Have a large jar setting in warm place behind the stove. When you pare apples, remove all the decayed and wormy parts and throw the parings into the jar, keeping water enough on them to come to the top; pack them in and continue to add fresh parings until they have stood two months. In the meantime dip off the vinegar or strain through colander, as fast as it becomes good, adding more water to the parings; add a handful of brown sugar to each gallon of vinegar. Good.

Mrs. BETTA C. SAGE, 2520 W. Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

LEMON CREAM PIE.—One teaspoon of powdered sugar, one tablespoon of butter, one lemon, juice and grated rind and yolk of one egg, one tablespoon of cornstarch dissolved in cold water and cooked in one cup of boiling water, till stiff, and then add sugar and butter. When cool beat in egg and lemon. Have a crust baked and pour custard in. Beat the white of the egg with a bit of sugar and spread over top of pie. Set in oven and brown. If your piecrust is not tough, you will find this a good pie.

PIECRUST FOR CREAM PIE.—Line a plate with good piecrust, prick to let out the air and bake.

FILLING.—In a double boiler put a large cup of milk. Stir together half a cup of sugar, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a small half cup of four moistened in a bit of cold milk, and the yolks of two well-beaten eggs. Mixed until all are thoroughly blended and add to the milk when it boils. Stir till it thickens and when flour is cooked take from fire and flavor with vanilla or other flavor. Fill the crust that has been baked with the custard, beat the white of the eggs and add two tablespoons of powdered sugar, spread over the pie, set it in the oven and brown lightly. The custard may be flavored with chocolate to make a change.

BOILED SALAD DRESSING.—Break two eggs in a bowl and beat well, and one teaspoon of sugar, pinch of salt, half teaspoon of mustard, three tablespoons of vinegar, and one tablespoon of cream added last, then cook until thick in a double boiler.

BUTTERMILK TEA CAKES.—Use one tablespoon of butter, with one cup of sugar and one egg well-beaten, and one cup of buttermilk in which a scant one half teaspoon of soda has been dissolved; one and one half cups of flour, flavor as desired, beat well and bake in gem pans.

FIG DESSERT.—Two pounds of whole figs soaked over night. Boil slowly till soft, add two cups of sugar, and boil slowly till you have a good, rich syrup. Serve with whip cream and sponge cake. Figs should remain whole.

Mrs. R. L. PHILLIPS, 1601—12th Ave., Huntington, W. Va.

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE.—Two cups of sugar (brown preferable), two eggs, two thirds cup of butter, one third cup of cocoa, two thirds cup of buttermilk, three cups of flour, one heaping teaspoon of soda and one teaspoon vanilla. Dissolve cocoa in boiling water, beat sugar and butter together, add yolks of eggs, then cocoa and sour milk, add the soda dissolved in a little hot water. Add the flour and vanilla and last the whites of the eggs well-beaten. The batter should be quite thin. Bake in loaf or layers as preferred.

CARAMEL ICING.—Two cups of brown sugar and one half cup of hot water boiled until it hairs and pour over two tablespoons of sweet cream, one teaspoon of butter and one teaspoon of vanilla. Beat until white and spread.

Mrs. W. T. BETZING, Tipton, R. R. 6, Iowa.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup of butter, one cup of lard, one cup of brown sugar, one pint of molasses, one tablespoon of ginger, one cup of sour milk, two teaspoons of soda, one pint of flour. Use more if needed. Will keep crisp.

Mrs. C. T. HUDSON, Dorrance, Box 250, Kans.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Cook a small piece of charcoal with cabbage or onions and there will be less odor in the house.

Rub porcelain and enameled surfaces with a cloth saturated with kerosene oil to remove stains.

A very minute amount of kerosene oil on a cloth will also clean furniture.

Add two tablespoons of household ammonia to every four quarts of water with which windows are washed.

Add coffee to the rinse water when washing ecur curtains to preserve their original color.

One half teaspoon of soda put into yeast will keep it from getting sour when yeast stands longer than usual.

Mrs. IDABELL COOLEY, Stanwood, Mich.

When the clothes have become yellow, whiten by boiling in a little bluing.

If soap powder is dissolved in hot water before using you get the best results.

A weak alum bath is good for tender feet which suffer in the summer-time.

When rinsing glassware in hot water, dip in edge-wise to prevent breaking.

Mrs. J. K. O'DONOGHUE, Pan Creek, R. R. 10, Box 38, N. C.

A good furniture polish is made of equal parts of sweet oil, lemon juice and corn-starch.

Mrs. CHAS. C. ROSS, New Marshallfield R. R. 2, Ohio.

If, when boiling milk sauces, custards, stews, purées or liquids, you place a large, clean marble in the kettle it will automatically do the stirring during the cooking process. Will save time standing stirring with a spoon. It prevents burning and you can attend to the rest of your work while the marble is busily helping you.

Miss BETTA C. SAGE, 2520 W. Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia, Penn.

A good furniture polish, one pint of paraffine oil, one half pint of turpentine, one quarter pint wood alcohol, one quarter pint of vinegar. Costs about twenty cents to buy and mix yourself and will last a long time. Apply with a clean cloth and rub well into the wood. Wood alcohol well rubbed-in will take off the white marks left by water, but use it sparingly, and use the furniture polish afterwards. Polish with dry soft cloths.

To wash and press wool goods, take plenty of clean warm water, if hard, soften it with borax, sal soda, or ammonia. Put goods in, then raise on the wash-board, and scrub with a brush, and a good, neutral soap, dipping brush frequently in the water. When clean, rinse well in softened warm water, and you can attend to the rest of your work while the marble is busily helping you.

Miss BETTA C. SAGE, 2520 W. Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia, Penn.

To take rust out of steel, place article in a bowl containing coal oil, or wrap in soft cloths wet with it. Let it remain twenty-four hours or longer, then scour with brick dust. If badly rusted use salt wet with hot vinegar, after scouring, rinse every particle of dust off with clean water, dry with a damp cloth and place near fire to make sure, then polish off with flannel and a little sweet oil. This is good for rusty flatirons. Always rub irons with paraffine or beeswax, and set on ends in a dry place.

In using plaster of Paris to fill cracks in plaster, use vinegar to mix instead of water and it won't set for twenty or thirty minutes. Push it into cracks and smooth off with a table knife.

To preserve bouquets, put a little saltpeter in the water and flowers will live two weeks.

To remove mildew from cloth, soak the article in sour milk and salt, then lay in the sun. Repeat until all the mildew is out.

Mrs. BESSIE WALLACE, Sterrett, Ala.

Remedies

OIL OF EGGS CURE FOR RUPTURE.—Boil fifteen eggs hard, remove the yolks and crumble them fine; put them in a skillet and place over a slow fire; stir constantly and gradually increasing the heat. The yolks will soon dissolve and look creamy, then as the fire like coffee grounds. Now stir rapidly all the time. The mass will smoke and have a most unpleasant odor and you will feel sure that it is all burned up; but keep at it patiently and after a while it will dissolve into black oil. Strain this off and bottle; there will be more than an ounce of it.

To use, rub the oil of egg on every night, being sure to keep the rupture in place with a band day and night.

Every morning use the following: Melt together a little unsalted butter with one quarter as much beeswax and add a few drops of oil of spikeroed. This is very healing and prevents the part getting sore on the outside. This treatment is said to cure in three to six weeks. Bandages can be made of double muslin with two darts at the lower edge. Two straps can be sewed to back of bandage. Passed over the shoulders and down the front where they are pinned to top of bandage, and sewed to lower edge in back, brought between legs and pinned to lower edge of front, the distance apart depending on size of child; far enough apart to keep smooth.

Mrs. BELLE JOHNSON, Valentine, Nebr.

Mrs. Johnson. Many thanks for your very comprehensive formula for making this egg oil in answer to my request.—Ed.

MUMPS.—Cut fine one plug of tobacco, put into one pint of lard and cook slowly from three to six hours. Strain through cheese-cloth and add two cakes of gum camphor, six ounces of turpentine, and half a cup of mutton tallow. Spread on flannel and bind onto throat. Also beneficial for lung trouble, colds and pneumonia, sores and pain.

BRUISING.—Mix together dry calomel and iodoform and apply.

Mrs. K. JONES, McCloud, Cal.

BURNS.—Take white of egg and mix well with lard and apply twice a day. Will prevent scarr.

Cannot some sister send a cure for catarrh to COMFORT?

Mrs. NYA CARPENTER, Lafayette, R. R. 7, Ind.

\$2.98 Actual Factory Prices At Last!

Less than half dealer's prices—less even than the dealer himself must pay! Now, for the first time you may buy the very finest furniture direct from the maker and at STUNNINGLY LOW PRICES!

Genuine Solid Oak—rich gold finish. Upholstered in best Royal Leather—guaranteed to never peel or crack. Extra field frame. Carved front posts. Wide arms. Large, roomy seat over oil tempered steel springs. Price only \$2.98. Order by No. 21.

The Last Middleman Now Cut Out!

For the past 30 years we have owned and operated the largest furniture factory in the world selling direct to the user. OVER 1,000,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS. No salesman—manufacturers, agents, jobbers, wholesalers or retailers—not even a middleman's profit to pay.

30 Days' Free Trial We take all the risk ourselves. Send us only \$2.98, the net factory price of this rocker—use it for a whole month—then decide. If not perfectly satisfactory in every way, just return it and we'll refund all you paid with transportation charges both ways.

Write for Our Catalog—FREE!

Our magnificent catalog is free for the asking. Your choice of over 5,000 different bargains—beds, chairs, sewing machines, everything you need to beautify your home—on amazingly liberal plan. Send just your name and address to-day.

Station 3056,
LINCOLN, LEONARD & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange List you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Jennie Miller, Nordhoff, Cal. W. S. Dunham, Tofield, Alberta, Can. Miss Maggie Aussecker, Holland, R. R. 6, Box 57, Mich. Sylvia C. Pfeffer, 617 Gibbs St., Canton, Ohio. Ebert Victor, 1122 Huron Road, Cleveland, Ohio. Miss Leona M. Johnson, North Berwick, Box 373, Maine. Roy E. Lindstrom, Cliford, R. R. 1, Box 35, N. Dak.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives column, include a club of three fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notices are desired, send an additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Mrs. Christina Willax, 198 Grape St., Buffalo, N. Y. anxious to learn whereabouts of her aunt, Margaret Shultz, possibly now married.

Information of Sarah Jane Johnson (maiden name), daughter of Samuel and Mary Johnson, deceased, formerly of Roscommon, Mich. Address Lucy Eidel, Spanaway, Wash.

Information wanted of Barnett C. Kinard, last heard of three years ago in Portland, Oregon, Rose Studio, age twenty-two. Light complexioned. Please write his sister, Mrs. Kate Hester, Arnett, Okla.

Wanted to know whereabouts of John Melton or wife. Last heard from were in Ala. 1910. Write Mrs. Jno. Taylor, Pageland, R. R. 1, S. C.

OLDEST BOOK AGENT IN THE WORLD.—George Clinton Paine of Newark, N. J., who calls himself "the oldest book agent in the world," recently celebrated his 100th birthday at his home. He is in excellent health, for which he believes the drinking of buttermilk is largely responsible.

"MOONSHINE" INC.—"The word, moonshine, gives a romantic touch to the illicit distilleries that are found in many remote districts in the South, but the business itself is probably as sordid as most attempts to make money by illegal methods." The great amount of profit is a great temptation to many. In Georgia alone, more than seven hundred stills were raided by revenue officials in 1910. In Kentucky, they are also numerous, as was exemplified when the hunt was carried on for the Allen gang.

TAILORED SUIT

THIS ADVERTISEMENT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN



Up to October 1, This Dollar Certificate Goes in Each Bargain Book Free

•This Dollar Certificate•

Is good for one dollar as part of the first payment on any order for \$20 or over received and accepted within 30 days from its date. Or it is good for 50 cents as part of the first payment on any order for \$10 to \$19.99 within the same time.

Spiegel-May, Stern Co.

Good for 1/3 the First Payment

We sell on long-time credit. On a \$20 purchase the regular first payment is \$3 and this certificate is worth \$1 so you only send \$2 with order. On a \$10 purchase the regular first payment is \$1.50 and this certificate is worth 50c, so you only send \$1 with order. Thus you save one-third your first payment. We accept it from you the same as cash.

Our reason is this: Most of our bargains are picked up in midsummer. We have six acres of warehouse floor space now packed to the limit. It is worth this discount to us to get orders in now and move these goods at once rather than carry them.

4,528 Bargains in This Book

This new book pictures nearly everything known for the home. It forms the largest exhibit of Furnishings ever brought together.

It shows 4,528 separate bargains just

like those shown below, which we picked up from makers during the dull summer months.

Furniture	Silverware
Stoves	Chinaware
Carpets	Baby Cabs
Rugs	Kitchen Cabinets
Draperies	Washing Machines
Lamps	Sewing Machines, etc.

Carpets, rugs and linoleum are shown in actual colors, and every picture is big and exact. You never saw so many pretty things.

Saving 30 to 50 Per Cent

We sent men to 20 cities and made actual comparisons with local store prices on these identical things. We found that all of our prices run from 30 to 50 per cent below the prices asked in stores.

Now we guarantee that saving. We send goods on approval, subject to return if any other price comes anywhere near to ours.

Our bargains are picked up from hundreds of factories, just when they must unload. We have a million customers, so we buy as much as a thousand local

stores combined. And we sell direct to the user at the lowest prices such things were ever quoted.

New-Style Credit

We give to our customers a new kind of credit, which is simply an open account. There is no contract or mortgage, no interest, no security. There is no red tape or publicity. Goods are shipped promptly.

This open-account plan is the final result of 47 years spent in selling on credit. Every year we have made our plan more simple and convenient. Now it is simply a charge account.

More than a million homes have been furnished by us on this easy kind of credit. Nine-tenths of those homes are owned by men whose income is \$10 to \$16 per week. No other house in America gives such liberal credit, or such easy, pleasant terms.

Pay a Few Cents Per Day

You can pay as convenient—a little each month—at the rate of a few cents per

day. Have whatever you want—have it shipped at once. Then pay as you can by saving up 2 or 3 cents per day. You will get the same price as a cash buyer. And you will get every courtesy that we can extend, to make you a life-long customer.

30 Days' Trial

We send all goods on 30 days' approval. You can use them a month before deciding to buy. Return any article not satisfactory, and we will pay freight both ways.

Send This Coupon Before October 1

You get this Fall Home Lovers' Bargain Book free, plus this Dollar Certificate, if you write before October 1. After that date this Dollar Certificate cannot be included.

Send this coupon now. You will then get this mammoth book by mail, from the first lot which comes from the press. And this Dollar Certificate, which is as good as the cash, will be placed inside of each book. This offer will never be published again.



Solid Oak, Royal Leather Seat Dining Room Chairs.

Only \$49 sets of these six chairs are offered here on special sale for \$5.95, and can only be had by ordering direct from this advertisement. Send only 75c with your order and they will be shipped on 30 days' approval. If you find them perfectly satisfactory in every way, you can keep them and pay 50c a month. It is just an easy open-account credit plan.

Solid Oak is used throughout in the making. A beautiful, rich golden finish is applied. Construction is solid throughout. Chairs have broad carved top panel.

Full length back posts with braced arms from the seat. Front and back legs are nicely turned. There are three cross-stretchers in front.

Royal Leather Seat is guaranteed and is 16 1/2 inches wide by 16 inches deep. The seat is softly padded. Edges are finished with gimp and enamel-head tacks. Chairs are guaranteed to give satisfaction. Shipping weight 60 pounds.

No. KKB595. Complete set of six, price \$5.95

Send the Free Certificate and \$1.00 in cash with your order which will be accepted as the regular first cash payment of \$1.50

Only a Limited Quantity of these new flour-bin and sifter-top kitchen cabinets are for sale at this astonishing price of \$11.25, so it is necessary to order this article direct from this advertisement.

Send the Free Certificate and \$1.00 in Cash, which will be accepted as the regular first cash payment of \$1.50, and this cabinet will be placed in your home on 30 days' approval, where you can judge its wonderful value. Then pay 75c a month, if you are satisfied.

Flour Bin and Sifter Top are added features in this cabinet. Flour bin has 50-pound capacity, is filled from top; equipped with a perfect sifter, as shown in illustration. Cabinet is made with solid oak front and hardwood ends, finished in a light golden color. The joining and fitting of the parts insure great strength; all parts are securely braced, every joint is carefully mortised. Cabinet is 66 inches high; table top is 42 inches long and 26 inches deep. Top is also fitted with a china closet section with double glass doors and a convenient small shelf for spice cans.

In the Base is a large cupboard for kitchen utensils and two small drawers at top, and a deep bread and cake drawer and large removable kneading board are also fitted under the table top. Shipping weight about 200 pounds. No. 381125. Price \$11.25

The Free Certificate is worth 50c on any \$10 to \$19.99 order



Kitchen utensils shown in picture are not furnished with this cabinet.

Spiegel, May, Stern Co.
1113 W. 35th Street, Chicago

Order Coupon

Gentlemen: I enclose herewith \$..... as first payment on Dining Chair Set (state which) Kitchen Cabinet (state which). It is understood that you will send same for 30 days' free trial. If I am satisfied I will keep same and pay balance at the rate of \$..... per month, and if not satisfied I will return the goods, and you agree to refund any money I have paid, and you also agree to pay the freight charges both ways.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

**Spiegel,
May, Stern Co.**

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1113 W. 35th Street, Chicago

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Mail me without charge your ☐ Fall Jewelry Book.
☐ Fall Bargain Book. ☐ Fall Stove Catalog.
Also the Dollar Certificate.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Write name and address clearly. Check which book you want. All will be sent if you want them. (254)

ONLY 500

AT INTRODUCTORY PRICE

"Good Luck" Bargain Special for COMFORT Readers

To introduce this new "Kumpack" Acme Dress Form and to again impress upon the women of America the many advantages of the American College of Dressmaking, (see advertisement on opposite page) we will sell to the readers of COMFORT, just

500 of these Full Length Forms, complete, including Bust, flexible, detachable, collapsible Skirt Form and Stand, copper oxidized base, 30 Days Free Trial, in Fibre Box, for only **\$3.00 CASH WITH ORDER**

The Dress Form has become an imperative necessity as the sewing machine. Every woman who sews needs a Dress Form. Here is the opportunity to get the very latest and best Dress Form, for just one-half the regular retail price, or \$3.00. We reserve the right to return your money should your order come in after the 500 Forms set aside for COMFORT readers are all sold.

Remember you are getting, for your \$3.00, the latest invention in Dress Forms—never before offered to the public—the regular retail price of which is \$6.00, but you must order at once if you want to take advantage of this remarkable "Good Luck" Bargain Offer, because 500 forms won't last long after COMFORT readers see this extraordinary announcement.

30 Days Free Trial

If after 30 days you are not entirely satisfied with the Form, you may return it to us in good condition with return charges prepaid, and we will refund your \$3.00 without question or quibble. You must be satisfied or the Form comes back to us—the money back to you. We know you will be not only satisfied but pleased as well, else we could not make such a liberal offer.

The "Kumpack" Acme Dress Form is the most simple and unique form ever invented. It is the crowning effort of the pioneer inventor in the dress form business. In this form he has embodied the most valuable features gained by his 25 years experience actively spent in this one line of work. This form is the epitome of his inventive genius. Its lines are perfect, possessing all the essential features of current styles, and our instructions given free with each form enable you to adapt it to any changes made necessary at any time. It is fully patented, and we are selling agents for it.

The Skirt folds up, thus reducing the Form to one-half the size it is when opened up ready for use. Folded it fits into a neat fibre box 25 inches high by 14 inches square—furnished free with the Form—which with Form enclosed may be set away in the closet when Form is not in use.

The figure is the newest model, graceful in appearance, and the whole Form is solid and substantial in construction. The Bust part is made of a superior quality of papier mache and covered with Jersey Cloth. The Skirt is made of best grade of flexible spring steel—flat—highly finished and nickel-plated. With ordinary care the Form will last a life-time and give you a world of satisfaction.

We guarantee to fit your form, if there are no abnormal measurements. If there are abnormal measurements the expert tailors in our Dressmaking School will furnish instructions free, that will enable you to fit the Form to yourself perfectly—so that even the abnormally formed may take advantage of this extremely low price without extra cost.

ONE CONDITION.—There is just one condition which you must observe in order to get this \$6.00 Form for the Introductory \$3.00 Half-Price!—You must send us with your order the name of a reliable Dress Goods Merchant, Department or General Store in your city or town to whom we can offer the local agency of this splendid new improved Dress Form as soon as we have it thoroughly advertised and introduced. This is one means we are employing to acquaint the women of the country with the Instruction Service of the American College of Dressmaking and to create a demand for this practical Sewing Room Necessity. If you prefer to wait a few weeks you can probably get this same Form from your leading merchant at the regular retail price, \$6.00, but by ordering now you can get it at the introductory price of \$3.00, the same price your merchant will pay for it at wholesale in quantities. We reserve the right to ship but one Form to the same town and to return unfilled all orders received after the 500 allotted to the readers of COMFORT have been taken up. Orders will be registered in the order received and filled or reported on promptly.

HOW TO ORDER.—Cut out the coupon below, fill in all the measurements required, and the name of a reliable Dry Goods Merchant, enclose Draft or Money Order for \$3.00; tell us how to ship the Form and mail to us today. Do not delay or your order may be number 501 and you will be disappointed when you get your money back and no Dress Form. To all points East of the Mississippi River we will ship Forms from New York; west of the Mississippi we will ship Forms from Kansas City. The Form packed ready to ship, weighs less than 20 pounds. Your Express Agent can tell you exactly what the charges will be to your town, or your freight agent can tell you what the freight charges will be. Freight is usually some cheaper but not nearly so quick.

In addition to sending you the Form for \$3.00, we will mail you our book "Lessons by Mail" and a sample lesson showing how we teach Dressmaking at home, also a Due Bill for \$3.00—the amount you paid for the "Kumpack" Acme Dress Form—which may be applied as \$3.00 on tuition in the American College of Dressmaking any time within the year. This means that if you enroll with us as a student within the year, your Dress Form will have cost you absolutely nothing. And remember there are only 500 Forms reserved for this "Good Luck" Bargain \$3.00 Half-Price Introductory Offer for readers of COMFORT. Be among the first to order and you will be sure to get your Form.

Ask your banker about us, or write to the Commerce Trust Company or any Business or Banking House in Kansas City. Fill out the coupon and mail it today—now while it is fresh in your mind.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF DRESSMAKING
1630 Commerce Bank Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Gentlemen:—\$3.00 enclosed herewith. Please send me "Kumpack" Form as per Introductory offer to readers of COMFORT.

Via _____ Express, _____ Freight
Indicate, Adams, Wells-Fargo, Pacific or Southern, etc. Indicate any R. R. running through your town.

MEASUREMENTS REQUIRED:

Neck _____ Bust _____ Waist _____ Hips _____
Taken around neck at base Taken around fullest portion Taken around at waist line Taken around fullest portion

My Dealer's Name _____

My Name _____

Address _____ Also please send me your Free Book "Lessons by Mail" explaining how I can save half on my home sewing, also send Sample Lesson free.

HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS

Dresses for the Little Girls Who Are Growing

By Geneva Gladding

DRESSES that gracefully conform to the little girl's half-developed figure, that can be made larger and longer the second season without being out-of-date are the correct styles and the ones that COMFORT selects with thoughts of the future for its pattern users.

For the little boys, the Russian suit is the accepted form of dress, and by facing the sleeves or putting on cuffs, letting down and facing the bottom of blouse and trouser legs, the suit will do the second and third season, except in cases of fast growing children. The little girls are not so easily disposed of, however, and if well dressed, and by this I mean clothes that are suitable and do not appear to be either too large or small, a good deal of thought must be given them. This is no easy task, but after all the mother receives a twofold reward, for besides the credit it reflects on herself, nothing so helps a little girl toward being well-poised as knowing she is clean and properly dressed.

A few general rules if kept in mind when selecting patterns will help out amazingly. Dresses with waist and skirt connected by belt and the straight dresses afford greater opportunity of alterations.

Semi-fitting dresses should only be selected for the slow-growing child.

The long-waisted dress with short skirt can be lengthened at the bottom by facing, insertion, letting down of tucks, or by ripping out the hem and sewing on a piece of contrasting color and hemming to give the appearance of a band. A touch of this same color can be added to waist and belt. This lengthening will simply give the dress the appearance of being cut with a normal waist line.

Nos. 5902 and 5910 are two of the best modes for letting out, and if made of durable material

and color, can be utilized the second and third year.

For greater width across shoulders and chest in No. 5902, the tucks running over shoulders may be stitched narrower or let out altogether. Greater length may be had by a wider belt and facing skirt. Now that there is no set rule for length of sleeves, they may be lengthened or left short. If the shield has become soiled, it is an easy matter to make a washable one where the material has changed enough to prevent putting the new with the old, or it can be worn low.

No. 5910 is very simply made fuller across front and back by letting out tucks. To do this, it is easier to put in the new rows of stitching before ripping out the old, as in so doing there is no danger of getting garment out of shape. A good way to lengthen this dress is to cut it off at the waist and set in belt. To do this, first carefully pin the belt just where the waist-line will be, baste and stitch the upper edge flat, and then cut off, leaving a seam's width underneath. This gives you a perfect fitting line for top of skirt which you gather and sew flat to lower edge of belt.

No. 5928 shows an excellent model for a child's coat, and being boxed can be worn just as long as it can be kept to the knees or six inches above. The sleeves are readily lengthened by sewing a cuff width onto bottom of sleeve and the cuff onto this. It is a good plan to hem sleeve when making to use as a let-down.

Pattern Descriptions

No. 5903—Ladies' Dress with Three-piece Skirt. This dress is the embodiment of good taste and simple lines. The large armhole is a conspicuous feature of the waist and gives freedom and grace (CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



Special Offers. Solicit and send one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one pattern free. A club of two subscriptions, not year own nor renewals. The cash price of each pattern is given with the description. Order by number and state plainly size or age.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Home Dressmaking Hints

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

to the wearer. Rough dark blue serge was used in making. The cuffs and girdle were of black, soft finished silk, with three-inch width accordion plaiting extending down the front and around tops of cuffs made of the same material. Good-sized black crocheted buttons are used down the front. A lace collar finishes this exceptionally attractive gown, or equally smart is one made of the black silk, over which a narrow one of lace is worn.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires four and three quarters yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5906—Misses' and Small Women's Dress, having a six-gored skirt. The handsome collar and revers of the same material on skirt make this costume very desirable. Any pretty combination of materials may be used, though plain brown serge, a very fashionable color this season, was used with trimmings of a two-toned brown striped silk. Waist and skirt are joined, and a blind opening is used at the front.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years, age 16 requires five and one quarter yards of 36-inch goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5904—A Handsome Seven-gored Skirt designed as a suit skirt or to be worn separately. May be cut with empire waist-line or with the normal waist-line. Each seam is stitched to form a shallow plait, affording ample width at the bottom for those who do not wear the narrow skirts.

Cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure; size 24 requires three and seven eighths yards 44-inch goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5917—A Ladies' House Dress or Work Apron. Here is something that fills a long-felt want; an apron that has the appearance of a dress. This one was made of blue print having a blue and white border which was cut off and used to outline the neck, for the cuffs and belt. The neck can be cut higher and the sleeves shorter if desired. The front opening resembles the one-piece dresses now so popular.

Cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires five yards of 36-inch goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5875—Ladies' Dressing Sack, closed at center front. Shirrings at the waist-line hold in the fullness making an especially pretty feature. This sack was made of figured crepe which requires no ironing.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires two and one quarter yards of 36-inch goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5902—Girls' Dress closed at back, a design suitable for cotton or wool materials.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; age eight requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material, three eighths yard of 27-inch contrasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5910—Girls' Pinaflore Dress, an excellent school dress to be made from any desired material. This one was developed in tan galatea with a darker shade for collar, cuffs and belt. The neck is cut round and a little low. For cold weather can be worn with washable gumples.

Cut in sizes four, six, eight and 10 years; age eight requires two and one quarter yards of 44-inch material, and one half yard of 36-inch contrasting color. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4635—Shirt-waist Suit for Boys. Easily made and nobby is this school suit which can be made from cotton or wool suitings. Cast-off suits of grown-ups make over well by this pattern. If a coat is used for the blouse and there is a breast pocket cut in, arrange pattern so the pocket will come as near as possible over top of patch pocket marks on pattern making sure that you keep the front line of coat and pattern straight. If a lower pocket interferes, carefully rip it out and darn edges together which will probably be concealed by blouse.

Cut in sizes four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years; size eight requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5328—Children's Box Coat, to be worn with or without shield. Made of King blue broadcloth, the collar, cuffs and pockets trimmed with a band of black satin with a single row of narrow black soutache braid on either side. Large pearl buttons are used on the front with a smaller size for cuffs.

Cut in sizes two to 12 years; size eight requires three yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 10-5-41A—For Belts or Towel Ends. Solid embroidery, lazy daisy stitch and solid and braiding which may be worked with cotton or silk. Price, 10 cents.

Questions Answered

KIMONO SLEEVES.—MRS. ELLA ORT, a diamond-shaped piece, a little longer than wide, set in at the point where the underarm seam curves into the sleeve seam will both repair your waist and give you more freedom.

EMBROIDERED TIES.—MISS JULIA TARBOK I am answering your inquiry for four-in-hand embroidered ties by saying that one will appear in the October COMFORT.

WAISTS INTO CORSET COVERS.—MRS. PHILBROOK, your old-fashioned white muslin waists will make very pretty corset covers. As they are somewhat fuller than at present worn, make them to slip on over the head. Seam together at the back, cut out the neck and armholes to fit and finish flat with a bias fold.

STARCH FOR BLACK DRESSES.—Thin black cotton material will not show the starch if a little black dye is added. It is a good plan to prepare a little dye, keeping it in a bottle.

SEWING ON BRAID.—MRS. ALTON FAIRBANKS, you will have no difficulty in sewing on braid so the stitches will not show through if you will rip a place in the hem large enough to admit a strip of cardboard two inches wide by three or four inches long. This I slip along as I baste and sew on the braid. The cardboard prevents the needle penetrating the outer side of hem.

BUTTONHOLES IN THIN MATERIALS.—To make buttonholes in thin materials draw with a pencil a line slightly larger than the diameter of the button, outline with cotton, making a few back stitches at each end, and work the buttonholes over the outline. In making the second side be careful not to take into the opposite stitches. Now cut the buttonhole carefully with a sharp penknife. This method gives much better buttonholes than the usual way, and after a little practice is really easier. Use fine marking cotton rather than thread.

BUTTONS ON CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR.—MRS. FRANCES GILDER, the tape buttons are really the only practical ones for children's waists or whenever else they are used on underwear. They are made with two or four holes, large enough to admit a quarter-inch tape. Draw through, leaving the tape long enough to make a quarter-inch shank after it is sewed to garment. A half inch sewed to garment is none too much as it relieves the strain. The method is easily followed and the same as used on the better class of ready-made waists.

WHITE DRESS.—MISS PERLEY, the attractive features of an all-white dress are undeniable, besides the white, cream and oyster shades are all fashionable, and to most everyone becoming.

SERGES IN BOTH ALL WHITE OR PENCILED IN EITHER BLUE OR BLACK are extremely popular for suits and one-piece dresses, and except for a little white or black braid, buttons or worn with a lace collar are without trimming. A material called ratine, resembling a fine Turkish towel is new and attractive. There is nothing especially new in the white thin fabrics. Voile, linen, lawn barred and dotted muslin and batiste leading.

TUCKED CUFFS.—MRS. WARREN, to wear with your black waists you might make close-fitting cuffs which are again the fashion. These are of white muslin with hand-run tucks and closely pinned over the black wristband. The collar matches. A row of black feather stitching on each hem would be in good taste if you cared to put the work in.

IRONING EMBROIDERY.—MRS. HELEN ROBINSON, I would suggest that you fold a Turkish towel into three or four thicknesses. Lay the embroidery right side down and iron on the wrong side. The embroidery will sink into the towel, bringing the design out clear and distinct while the collar will be smooth and free from wrinkles.

An Adventure

By Eva Caldwell McGarr

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ONE of the occupants of my father's house was a sister of my mother, we children called her "Aunt Alice". She was an invalid and seldom left her room. It was a great treat for me to be allowed to spend an evening or a rainy afternoon with her. She had many pictures and curios, which she had obtained on her trips abroad for she was a great traveler. She had a large fund of stories, one of which, I never tired of hearing. I will give it to you as near as possible in her own words.

"When I was in my sixteenth year I was very much gratified by an invitation to spend the holidays with some relatives of my mother's who lived in a quaint old house some ten miles from the railroad. Aunt Harriet was an English woman, who brought the courtesy, dignity and repose of English gentle life from across the sea. Uncle Robert was a genial, big-hearted gentleman, beloved by old and young alike. The great house was always full of guests at the holiday season and I was very happy in the society of the merry young people who found Uncle Robert's home a very attractive place.

"Among the guests was a daughter of one of Uncle Robert's college chums a Miss Dorothy West, about twenty years of age at that time. I worshiped her with a hero worship. Uncle Rob was quite a connoisseur in firearms, and was very proud of his small armory. Dorothy was a fine marksman and greatly enjoyed target practice with Uncle Rob and some of the young gentlemen. In every sleeping-room in the house so we were informed, was a loaded revolver in one of the drawers of the old cabinets, which formed a part of the furnishings of these rooms. 'I have had them all overhauled and reloaded lately,' said Uncle Rob, 'perhaps I am foolish, but it was a custom of my father's and I have kept it up.'

One dark, stormy evening we all sat around the great open fireplace singing with no accompaniment save the raging wind outside. How beautiful Dorothy looked that night in a quaintly made gown of dark blue velvet, cut square in the neck and relieved only by a slender chain, on which hung the diamond cross which had belonged to an ancestress for whom she had been named. Her great blue eyes and golden hair forming a picture I can never forget. By and by we drifted into story telling, such stories as seem to float in the very air of such wild nights as that, of adventures by land and sea, of visitants 'whose foot-steps leave no traces on the sea-sand or winter's snow,' and I can assure you, with the storm, and our evening's entertainment, weak-minded folks like myself, were in no humor for sleep when sleep-time came, and I fancied that the gentlemen looked forward with more than usual satisfaction to their nightly cigar in the library, as likely to have a soothing effect not wholly unwelcome. As the maid was lighting our bedroom candles, I heard one of the gentlemen say to some question of Uncle Rob's:

"No, sir, they have not caught him yet. I heard someone saying this afternoon, that they had traced him into this neighborhood, and he must be in hiding hereabouts. I haven't a particle of my usual sympathy for blood-hunted men, in his case, the sooner the better."

"Of whom are you speaking?" several asked. "Of that rascal Burrows, who escaped from the county jail last week, the one who beat and robbed that old man at the crossroads, and left him for dead. Some of the best men on the city police force are on his track, and I do not think he will slip through their fingers. It is a puzzle to me where he can be hiding, the country is so open I should think he would find it difficult to keep under cover."

"The gentlemen were still discussing the matter when we left them. As I stopped on the upper landing to say good night to Dorothy (her room was on the opposite end of a long corridor from mine) a blast of wind struck the great staircase window behind us, and one of its shutters came crashing against the glass with a noise that reverberated like a thunderclap through the quiet house. I threw my arms around Dorothy with a terrified scream, and the next moment realizing my folly, I burst into a passion of hysterical tears.

"My dear," said Dorothy, "my dear," holding me to her and smoothing my hair with her warm, tender hand, "you must not stay alone such a night as this, in that great room of yours, you foolish child," she said, "we should have you in a brain fever before morning. What do you say to my making you a visit for the night? I might be useful in scaring away hobgoblins, you know. Shall I come?" I tearfully entreated her to come. I was not a heroic girl, as you have doubtless observed. We were soon established in the great room I was occupying. I had given up a cozy little room that I had occupied to a small, cold, and as this room was the only vacant one at the time, I was obliged to take it. And such a room as it was, quite large enough. I am sure for a small banqueting hall. It had been the state bedroom in Colonial days. All the doors, like the windows, were curtained with dark, heavy drapery, and the floor and wainscoting were of dark wood. You can fancy it was not a very cheerful room for a nervous girl on a dark and stormy night.

We prepared for bed slowly, Dorothy removed her beautiful cross, laying it on the dresser table and I picked it up turning it from side to side admiringly, after which, I put it in its leather case and crossing the room placed it under the pillow. While I was brushing out my hair by the fire, Dorothy was rummaging her drawers and thither about the room, bringing to light its many quaintnesses, and seeming to enjoy herself heartily. Opening a drawer in a tall cabinet, which stood near one of the curtained alcoves, she chanced upon some odd pieces of bric-a-brac that interested her, for she lingered over them. I noticed that one of them, as she lifted it, seemed, by the firelight, to have the gleam of steel. I was about to ask her what it was, when the wind, suddenly scurrying down the wide chimney, sent the coals flying over and beyond the hearth and in the hurry of gathering them up I forgot my curiosity. Not long after, we blew out our candles and comforted and protected by Dorothy's presence I fell asleep. I awoke suddenly with a sense of stifling and oppression, and became conscious that I was struggling with both hands to free myself from some weight which was being pressed against my face. My eyes were fully open and I saw to my amazement that it was the coverlid from whose pressure I was trying to free myself, and that it was Dorothy's hand that held it there. She was very pale, there was no color in her face, but the burning gray of her eyes and they were looking down into mine with a command in them to be silent and motionless, no spoken word could have been more forceful. In the moment after my consciousness returned, I heard the distant clocks strike one, then the storm which had lulled a moment, broke forth again with the roar of loosened demons, and through the tumult Dorothy spoke in a whisper so low that senses less terror stricken than mine could not have caught a word.

"Alice, I want you to be perfectly quiet. I have held things against your mouth for fear that waking you might cry out, if you will keep perfectly quiet and do as I bid you, you will save both our lives." I solemnly believe that if she had said instead, "If you scream you will lose both our lives," I should have screamed outright in the madness of helpless fear, but these words "save our lives" held just hope enough to lift me out of the terror of the moment, towards self-possession.

"I will be quiet," I tried to whisper, but my dry lips could only form the words soundlessly. "Yes, I believe you will," and she took away the pressure from my face. "Listen, there is a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

5,000 MORE FREE TO STUDENTS

This Handsome Dress simply serves to illustrate the class of work our Students are constantly turning out by the use of the American System and fitting their own garments themselves on their Dress Forms adapted to their own figures.

This Dress **Tailor Made**

\$75.00

Made at Home

By the American **\$21.80**
System

Over 35,000 women are using the system and are saving more than half on their clothing bills. The increasing cost of living makes it necessary for most women to economize, and make every dollar count as it never counted before. The problem how to dress well on an allowance that is constantly decreasing in purchasing power is the serious problem in nearly every home, while fashion demands more expensive clothing all the time. There is just one solution for this problem—that is, for women to make their own clothes and thus save the larger part of the expense. The American System of Dressmaking will teach you how to Design, Draft, Cut, Fit, Make, Drape and Trim any garment, including children's clothing. It will enable you to duplicate any garment you see illustrated in the fashion magazine with as perfect set, style and fit as the most competent dressmaker or ladies' tailor—at less than half the cost. This means that you can use better material, and that you can have two new garments for the price of one. The making will be genuine pleasure because the American System gives you the confidence and the knowledge necessary to succeed.

Many graduate dressmakers are earning \$15 to \$25 a week, some much more, operating dressmaking parlors of their own. Every graduate is competent to do as well or better, should circumstances make it necessary.

The greatest good the School has accomplished, however, is in the thousands of homes where the practice of economy is necessary to make the family funds meet the growing demands. It would do your heart good to read the testimonials we receive daily from these homes.

Mothers, the American System will show you how to dress yourself and your girls better on half the money; it will show you how to economize in a practical way. Our Free book tells how we help you—write for it today. Sending in the coupon below entitles you to the book free, but does not obligate you in any way whatsoever.

How to Get Your Dress Form FREE

We have been preaching this gospel of economic efficiency in the home for so long, having spent a comfortable fortune—over half a million dollars in educating American women along this line until now statistical authorities who are competent to speak knowingly say that 50 per cent of the women of America can do their own sewing—and do make their own clothing. We propose to continue this campaign of education in this practical necessary art until every woman can say with thousands of others:

"Yes, I made this suit myself and I'm proud of it and I saved over half on its cost by making it myself."

These years of experience have demonstrated to us that the easiest way to get definite action, to demonstrate what an enormous saving it means in the course of a year's time for a woman to do her own sewing is to move along the lines of the least resistance—to have ample equipment—good tools ever ready and at hand to tempt her to this inviting economy. With this object in view we have placed sewing machines in many a home. But fortunately nearly every home has a machine now-a-days. If you haven't one we'll arrange to have one sent to you—a brand new one, direct from the factory. And you won't have to buy it either. You can rent it. And we'll stand back of you in the deal too.

But next in importance, if not quite as important as the sewing machine, is the Dress Form.

Last year we gave away 2000 Bust Forms to our Students. The success of the idea has led us to go that offer one better by giving a complete Dress Form and we have set aside more than double that number—5000 for readers of COMFORT alone as they become students.

On the opposite page you are told how you can get the New "Kumpack" Dress Form at the Introductory Price—just half the regular retail price, by ordering at once, and that without any strings whatever to the proposition. That is, you do not have to buy the Course to get the Dress Form. Of course if you want to wait to get one free with your Course after receiving our free booklet "Lessons by Mail" use the coupon below. Either way you get the Form absolutely free when you enroll as a student in the American College of Dressmaking. Take your choice, but in either case you will have to act promptly—these offers are so extraordinary and so liberal the Forms reserved for COMFORT readers will soon be snapped up and you will fail to get yours. To be on the safe side send in your order today. Send \$3.00 with your order and we will send you the Form and a Due Bill for \$3.00 to apply as cash on tuition should you conclude, after reading our free Book, to take our Dressmaking Course and fit yourself to make all your own clothes or to open a Dressmaking Parlor and sew for others. No such a money-saving opportunity has ever been offered you before—a chance to get this sewing room necessity—that every woman wants—free.

This Coupon or a Postal will bring your Book Free

American College of Dressmaking

1630 Commerce Bank Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me your **Free Book "Lessons by Mail"** explaining how I can save half on my home sewing; also tell me how I can get a new **"Kumpack" Acme Dress Form FREE.**

Name _____

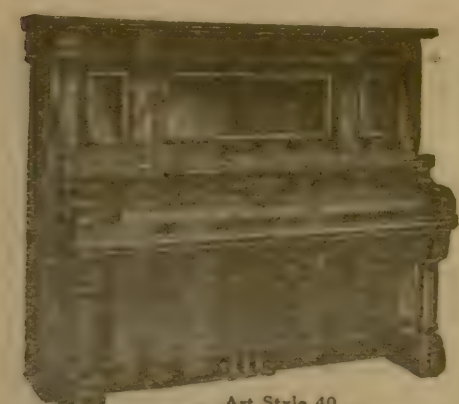
Address _____



Mrs. F. G. SPURLOCK, of Muskogee, Oklahoma, made this dress at home herself. It cost her \$21.80, Tailor Made it would have cost her \$75. She says:

"I shall never get through praising your school for the help it has been to me and I will always recommend it to any one interested in this work."





5 YEARS TO PAY

Nowhere can you get such long time to pay for a high-grade piano as we give on this superbly built, Sweet Toned Schmolzer & Mueller Piano, Art Style 40. Write today and we will send you at once our selling plan from the factory—to home tells how you save with terms more than liberal; long time to pay under our easy monthly payment plan where a saving of only

16 2-3c a Day

is sufficient to place in your home and to pay for any one of our guaranteed styles of Schmolzer & Mueller Pianos. We tell you fully of the quality of the Schmolzer & Mueller Piano—it is built so thoroughly well and gives such satisfaction in thousands of home circles the country over as to make possible a

Twenty-five Year Guarantee.

The reasonable prices we quote, coupled with the easy plan of payments, places within your reach NOW the possession and enjoyment of either a Schmolzer & Mueller Piano or Player Piano.

Schmolzer & Mueller Pianos and Player Pianos give satisfactory services in customers' homes. If interested in the Schmolzer & Mueller Player Piano, 88 note, which plays the entire keyboard by means of foot treadles and rolls of music, indicate that you want the Player Piano by checking the attached coupon. Either Catalog, Piano or Player Piano, is yours free for the asking.

Special Prices This Month

To those who order now we are prepared to quote a Special Price somewhat lower than our regular factory price, and made to only a limited number of customers who help us as representatives in making sales where we now have no active representatives.

Mail the coupon today for this Piano or Player Catalog. Full information, prices and terms will come back to you by return mail. Address

SCHMOLZER & MUELLER PIANO COMPANY, Dept. C. F. 29, Omaha, Neb.

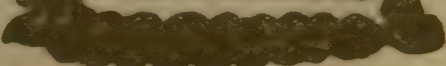
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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

If You Wish Pretty Hair Keep Your Brush and Comb Immaculately Clean

MOST women are not aware of the fact that the health of the hair depends in a large measure upon their choice of combs and brushes, and their manner of caring for these toilet articles after they have been purchased. If they were, there would be no necessity for me to write this article.

Next time you feel impelled to invest in a brush and comb, devote as much thought to the matter as you would if you were selecting a pair of shoes or corsets. It isn't every brush and comb, Milady, that will suit your head. For instance, if your scalp is very sensitive, it won't do for you to be fascinated by the stiff bristled hair-brushes, as they would create sad havoc if once rubbed across your tender scalp. A sensible choice for you to make under these circumstances, would be a brush with pliable bristles, that would polish your hair but not penetrate to the scalp. Leave the stiff bristled brushes to those of the fair sex whose scalps are not easily irritated.

What about combs? Why it is plain to be seen that the little maid with heavy, curly tresses



WASH YOUR COMB THEN DRY IT WITH A HOT TOWEL.

Don't imagine from the above that I am set against the comb with the fine and coarse teeth, as I think it is just the thing for the woman who is blessed (1) with scanty hair, in fact no other comb would do half so well for this particular woman.

You see it is not such a simple matter to select a brush and comb as you have always supposed it was. The more care you display when choosing these hair beautifiers, the more chance your hair will have to become what is generally called "a crown of glory."

Another thing that I wish you would think about, is that soiled and musty brushes and combs are quite capable of impairing the health of one's hair, and consequently its good appearance. It is just as important, O maids and matrons, to keep your brushes and combs immaculately clean, as it is to keep your wash-clothes clean, or to wear clean linen.

The dainty woman who likes to have her personal belongings as clean as clean can be, washes her hair-brush frequently. She knows full well that the dust from the hair, and the dust floating in the air, will quickly make her hair-brush temporarily unfit to use, so she is lavish with soap and water whenever she thinks the appearance of her brush justifies it.

Perhaps you would like me to say how long your brush can go without being subjected to a bath, but this I cannot tell. It depends largely upon how often you shampoo your hair, and whether it is oily or dry. If your hair is musty and dusty, why then of course your brush will rapidly become likewise. Let it suffice to say that whenever you see signs of soil upon your brush, you should cleanse it immediately. A clean brush has much to do with the beauty of your hair, and Milady should not forget this for a second.

Always when preparing to give your hair-brush a good scrubbing, rid it of tangled hairs. This is done by running a coarse comb lengthwise through the bristles. When you are sure that not a single hair has eluded your notice, take a shallow pan and throw into it a strong solution of washing soda in moderately warm water. Beside this pan set another pan and see that it contains an inch depth of warm, perfumed water. The lover of a clean hair-brush now wishes her brush slowly to and fro through the soda water, taking care that it does not engulf the back, as this would not do at all. When your brush has been agitated in the soda solution for sixty seconds or more, transfer it to the adjoining pan and move it about in the perfumed water for about a minute, when it must again be put in the soda water and shaken to and fro for another minute. A final dip in the fragrant water completes this brush bath.

All that now remains for you to do is to shake off the drops of moisture and then dry the bristles slightly with a hot towel. The brush should now be placed near a fire, but not too near, as the brush back and handle might become unglued, and then I tremble to think what you would do to me.

It is highly important that a stiff bristled brush should dry rapidly, as slow drying softens the bristles and renders them too pliable. I must not become so engrossed in the subject of brushes that I forget to tell you my way of cleaning combs. It is just as important to have the comb free from grime as the brush. Don't you agree with me on this? Of course you do!

My way of freeing a comb from clogged dust and oil is simplicity itself. I tie a coarse string to a chair back, and, holding it taut, I run the comb up and down the string, taking first one tooth then the next, and so on until each tooth has its two sides scraped moderately clean.

Now the comb should be put in a kettle of hot soapy water and given a good scrubbing with a nail-brush. When as clean as soap and water and friction can make it, the comb should be rubbed dry with a hot towel.

This is a sure and quick way of obtaining an immaculately clean comb, and will, I think, appeal to most of my readers.

In this day of germs and microbes, it pays to be extra careful, so I am printing below directions for sterilizing your brushes and combs. Those of you who live in constant dread of germs and microbes will doubtless take this means of keeping them at bay.

After your brush and comb have been washed, and before they are dried, put them into a shallow pan in which you have poured sufficient four per cent. solution of boracic acid to just cover the bristles of the brush. Let these hair articles remain immersed in the boracic solution for ten or fifteen minutes, then remove and dry.

If you are careful to do this every time you cleanse your brush and comb, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that it is immaculately clean and free from germ-destroying microbes.

Questions and Answers

Sarah Ann, Mrs. X. Y., John's Girl and others.—You didn't mention the kind of face cream you wished, so I am going to print, for your special benefit, formulas for two face creams and directions for making. The Orange-Flower Skin Cream is on great favorite with most women but cannot be used on a face that is inclined to a hairy growth. The other cream contains

no animal oil, therefore is a favorite with the unfortunate maid or matron who has a tendency to superfluous hair.

Orange-Flower Skin Cream

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; coconut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle, take from fire and add the benzoin and the orange-flower water, stirring it with an egg beater until cold.

A Non-greasy Cream

Corn flour, one and one half drams; water, ten ounces; glycerine, five drams.

With a little water make the flour into a paste; slowly stir in the rest. Bring to a boil; when cool add the glycerine.

Evelyn O., Mrs. C. G., Miss Caroline, Janet, E. A. and others.—You can get quince seed mucilage at any good drug-store. I cannot tell what the bottle contained but I am going to print formula for sage tea and directions for making, as I think it will be the means of darkening your hair. This lotion not only deepens the color of the hair but is said to entirely arrest falling hair and stimulate the growth of new. What more could the heart of woman ask?

Sage Tea Hair Lotion

Green tea, two ounces; garden sage (last crop, dried), two ounces.

Put ingredients in an iron kettle with a close-fitting cover and pour three quarts of boiling water over the herbs; let simmer till reduced to one third; then remove pot from stove and put away in a cool spot for twenty-four hours; at the end of that time strain mixture and bottle. The hair should be wet with this lotion very thoroughly every night, after which the scalp should be massaged for ten minutes. As sage tea will be sure to stain the pillows if allowed to touch same, I suggest that you tie your head up in a thick towel before creeping into bed.

Freckled Lillie, Unhappy Pet, Sunflower, Southern Maid and others.—No, the quince seed lotion will not remove freckles but if you are annoyed in this way, use the following lotion, as it gives satisfactory results when freckles are not too firmly seated.

Simple Freckle Lotion

Ammonium chloride, one dram; distilled water, four ounces.

Apply at night after face has been bathed in hot water. Quince seeds can be obtained at any good drug-store.

Lydia, Summer Girl, A Subscriber, Old Friend and others.—I do not think a hundred and fourteen pounds any great weight and advise you not to worry about this matter a moment longer. Please read my reply to Freckled Lillie. Since you are desirous of milk-white arms you must make a friend of the following arm bleach. Used every night for a week or two, it will be the means of banishing the brown tints from your arms.

Arm Tar Bleach

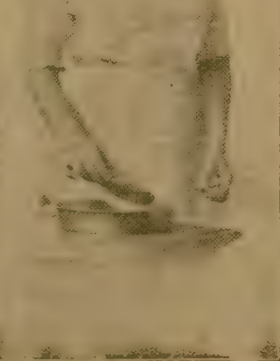
Beat one dram of refined tar and violet extract into a pint of olive oil. Coat the arms with the cream at night and then wind around them long strips of cotton cloth, fastening the ends securely. Do not remove the bandage until morning comes.

A. G. H., Nita J., Miss Ann, Young Wife, Blue Eyes and others.—I don't think you are too fat and ask you not to pay any attention to people when they say you are. They are just trying to tease you and if I were you I wouldn't be teased. Judging from your description you are a very pretty girl. Please read my replies to Gertrude, Lydia, Mrs. J., Freckled Lillie and to Sallie. A simple way of whitening the hands and to hold them in a bowlful of hot sweet almond oil for ten minutes every day. If you wish to reduce, you cannot do better than to walk briskly in the open air for three hours daily and eat sparingly of candy, sugar, cake, pie, hot breads, gravies and sauces. Milk and cream should also be tabooed. Do not use powder as it clogs the skin. You can obtain long eyelashes by anointing outer edges of eyelids nightly with warm sweet almond oil. The brows too should be treated. The best brow grower I know of is yellow vaseline. It should be massaged daily into brows, or coarse following the fall of the hair. Decayed teeth or catarrh will cause a bad breath, as will also constipation and indigestion. Certainly you can make your hair grow if you are willing to massage the following pomade into the scalp for fifteen minutes every night.

Hair-Growing Pomade

White vaseline, three ounces; Castor oil (cold drawn) one and one half ounces; gallic acid, one and three quarters drams; oil of lavender, thirty drops.

Gertrude, Unhappy Lass, In Despair, Lillie, Mrs. J. G., Texas Woman and others.—Blackheads are a great trial but daily treatment will finally banish them. Never forget to wash your face at night, before retiring, with hot soapy water and a rough cloth. After this rub in a little boracic powder and if this smart the skin, massage in cold cream. Every other night scrub blackheads with a soft soapy nail brush, after bath, and if this face and before the boracic powder is rubbed in. Scrub very lightly, else the skin will be irritated. Once a week, after the face has been washed, steam it over a basin of boiling water, then rinse in hot water and spread over face a handful of soap jelly. After ten minutes wash this off and massage for several minutes. On this night omit the boracic powder.



A CLEAN BRUSH PROLONGS HAIR HEALTH.

Soap Jelly

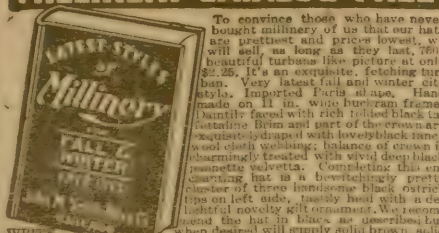
Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted.

Miss Sallie, Vanity, Old Subscriber, Gussie E., A Reader and others.—Your brown skin will become rapidly white if you will use the following cosmetic paste:

Almond Meal Face Bleach

Buy a fifty cent jar of theatrical cream and a pound of almond meal. Beat together one teaspoonful of the cream and some almond meal and add enough hot water to form a thin spreading paste. Cut two squares of thin cheese-cloth big enough to cover the face and tear a hole in the center of each square for your nose, so you won't smother. Now dampen the squares and spread the paste between. Bathe the face in very hot soapy water, massage for a minute and then apply the paste, patting it down so it touches the face all over. As soon as they cool replace with others. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, then remove paste, wash face in warm, then cool, then very cold water. Take two of these treatments every seven days for three weeks and your skin will be beautifully white and soft as satin.

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Mrs. J. A. Anxious, White Head, Mrs. A. A. A. Julla and others.—A white-neck will be yours if this bleach is used.

Cleopatra Neck Bleach

One ounce strained honey; one teaspoonful of lemon juice; six drops of oil of bitter almonds; whites of two eggs; enough fine oatmeal to make a fine paste.

Spread this thickly on a piece of cotton cloth, three inches in width, and tie as a bandage around the throat. Four or five of these applications should bleach neck to a sickly whiteness. Remember this is not a face bleach and that oil of bitter almonds is a poison and must not be swallowed or left in the reach of children.

Hopeful, A Dixie Girl, Fatty, Extra Pounds, Distressed Gertie and others.—The shoulders will be broader if you become fleshier. If you covet a slim waist, use the reducing treatment given below:

Epsom Salt Reduction Treatment

Dissolve one pound of epsom salts in one quart of rain-water. Shave fine three bars of white soap and dissolve in one quart of boiling rain-water. When partially cool, pour in the epsom salt solution. Now add two more quarts of water and it is ready for use. At night rub the preparation on such parts of the body as you wish to reduce, and let it dry in. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue the use of the fat reducer until the desired results are obtained.

Inquirer.—Tie a strong string securely around base of tooth, then have someone jerk the string as hard as possible and the tooth will come out. If your eyes are unduly swollen, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you needed eyeglasses. You should make a trip to the nearest town and consult an oculist, or failing that, an optician.

Lonesome Pine.—You might arrange your front hair in a fluffy but flat pompadour, bridging the remainder and winding braid around head, about an inch and a half back from face. Split hair ends should be cut off and the pomade spoken of in my reply to A. H. G. massaged into scalp.

Mrs. Jennie J.—Yes, I groaned, as you said I would, but it didn't do you a bit of good, did it? Well, what can't be cured must be endured, I suppose. You should weigh about a hundred and twenty-five pounds. You will be rid of all your troubles if you will drink milk, as it will plump out neck, arms, lower limbs and best of all give you a full bosom. You may not be aware of it but milk is the best bust developer I know of. Drink three quarts of rich milk daily and you will gain on the average, two pounds of firm, healthy flesh each week. What will you eat through the bust? Well I once gained seven inches in as many weeks on this milk diet. There is no reason why you cannot do the same. You must eat plenty of fresh vegetables, but no fruit, while on a milk diet, as the combination of fruit juice and milk would result ill for you. Taboo fried foods as much as possible, also cake, pie, candy, sauces and hot broths. Your freckles are so very stubborn, perhaps you will like to use the following freckle remedy:

Heroic Freckle Bleach

Weak solution of ammonia, two ounces; bay rum, two ounces; rosewater, two ounces; powdered borax, two ounces; glycerine, one ounce; distilled water, twenty ounces.

Mix. Great care must be exercised in the use of this lotion. Bear in mind that it is decidedly strenuous in its effects and if it irritates the skin unduly, stop using it. Before applying to the face, test its strength on the arm and be very careful not to get any in or near the eyes. This lotion is poison if swallowed. It generally gives satisfaction, although it is not infallible.

Blue-eyed Claudia, Mortified Jessie, Mrs. Flora, A Farmer's Wife, Young Girl and others.—You should weigh about one hundred and twenty-five pounds. If you wish a full bosom, then you must drink quantities of milk and subject bosom daily to a fifteen minute massage with warm cocoa-butter. Before commencing treatment, bathe bosom in hot water for five minutes, after finishing your manipulations, dash ice-cold water over neck and breasts for five minutes. Progress will be very gradual as the bust responds but slowly to any local treatment.

Clara, In Haste, Cornflower, Southern Girl, Mrs. E. A. and others.—The corn treatment that I spoke about in my reply to J. S. is most effective and best of all, inexpensive. If you wish to be rid of your corns, then follow the treatment spoken of as it is a wonder-worker.

Blue-eyed P. P., In Wrong, Papa's Girl, Rosy Checks, Sallie and others.—You must steam the pimple scars daily for several minutes, then massage with a good cream. Pimples are generally caused by too great a fondness for sweets. If you wish the ugly blotches to disappear, and of course you do, you must taboo candy, pie, cake, pudding, fried foods, hot breads and greasy meat. I also advise taking plenty of outdoor exercise, sleeping with your bedroom windows opened wide and making a habit of the daily bath. In addition, it would be a good plan to touch the pimples several times daily with the following lotion:

Pimple Lotion

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rosewater, four ounces.

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Chaperoning A Chaperon

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

upon the house or its owners, and we were about to thank him and go on our way when Mrs. Jaffray in her gracious, pretty manner, began to express to him our delight in the view we had seen from the terrace. The man's face lighted up at once, and he replied:

"Ah but there is a far more beautiful view from the tower. The gracious ladies should see that once."

"Can we see it? Do strangers go into the tower?" Mrs. Jaffray asked, naively. "It is from the balcony of Count Wolfgang's room," was the answer of the castellan, given with a certain confusion and indecision; "however," he added, "he is not there at present, and I think you may go up."

A long, winding staircase brought us by a hard climb to a tower room, which the man motioned to us to enter. I can hardly explain it, but there was an indescribable something in the character of that room which vividly impressed the imagination of each of us, and which stimulated and stirred Louise Jaffray peculiarly. The gay effervescence of her spirit bubbled like a mountain spring, and I could see that even the castellan was interested in watching her sparkling eyes and piquant movements.

It was a soldier's room, but, more than that, it was the private room of a nobleman belonging to a world of us romantic, remote, enticing in its half-mysterious charm. There was luxury in it, but it was not the half-effeminate, silken luxury with which the American "gilded youth" loves to surround itself. Everything announced a masculine masterful ownership. There were magnificent skins stretched upon the polished floor and over the broad couch; great antlers above the heavily carved chimney, rifles and swords of various patterns, antique and modern upon the walls, and over the door a silver fox tail, the trophy of some hunting expedition. The pictures were notably good, and there were a few bits of fine old brass, but there was no attempt at decoration for its own sake. The room bore many traces of its master's recent presence; a pair of hightop spurred boots stood near the hearth, and on the writing table lay a pair of gauntlets.

The broad casement stood open upon a balcony, beyond which we could catch glimpses of the same view that we had seen from the terrace far below, and the breath of the forest stirred the curtains and filled the air with aromatic sweetness. Secure in the castellan's ignorance of our language, for we had encountered one since we came to Innau who understood English, we talked on together with the utmost freedom.

"Oh, girls," cried Mrs. Jaffray, clasping her hands with half-mocking rapture, her cheeks flushing as she spoke, "I take it all back! This castle is the most fascinating place I ever was in. If only we could have had a glimpse of its master! I simply know that he would be my very ideal of a manly man—a knight like Bayard, don't you know, and all that kind of thing! Boston men are nowhere."

Was I mistaken, or did the castellan bite his lower lip under his mustache? It could not be. There he stood, silent, respectful, the perfectly trained family servant, possibly even Count Wolfgang's body servant, a surmise which Fanny, to whom I confided it, received with some derision.

"Body servant is good," she remarked, "I love your imagination, Amy."

"I shall remember this moment as long as I live!" cried Mrs. Jaffray, seriously, as we prepared to leave the tower. "This unknown Count has left some strange influence by which this room reveals its master's nature. There is not one trace of the frivolous, fast man of the world. Here is a strong, brave, knightly nature—oh, such a man as one dreams of in these degenerate days, but never sees!"

The castellan was bending over Count Wolfgang's desk looking for something among the papers. I noticed that even the tips of his ears were flushed from the stooping posture.

"Allow me, gracious ladies," he said, detaining us at the door by a gesture, and I thought I had never heard purer German spoken. "My master, the younger Count, keeps a guest-book in which all who visit the tower are requested to leave their names. Will the ladies kindly oblige me?" And with this he looked straight at Louise and indicated the chair, which stood ready before the desk.

"You write for us," said Fanny, and Louise stepped back and sat down at the desk, while the castellan stood at a respectful distance, prepared to offer her a different pen if it were needed.

At the castle entrance we bade our guide good morning. Mrs. Jaffray slipping a golden piece into his hand, and so we came out again from the dim light of the medieval interior to the broad sunshine of a nineteenth century summer noon.

"I don't see how you could make up your mind to give that lordly creature money, Louise," said Fanny, as we crossed the moat, "I should as soon think of feeling the Prince of Wales."

"He certainly was very distinguished looking, but I imagine that is the kind of servants these barons keep, don't you? Anyway, I never met that kind of an official yet in Germany who did not expect a fee," Mrs. Jaffray answered.

When we reached the Gemse Inn again the landlady came to the door to greet us, and while we paused for a moment's speech with her, we were aware of a thundering of hoofs on the rocky path we had just descended, and, turning, we beheld a captain of Uhlans, in full uniform, magnificently mounted, galloping down. Hardly had we seen him before the rider was abreast of us in the narrow road, when, removing his plumed helmet, he bowed to his saddle bow, at the same time sweeping our little group with a glance in which homage and amusement were visibly mingled.

"That is the Count Wolfgang himself!" exclaimed the landlady clapping her hands in delight. "Ah, what a fine, dear, amiable being, and what a compliment he paid the gracious ladies!"

We bade the woman good by and came slowly down to the high road up which the young lord of the castle had disappeared in the direction opposite to Innau. Consternation and confusion of face were upon us, for in the handsome officer we had recognized instantly the pretended castellan, and the flash of amusement in his eyes gave us little room for hope that he had not understood English and been alive to all the nonsense we had chattered in his presence. Louise, especially, was overcome with mortification.

A few days later we were strolling on the Meiningen road "to see Duke Karl and his troops pass by," as Dolly said, for the movements of the princely family had a ceaseless fascination for us, and we were all awed by the presence of the Duke, to whom we had not come out in vain. On this occasion we had walked half a mile a cloud of dust and the sound of galloping hoofs on the road indicated the approach of the Duke. He was accompanied, we perceived, by three gentlemen, an officer of Uhlans was riding by his side, while two of his escort rode behind.

As they passed we all four saluted with grave courtesy, we returning the salute with due respect, but, as they galloped down the road, we all exclaimed with one breath:

"Count Wolfgang!"

There was no question as to the identity of the handsome Uhlan, but had he recognized us? When we looked at Louise we did not need to ask. Her changing color and the troubled look in her blue eyes told us plainly that she had once more met that glance which had brought her such confusion before.

"I suppose we are likely to see a good deal of your Count, Louise, after this," said Nina; "he will probably be in attendance on the Duke quite

often, since they appear to be so chummy, as it were."

"I shall not see a great deal of him." The following afternoon I was led to believe that there was more truth than I had supposed in Nina's prophecy. Mrs. Jaffray was in her room writing letters, while Nina and I were busy with our fancy work in our private parlor, when a knock came at the door, and a servant in livery entering, presented me with a card on which was engraved the legend: "Wolfgang Michael, Freiherr von Landenberg-Meiningen."

I had scarcely read the name when the Count himself, following closely upon the heels of his herald, stood before me, resplendent in his uniform and in his own distinctive person.

Nina and I understood German, but we spoke it very little, and I felt ill prepared to sustain so critical an interview as I felt this to be. After the Count had made, perhaps, seven deferential bows, and had murmured a series of civilities in German, I said rather stiffly:

"I believe, sir, you understand English, and so I will not take the pains to translate. It will be necessary for me to summon Mrs. Jaffray, the lady with whom we travel, as it is not according to American usage for young ladies to receive calls from strangers."

Count Wolfgang had listened with strained attention. "Ah!" he exclaimed, laying his hand upon his heart and bowing again, "let me not trouble the gracious Frau. It matters not." (His English was careful, and quaint, but quite comprehensible.) "It is my unique desire to see the youngest meise, the so blue-eyed sharmante maiden, the same which I had already once gesehen. To her I have one errand, very briefly. Permit me, my gracious lady, to discharge it. I have no need madame the chaperon to see."

In despair Nina and I withdrew and hastened to Mrs. Jaffray's room to lay the matter before her. At first, when she heard that the young Freiherr was in the parlor, her color deepened and then faded, leaving her unusually pale.

"He thinks you are the youngest of the party," Louise explained, "and he says frankly, that he has no desire to see our chaperon. How can you convince him that you are at once the sharmante maiden and the stern duenna?"

For a moment Louise stood biting her lips in perplexity. Then a sudden resolve changed her expression and she went swiftly to her trunk, from which she drew a long, unopened box. It contained the crepe bonnet, the widow's cap and long veil which she had laid aside a year ago.

The dress she wore that day was black, and black gloves were at hand. Straightening out the soft curls of fair hair around her forehead as far as possible, she quietly tied on the bonnet and adjusted the veil, saying as she did so:

"Now, get me Dolly as quick as you can, and we'll see if I can't convince him that he has the chaperon to reckon with."

At first Count Wolfgang's face grew dark with dismay and disappointment as Louise made her appearance, but these expressions were swiftly lost in one of renewed and ardent admiration as he gazed at the sweet young face against the blackness of the heavy veil.

"It's no good," I whispered, despairingly, to Nina. "He is harder hit than ever. Even Dolly is in vain."

Standing before him and receiving with coldness his murmured expressions of devotion, which to American ears have so exaggerated a sound, Mrs. Jaffray said in German quietly and with a distant dignity which we had never seen in her before:

"I beg your pardon, mein Herr; you have an errand with me? I am Mrs. Jaffray, and am in charge of the young American ladies whom you have attempted to call. Allow me to say that these ladies do not receive calls from persons who do not come to me with an introduction from mutual acquaintances."

"That's great," murmured Nina, behind the portiere; "not true, of course, but, then, it sounds probable."

"Very excellent," was the smiling reply of Count Wolfgang; "that is as it should be, and I yield to the law which I respect. But, Madame herself—it is another thing if I would call upon Madame—is it not true?"

"Madame herself," Mrs. Jaffray made answer, with a stately little courtesy, "receives no calls." The young Count being, for all his audacity, a gentleman, realized that, for the present at least, this was final.

"Madame, I go," he returned, with a smile which he feared would melt the heart of our little chaperon, "but allow me, even as I go, to say that I have one precious souvenir in my possession which I shall suffer nothing to take away from me," and he drew from his breast pocket a small wrought silver box, out of which he produced a silver guilder.

The bright color rose in Mrs. Jaffray's cheeks. "Very well," she replied with hauteur, "I gave that money to a servant. If Count Wolfgang feels that it belongs to him, I would advise him to keep it," and her eyes flashed dangerously.

"Ah, Madame," cried the young man, quickly, "it belongs, indeed, to a servant, to your servant now and henceforth," and, bending, he respectfully kissed her hand after the German fashion, and then, with a salutation at once soldierly and courtly, the gallant officer withdrew, leaving Mrs. Jaffray pale and perplexed as to which had been victorious in the encounter, and Dolly staring blandly at the door which had closed upon so much of splendor.

"He came out ahead, Louise," said Nina, as we hurried to Mrs. Jaffray's side; "he was certainly too clever for any of us."

The next encounter took place at the reception given by the Duchess, at which we were presented. On this occasion Count Wolfgang appeared in full uniform, but with a single and unique decoration on his breast. It consisted of a crest, from which depended a silver guilder piece. On the reverse side the coin had been polished, and bore an engraved motto, the motto of the English Prince: "Ich dien."

Presented formally to Mrs. Jaffray by an officer of the Duke's staff, the young baron, with a grave and stately gesture, called her attention to this design, saying as he did so:

"I have borrowed my motto, but I earned my medal—night watch!"

"To what order may I ask does this medal belong?" asked Louise, confused and blushing deeply. "To the order of my queen," was his reply, with a deep bow and a glance of deeper reverence.

This attack well nigh put our forces to rout, as we girls could plainly see, and the following day we held a council of war and concluded that our only recourse was to Dolly, as being the sole accessible guardian of her mamma.

But Dolly proved altogether to be insensible to a uniform and deserted ignominiously to the enemy.

From that evening ours was plainly a lost cause, and we spent our remaining weeks at Innau in the occupation, absorbing, yet fatiguing, of chaperoning our chaperon.

The marriage took place within the year, and, incredibly though it seems, is said to be a happy one. But I shall soon see for myself. I am invited, with Fanny Doane, to visit the Landenberg-Meiningens at their castle next summer.

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you took that forty-five dollars' worth of his clothing, he has been walking around in a barrel. I don't think it is right for any man to take another man's clothing, especially when he is able to pay for his own. Anyway, Chester, we are all grateful to you for your interesting letter. Most men are willing to rob their country, but you are willing to serve it, and though you did not serve it long, I am sure you served it well.

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT's readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered; but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Anxious Lady, Avoca, Ia.—When a lady meets a business man on the street and speaks to him once, she need not speak a second time, though he should raise his hat in passing and a smile from her is enough.

Elizabeth, Johnstown, Pa.—It is well enough for a young girl to be properly bashful, but if you can talk when you are in company you should do so so people will not say you are stupid. At the same time, don't try to lead the conversation as some young folks do.

(2) It is quite proper to go to dancing school, but if it is a public school be careful of the kind of young men you dance with. (3) At your age reading is of more value than society, but you should go out enough not to be awkward in company.

M. S., Blunt, S. Dak.—A lady at a dance is quite within the rules of etiquette to ask a friend to introduce a gentleman who is a good dancer. Real good dancers are worth knowing at a dance, though they may be useless elsewhere.

Troubled, Albert Lea, Minn.—Etiquette does not prohibit young men from singing "tender love songs" in the presence of ladies. It is not half as bad as smoking cigarettes. (2) Presents of jewelry are not considered proper gifts from gentlemen to ladies.

Perplexed, Fairbault, Minn.—It will not be proper for the lady to visit the home of the young man on his invitation alone. That must come from his mother or sister.

Brown Eyes, Topeka, Kans.—When the young man thanks you for your company tell him that it was a pleasure to go with him. (2) If a young man stopped at putting his arm around a girl, it might be much harm, though it makes her common, but he will not stop there. That is the wrong of it.

Two Beauties, Dresden, Kans.—Parties of young people, well known to each other, may go some distance to a dance without a chaperon, but the chaperon assumes responsibility and makes it easier for all. (2) If your brother wants you to correspond with his friend, though you have not met him, it is all right.

Inez, Albuquerque, N. M.—When a man and woman are divorced they are legally unmarried persons and the woman may do as she pleases about wearing her wedding ring. Most women wouldn't care to wear it. Etiquette does not say which finger the "divorce ring" is to be worn on, or what particular stone should be used in the setting.

Greeny, Hershey, Nebr.—A business acquaintance is, in the smaller cities, at least, considered to be sufficient to allow the parties to speak to each other on the street or in a public place, though the acquaintance need not extend further than that. Many friendships many love affairs, many marriages get their start from business acquaintance. (2) An apology is due from the young man who failed to keep his engagement and you may snub him when you meet him if you want to, if he does not explain. (3) It depends upon circumstances whether you did right in going to the dance with the crowd, though you were not invited. Oftentimes it is quite proper, though not quite conventional.

Sunshine, Newlin, Texas.—Young women should not neglect opportunities to meet and know proper young men. You must have friends of both sexes or you will live only half a life. But choose only the worthy. You are neglected now because you have not made the right kind of effort to make friends among the young people.

Red Wing, Wheeler, Texas.—Unless a girl of seventeen intends to marry the young man she should not "keep regular company" with him. It prevents other young men from seeing her and she is left alone if the "regular" is lost. (2) When you feel down hearted and forsaken, laugh and the world will laugh with you. Weep and the world will laugh at you. (3) It is proper to visit a girl with brothers, even if she has no mother.

Clover Blossom, Albany, Ind.—If you are so at a loss what to do when a young man is coming to call, you should have another girl with you who can help him and can show you. You can't be told how in print. (2) Thank the young man who asks to take you home and smile your appreciation.

Eliza, Henderson, Ky.—The lady may not rise to acknowledge an introduction unless she pleases. Some do and some do not. A young lady should certainly do so in meeting an older person. (2) Authorities differ on the question of rising while at table to respond to an introduction. Ladies do not, and men may or may not. Fortunately table introductions except when all are seated are not frequent. (3) At a cafe the gentleman should ask the lady to order what she wishes. If she leaves it to him, he should ask her what she will have. Sometimes he asks the lady to order for both.

Dakota Boy, Milltown, S. Dak.—Having asked the lady if you could call and she consenting, your failure to do so demands an apology and a second request to call. She would be quite justified in declining to see you if you should call without asking her again.

J. R. D., Norman, Okla.—A sophomore aged sixteen would be wiser if he stuck to his studies and at the same time permitted the fifteen-year-old high school girl to do likewise. Both of you will make a better show socially when you are old enough to be of some use in society.

A. C. O., La Grande, Ore.—An eighteen-year-old girl beginning work as a stenographer, should select clothes of quiet colors, durable material, and made in a style which lasts longer than one season. Good taste in dress is valuable to a stenographer, because so many girls of that class are inclined to showy things in the fashion. Of all things wear your hair plain and a hat that is becomingly small and neat. Make few changes in your office dress, the usual style being either a light or dark shirt-waist and dark skirt. It looks suspicious, and certainly is in bad taste for a stenographer to attract attention by the quantity or quality of her clothes. Besides your office dress, a nice street dress and a pretty house dress are all that are necessary. Only silly stenographers make a clothes change for themselves, and as a rule that kind are the first to lose their jobs. No matter what sort of an employer you may have, he appreciates and respects a lady stenographer.

Reader, San Angelo, Texas.—We do not know the customs of San Angelo, but in metropolitan society the knife and fork are removed from the plate if it is to be sent away for replenishing. However, replenishing is not the custom, except occasionally at family dinners where a "second helping" is permissible. It is not necessary to hold the fork in one hand and the knife in the other during the absence of the plate and the San Angeliens should not do it.

Silver Bell, Orange, Texas.—Etiquette rules do not say whether or not a lady should continue keeping company with a young man who has been treating her with the highest respect for six months, but has never mentioned love to her, so you must make your own rule and do as you please.

Brown Eyes, Bristol, Tenn.—There is no set form of response to congratulation on a wedding, as no two people congratulate alike. Your response should meet the conditions of the congratulation. The most common response is simply to thank the congratulator for his good wishes. (2) A man introducing his wife to his brother or sister follows no rules, but does it in the most informal and hearty way he knows how.

C. B., Lewisburg, W. Va.—Presents are not expected in response to announcements of weddings. Un-

less you are a close friend of one of the parties or both, don't send a present. F. S. Present giving is getting to be almost as much of a nuisance in this country as tipping.

Cow Girl, Mt. Bullion, Cal.—A lady may dance as often as she pleases with a man during an evening, but if she does it too often she is likely to hear disagreeable comments upon her preference. Use your own good sense. (3) Some girls would not marry a man who would not give them an engagement ring and some would. You do as you please, as there is no rule.

Brown Eyes, Jefferson City, Mo.—We are not so choosy of the etiquette of kissing and we don't know whether it is bad form or not for a gentleman to put "X. X." on a post-card to a lady, but we hardly think it sufficient to snub him as you say you have done. It is proper to object to kissing, but you needn't be rabid about it. Is X a sign of a kiss?

Waiting, Manchester, N. H.—The man usually finds the hymn when at church with a lady. (2) The man should follow the lady into the street or unless the other ladies waiting are of his party, when he should assist them unless they have escorts. He may remain to assist a strange lady on to the car if she is old or unable to help herself, but not as a matter of politeness merely. His first politeness is to the lady he is with.

Subscriber, Kansas City, Mo.—When a person introducing another forgets either name, he should beg pardon and ask what it is, though most introductions are made in such a way that names are often quite neglected. Usually after introductions if people find each other interesting enough to talk to long, they ask the name (2) In going to a country minister to be married in an informal way, the bride keeps on her hat and wrap, unless it is heavy one for outdoor wear.

Farmer Girl, St. Cloud, Minn.—Ordinarily we are opposed to girls of nineteen marrying, but as you are all farmers together and social life is not at its best and there is a good man with a good home waiting for you, we think you are not taking a great risk in marrying now.

Miss B. M., Andrews, N. C.—If you answer the letter of a young man asking you to correspond with him, that is sufficient consent to the correspondence, unless you tell him you cannot write to him. You do not have to say in so many words that you are willing to write. Telling him you are glad to hear from him is enough. Also tell him when he asks if he can come to see you that you will be very glad to have him come. Answer such questions by your feelings and not by rules of etiquette.

Country Girl, Cochran, Pa.—Arriving at a supper, festival, or dance the lady waits at the inner door until her escort joins her, or he waits for her if he is there first. (2) If you don't want the young man to put his arm around you, tell him in a way that he will understand what you mean what you say, and not in the way most girls do, which means nothing. (3) Brothers are usually willing to let some other young fellow take a sister home from any affair to which they have taken her, but the brother's consent must be asked.

Visit to the Sick Room

By Orin Edison Crooker

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MOST of us are called upon now and then to visit someone who is seriously ill or who has been incapacitated and perhaps confined to the bed for a period of months or years. It is with some hesitation we face what to most of us is little short of an ordeal. Can we speak the right word? What shall we talk about? How shall we express our sorrow and our sympathy?

Naturally, one's conduct in the sick-room will be very different under different circumstances. In all cases it will be best for the patient if we do not allow our sympathy to gain the upper hand. Unless we can visit the invalid with a cheerful face we best not go at all. "Auntie Doleful" has no place in the sick-room. Undoubtedly, we will feel deeply sympathetic but it will be best to make as little allusion to our own feelings as possible. It will certainly not improve the patient's state of mind if we dwell at length upon how miserable it makes us feel to see him in his present condition. If we can think of nothing else to say our visit will quite likely make him feel worse instead of better.

A young clergyman was once asked to call upon a man who had been bedridden for over twenty years. He went to the house and found the object of his visit to be almost totally paralyzed—his limbs shrunken and shriveled. It was a most pitiful case and the clergyman was naturally profuse in his expressions of sympathy. When he arose to go, the sick one surprised him by saying: "Young man, when you come again don't tell me how sorry you are to see me in this condition. I know you're sorry. You couldn't be otherwise. The whole world is sorry. I know, because I've heard it express its sympathy every day for twenty years. When you come again bring along the funniest story you know of. Help me to forget my condition. Don't remind me of it. I have to think of it enough without having everyone remind me of it whenever they come to see me."

It was a well-meant rebuke, and the recollection of it has come to this clergyman in scores of sick-rooms since that time and frequently caused him to forbear from a too open expression of the feelings in his heart.

Of course one may not indulge in the funny story or amusing anecdote in every sick-room by any means. There are sick-rooms into which one is ushered only on the understanding that no word will be spoken—or only a brief one at most. At these times a silent pressure of the hand is usually more eloquent of meaning than words. If words are spoken let them be words of encouragement and good cheer rather than of sympathy. And before entering the room as well as after leaving let there be no whispered conversation within the hearing of the one who lies ill. These things, by exciting the curiosity of the patient, are always harmful.

A mistake that many people frequently make in the course of a visit to the sick is to tell them that they are not in as bad a condition as some one else, or that they might be a great deal worse than they are. There is nothing cheering, nothing of sympathy, nothing of comfort about such a remark. The condition of someone else does

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not as a rule concern the one who just then has so many troubles of his own. Nor does it lighten his difficulties to tell him that these might be worse! Such sympathy is well meant, no doubt, but it is far from comforting.

With patients who are too weak to talk the bedside visit will of course be brief. It is when the patient is not so ill but that a few visitors are permitted that his case is more likely to be jeopardized by the thoughtlessness of the one who comes to see him. At such times care should be taken not to say anything that will shake the sick one's faith in his physician or nurse. For yourself, you are privileged to feel that Dr. Smith who has the case is totally incompetent—but if you do, at least keep it to yourself. If you can do so without being hypocritical speak a word of commendation for both nurse and doctor. It will strengthen the confidence of the patient and lend strength toward his recovery.

Above all, when visiting the sick, let your conversation deal largely with other things than sickness and disease. Be cheerful, optimistic, encouraging. A few words of this kind will often do more than medicine. And guard against staying too long! Let the visit be brief rather than tedious. Leave before the patient begins to hope you will soon take your departure. Sometimes a single flower left in his hand at parting so that he may handle it and smell its perfume will be more appreciated than a large bouquet whose very luxuriance will perhaps remind him of floral offerings at a funeral.

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VETERINARY INFORMATION

Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

LAMENESS; SORE.—I have a driving mare eight years old that is lame in her right hind leg and left front foot. When she is standing she always rests them on the toe of hind foot and sets the front foot out. Hind foot she sets forward and out from body. Kind of a spreading position, but not always. When she is in lot she humps the soft muddy corner to stand in, and lifts first one foot and then the other. Just keeps it up all the time just tramping, tramping. I can't see anything wrong only little soft puffs on ankle joint or just about the joint on the bone. It may be in the cords or joints. I don't know where the lameness is. She seems little lame when she comes out of barn, but does not limp only a little, while after a little exercise she seems all right and drives very free. She seems a little stiff, and has a few little wrinkles on front hoofs just about an inch below the hair. Haven't had her long. (2) I have a cow seven or eight years old. At first she had hard lump on bag just about where it joins body, and about a year ago they cut it out and it has never healed and remains a running sore. Seems worse when cow is fresh. She licks it lots like it pained her. The sore is almost between front teats. Three families use her milk. Is it fit to use, and what can be done for her?

A.—It is impossible to confidently diagnose such a case of lameness without making an examination; but we suspect that there is bone spavin of the hind leg and navicular disease in the foot of fore leg. If you cannot employ a veterinarian blister hoof-head of fore foot and hock of hind leg with cerate of cantharides, a number of times, at intervals of three or four weeks, while mare is kept tied up in stable. (2) The tumor should not have been cut out. It may be a tubercular condition and the milk should not be used unless the tuberculin test has been applied and the cow found free from tuberculosis. Swab the sore twice daily with a two per cent. solution of permanganate of potash and twice a week, with tincture of iodine.

COUGH.—Can you tell me what is the matter with my six months' old pig? She coughs often. After reading COMFORT's Veterinary columns I think it is worms. Have given her, at three weeks' intervals, a teaspoonful of dissolved copra, but she is no better and yesterday I noticed a lump just under her throat about as large as a duck's egg. Have fed her slop of cornmeal, table scraps and milk. (2) What are the indications of cholera?

A.—Paint the lump once daily with tincture of iodine and give a dram of sulphate of iron to each eight pounds of live weight, in the slop once a day for five consecutive weeks and repeat the following week. It may be tuberculosis, in which case it will prove incurable. Iron kills intestinal worms, but not those in the lungs. (2) Cholera is chiefly indicated by death of large number of hogs, one after another in a herd. The hogs have high fever, scour, cough, have red spots on body and after death red spots are seen on lining of intestines and ulcers are seen on lining of first large intestine.

GORTER.—I have a heifer calf two months old, born with a lump on its throat which seems to be growing. Is there anything that will cure it? Please tell me what you think it is.

A.—An enlargement of the thyroid glands is present constituting "goiter." Clip off the hair and paint the part with tincture of iodine once daily. If this does not suffice five ten grains of iodide of potash twice daily in water for ten days.

QUITTON.—My son has a valuable mare broken to harness, that got her hind foot hurt with a nail just above the hoof, and it began to swell and crack open and bleed. We have bathed it with warm water and Castile soap. Also used burnt alum and tablets that the doctor gave us, but nothing seems to do any good. Could you advise us as to anything that would help her?

A.—Clip the hair from hoof-head and wash clean. Then scrape out the crack or pipe (sinus) thoroughly, inject a saturated solution of corrosive sublimate with small syringe and then poultice with hot flaxseed meal for a week. At end of that time wash again, inject again and when skin is dry blister hoof-head with cerate of cantharides. Alternate these two treatments until part is sound.

SKIN DISEASE.—I have hogs that have the mange. They get poor in the spring and their skin sheds off and some die. Their skin cracks and they seem to be terrified and are often rubbing themselves and the skin bleeding. I feed them on dry corn and keep them in rye patch and also some greens. Mrs. S. O.

A.—Where white hogs pasture rank green growths of rye or rape they tend to sun scald when exposed to hot rays of sun. This may be the cause with your hogs; otherwise the disease may be parasitic, or exema. Clean up, disinfect and whitewash with lime and wash. Dip hogs in a warm, 1-100 solution of coal tar dip and repeat as often as found necessary. Rub dry sulphur powder on skin while damp with dip solution. Better not feed corn in summer.

PUPPIES.—Is there any remedy to stop the growth of three months' old "Rat Terriers" without injury to their health or shortening their life? Mrs. W. C. B.

A.—The puppies should be allowed to grow to the size intended by nature as this could only be prevented by starve-starvation which might retard growth.

FOUNDER.—I have a mare that has foundered feet (fore). I have recently purchased her and think she was foundered when I bought her. She is doing well and she still very lame. Can I do anything to relieve the lameness? I applied cold water with but little success.

A.—Where pus forms and exudes at the point of the frog the soles have dropped and such a case is incurable. She may be able to work on soft land, however, if you dress soles with pine tar and oakum, cover with thick leather pads and then with wet webbed bar shoes. After cooling clip the hair from the hoof-head of both fore feet and blister repeatedly with cerate of cantharides at intervals of two or three weeks.

BLEEDING GROWTH.—I have a mare which has enlargement on foot something like wart. It swells very large, almost size of hen's egg. Will bleed, sometimes a quart then go down considerably, but hasn't done this in very nearly a year, and is now very small and firm. It is on back of hind foot in the hollow joint where veterinarian says it can't be cut out. Is there anything I can do to remove it? Mrs. B. C.

A.—This seems to be a dilatation of a blood vessel (aneurism) and if that is so it should not be cut. As it is not large now better leave it alone; but any time it starts to enlarge paint it with Monsell's solution of iron twice daily. This also tends to stop the bleeding.

RED WATER.—We have a young cow who has just had one calf, and lately when she voids water she passes blood with it, perhaps once a day. Is there anything that could be given to cure it and what is the cause of it?

A.—An examination would be necessary to determine the cause of the condition present, as sometimes it is due to the presence of a growth in the vagina or bladder. Often it is caused by acid plants in the pasture, or by moldy feed. It is then termed "red water." Remove possible causes. Give a dram of dried sulphate of iron in the feed night and morning for five consecutive days if cow is pregnant, however, is scarcely safe if cow is pregnant.

DEPRAVED APPETITE.—I have a mule that eats his manure when he is worked hard. I will appreciate any information that you will give me to stop him from eating it.

A.—Bed stall will sawdust or planing mill shavings. If these can be obtained. Indigestion is the cause of depraved appetite and worms often are present. Allow free access to rock salt. Mix a teaspoonful of bifluoride of soda and two of powdered charcoal in each feed. Lessen grain feed and see that mule is worked or exercised every day. If worms pass in manure

mix in the feed twice daily for ten days a table-spoonful of a mixture of two parts salt and one part each of dried sulphate of iron and sulphur; then skip ten days and repeat. Omit iron for a pregnant mare.

ULCERS.—I had a sick dog. His mouth starts with ulcer sores, and spreads to his throat and then to his stomach and through him. The last two days he lived he passed blood. I have another dog taken the same way. Please advise me what to do for him.

A.—We suspect some irritant in the feed. Feed oatmeal porridge and soup and keep dog from eating garbage of any sort. If mouth is sore swab twice daily with a one per cent. solution of permanganate of potash. If any ulcer is tardy in healing paint it with tincture of iodine after a thorough scraping.

STAGGERS.—I have a mare seven years old, feed good corn and clover hay. She has a good appetite and is as fat as she can be, but when we drive her a little distance she breaks out in a sweat and gives out and staggers home. I think she has either worms or lice. Please tell me what you think and give me a cure. I have noticed some worms pass from her but didn't think they would make her so soft.

A.—Have her clipped and do not feed corn or green grass in summer. Let her live on whole oats, wheat bran and mixed hay. Give the drinking water before feeding and do not feed bulky feed at noon or work her soon after a meal. If so treated she should get along better. Indigestion is present in such cases. If she has worms and is in foal mix in her feed night and morning for ten days, a table-spoonful of a mixture of equal parts of salt and sulphur; then skip ten days and repeat. If she is not in foal add a dram of dried sulphate of iron to each dose of the above medicine. See that the collar fits properly. Tight collars are apt to cause staggers. She must be worked or abundantly exercised every day.

BITTER MILK.—My wife takes COMFORT and for the benefit of your veterinary information I will say in answer to Miss A. S. in July number in regard to her cow giving bitter milk that the cow gets the bitter weeds out of the hay fed to her. There is a weed in Alabama that makes the milk so bitter it can't be used; it has a yellow bloom in top at about one foot high.

A.—It is quite true that some feeds and weeds tend to cause bitter milk; but the common cause is bacteria, as stated in this department and the farm department of COMFORT. We are obliged to our correspondent for his timely hint.

DARK URINE.—I have a mare that every little while her urine turns dark, and sometimes it is black. Have tried different things but they only help her for a period of perhaps two weeks. What can I do for her? She doesn't seem sick but sweats easily.

A.—At such times the mare is threatened with azoturia, in which disease the hind legs lose their power and the animal may die. The cause is lack of exercise or work for one or more days while the usual amount of oats or other rich feed is fed. Never let her stand a single day idle in the stable and when there is no work for her to do stop feeding oats. Any time the urine turns dark in color feed a bran mash, stop grain and dissolve a table-spoonful of saltpeter in the drinking water once a day, besides giving lots of exercise.

CLOUDY EYE.—I have a mare, in good condition, that has a milky color in her right eye. The sight is not injured. It was caused by being in the eye with the whip-lash. Do you know any remedy that will remove the milky color without injury to the eye?

A.—The condition may prove incurable, as a cataract may have formed. Paint the eye once daily for ten days with a solution of two grains of nitrate of silver in an ounce of distilled water to be kept in a blue glass bottle.

WEAK FOAL.—I am writing in regard to a colt a week old. He cannot stand. He got up on his feet but trembles and falls right down. He is a large colt and in good flesh. The mare is in good health and has plenty of milk. Do you think it would pay to raise him, if he will get over it, and what could I do for him?

A.—It certainly pays to attempt the raising of such a foal, for in many instances, if hand fed, the foal gathers strength and turns out well. If the condition, however, comes from infection of the navel, and that often is the case, recovery is unlikely. Hand rub the joints and muscles three times a day. Give mother's milk from a bottle six times a day and twice a day hold foal up so that it can suck. Keep it in a well ventilated, clean box stall and turn it often if it cannot rise. Feed mare well on whole oats, bran and mixed hay.

WART.—I have a hog that has something like a wart on its mouth about the size of a thimble. It bleeds at times. The hog seems to be well and hearty.

A.—Cut out the wart and apply Monsell's powder or solution to stop the bleeding. If you do not care to do this saturate the wart once daily with glacial acetic acid.

SPLINT.—I have a horse seven years old. He has a splint on his left fore leg just below his knee on the inside. It is about as large as a partridge's egg. It doesn't hurt him now any. It has been there for two years.

A.—The splint cannot be removed and should be let alone as interference may do more harm than good. It is a bony growth, fully organized. Treatment to be effective must be given when the splint is starting to grow.

The Crack in the Heart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

Its quiet sleep of the centuries at the mountain's foot, nor the musically running waters of the Rhine that he sometimes heard in unconscious moments like strains of a half forgotten song. It was the crumbling of the structure of a life hope; but his decision was reached.

"I got the money," he said quietly; and he told the surgeon all.

It was decided and arranged. As he turned to go the surgeon put out his hand and clasped Deutchy's big red one. They formed a strange contrast; the slim, polished, handsome physician, the bulky, uncouth German, but the surgeon saw through the shell of the other's exterior to the manhood, white souled and manly, beneath.

"Do you want to see him?" Deutchy's eyes spoke his answer.

The surgeon led him down the aisle of coats from which men stared with newly awakened wonder at the big form whose shoulders hung so oddly to a coat where a little figure, wan faced and yellow headed, was dozing.

Deutchy paused beside the bed. Pete's eyes opened dreamily, then his thin arms shot straight out.

"Deutchy!" One word, that was all, but it was the human soul's cry of longing fettered by artificial human speech.

The high, joyous and the deep rumble mingled in rapid, joyous conversation for many minutes then Pete's white face shadowed. He drew Deutchy down close to him; his eyes were full of a deep troubled horror.

"Deutchy, can't I walk again?" he whispered. Deutchy started; Pete's eyes were searching his soul like the thrusting of a fine needle.

"Mein Gott! but you will!" With his words, deep toned and hard, he beat down and out the horror in the boy's eyes; and Pete believed for Deutchy had said it.

From the hospital Deutchy went straight to Porter who had placed his funds for him.

"Why, you blamed fool!" Porter snapped. "Think what you're giving up, man, for a little tenement kid that nobody cares a snap for; probably they didn't want him when he came, but they couldn't help themselves. Think, man, think! don't let your heart run away with your head; you have been working and saving for years for this opportunity to go home; and I've been glad to help you; but as far as giving you your money for any such nonsensical purpose, I simply shall not." He whirled to his desk.

Deutchy was silent for a moment; then a great fire seemed to creep through his frame, leap from his eyes and hiss from his lips.

"Yah, you will!" The roar of the flames was in his voice.

For a long, full, strained moment Porter stared at him; and the keen business brain was working hard behind the cold eyes; slowly a look of

Stir him up! Scold if necessary! Make him change the color of his gray mustache.

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realization and understanding tinged with admiration gathered in his face; the hard lining of the lines of his face loosened. He fingered the pages of a check book in front of him.

"Deutchy," he said gently, "there's a big crack in your heart or you wouldn't have done this; but what God has done man can't change nor remedy. I think I understand: I didn't suppose you thought so much of the kid—I—I—beg your pardon for what I said. I'll get the money; and add a little of my own for a little vacation you both can take; and by the way there's a place in the factory for you at lighter work and higher wages."

The look came again into Deutchy's face; his mind could not fathom such rapid mental changes, but he knew the great value of what Porter had given him.

The evening after the successful operation Deutchy was at Pete's bedside, a great peace in his heart that transfigured his heavy, coarse face as if with touches of mystic sunshine from a more sunny land than ours.

"Deutchy, men you'll stick together till we die, won't we Deutchy?"

And Deutchy's deep-lunged voice sealed the compact.

"That's vat, Pete, till we die."

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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

VACATION is over and I am glad to get with my COMFORT boys again. I hope you have all made the most of the summer to build up your strength and health by exercise in the open air and to acquire an acquaintance with nature in the fields, woods, streams and ponds, and to gain practical knowledge of things that are hard to learn from books, but are none the less useful to know. Boys ought to learn something useful in their play. Some schools now teach the children how to play. The teachers show them new games and lead them in sports which develop their muscle and quicken their wits and test their grit. That is one of the purposes for which I am striving through my work in the "Corner for Boys." But my efforts will be of little value without your strict attention to what I say and show you from month to month. Many boy readers write and ask me to send them plans or directions which have been printed in some previous number of COMFORT, and which they should have kept. Don't do that, because I can't spare the time to answer such inquiries. Cut the "Corner for Boys" out of COMFORT each month and paste it into a scrap book, and then you will have all these plans and directions ready at hand whenever you require them.

Seed Box

When the season arrives for the selection and preservation of seeds, it is well to have some convenient receptacle in which they may be kept during the winter. The picture is a suggestion along this line which you will do well to follow. The box should be neatly and strongly put together. Put in the long partition and the twelve short ones and see that they fit snugly, each one in its own place. When they have been fitted, remove them, and nail the short ones to the long one. Small nails are used and driven slantwise, one at the top and one at the bottom. Now place the whole thing into the box and drive your nails from the outside in. Fig. 2 is the joint used at the corner. Fig. 3 shows the hinge plan. Label each cell with pencil and you are ready to proceed along exact and methodical lines.

Prairie Dogs

For several years past, the United States Government has been waging a war of extermination against the prairie dogs of the Western states. These little animals have proven to be great crop destroyers, and multiply so rapidly that they are a great menace. One government official recognized as the official poisoner, killed over a half million in less than one year. He was paid one and a quarter cent per head, and his salary amounts to nearly one thousand dollars a month. The poison used is furnished him by the government.

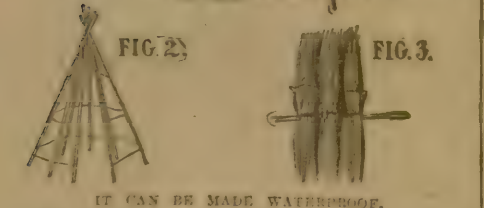
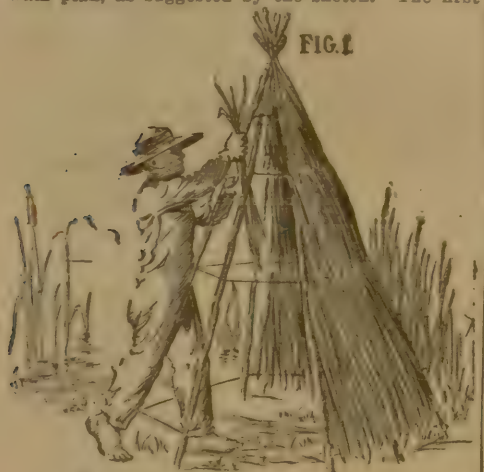
Hygrometer

This rudimentary hygrometer consists of a small panel suspended by a piece of twisted gut.

The panel is arranged so it will slide freely up and down the grooves in the frame. Preceding a rain the air gets moist and the gut will soften and expand, permitting the panel to drop until the indicator points to "rain." In dry weather the gut contracts and draws the panel upward. The panel must be made of tin or heavier sheet metal and must be delicately balanced. Fig. 3 shows each part clearly. "W" is the wire indicator, "C" is the gut, and "C" is the marked panel. A cigar box, standing on end would do nicely for the frame.

A Wigwam

When camping near a lake or river, if you have no other means of shelter, you might try a wigwam plan, as suggested by the sketch. The first

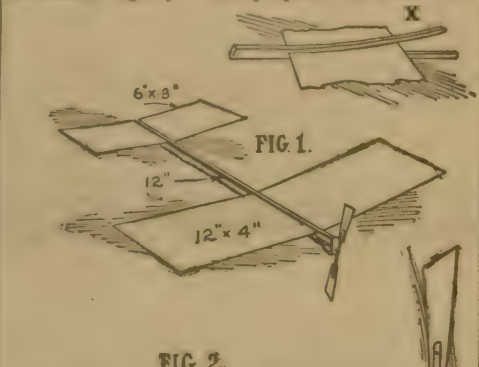


part of the work is to arrange poles as shown in Figure 2. The poles may be cut from brushy trees, and should be nine or ten feet in length. The tops are tied together with rope or wire. The same is used to connect the wigwam every foot or so. You must now gather a quantity of long reeds. Begin at the bottom and tie in small bundles as in Figure 3. The next course above

overlaps the lower one so that the water will be deflected off. This process is continued until the skeleton work is covered. You can then go over the whole, and patch up wherever needed. Two layers of covering will make the tent impervious to all kinds of weather.

Aeroplane Model

This is the simplest kind of power aeroplane model. It is just the thing for the beginner to try his hand at. First we need a long, straight stick, a foot or more in length and about a quarter inch square. It must be straight-grained so that the ends may be split as shown by "X." Insert cardboard planes in the split ends as shown and tie up the extreme ends so as to hold the cardboard tightly. The propeller is made of a



split stick with cardboard pieces for blades in each end. "Y" shows the position of the splits to each other. They cross each other like an X, only one is at each end. A piece of tin strip is tied and tacked on as in Fig. 2, to receive the propeller shaft. The shaft is a short piece of wire hooked at one end to hold the rubber bands which when twisted and released give the power. To use the aeroplane turn the propeller fifty times and then release it. The plane will soar one hundred feet. It may take twenty trials before you are satisfied but do not get discouraged.

The Numerals

The desperate looking Arab in this picture is not the harmful individual that he appears to be.

Indeed he has given to civilization its most valuable and ingenious device, the nine numerals. Without them, or something just as good, the world would still be peopled by savages and wild men. The Arabs arranged their figures by means of angles. Notice that the unit "1" has one angle, "2" has two angles, and all the others likewise. The picture shows the original form of the numbers. As time went on it was only natural that they would change a little, but you can see for yourself that our numerals today are nearly the same as the Arabs used centuries ago. The biggest change is the use of curves instead of angles.

In Paris there are several moving picture shows where performances are given in broad daylight. The screen used is slightly tinted with rose color and dark curtains are hung a short distance in front of it. The spectators see the pictures as clearly as though the theater was in darkness. It is possible to read a book or paper, if bored while the picture is being shown. Another system substitutes a pane of glass for the commonly used screen. The glass is illuminated from behind, the surface that faces the audience being rough.

From Soil to Table

A Missouri man in an attempt to establish a record went into his wheat field, cut and threshed the grain and succeeded in getting it on the table in the form of bread in eleven minutes. A Kentucky man without any intention of doing anything wonderful, cut a quantity of wheat at nine o'clock in the morning. Two hours later he threshed it and at three o'clock the same day delivered it to a mill. At five o'clock he received his flour and at six sat down to a fine meal of biscuits which had been in the form of standing grain nine hours before. The record is remarkable because no part of the work was premeditatedly hurried.

Cutting the Apple

The lad is trying to figure out how to cut the apple in five pieces with two strokes of the knife. You will notice over his head is a view of the five pieces he must have. It is quite easy to do but if you fail to do it after a good deal of trying we will show you how in next month's COMFORT. Be sure and get it.

September Nuts to Crack

No. 1. In eight years a boy will be three times as old as he was eight years ago. How old is he?
No. 2. Find four consecutive numbers whose sum is 82.
No. 3. A stick of timber 40 feet long is sawed in two. One part is two thirds as long as the other. Required the length of each.

There are some good articles here and you should try your hand at making them according to directions. Do not choose the easiest, but rather one that will give you a hard tussle, for that is the way to learn. To play checkers with an easy opponent is to teach him your tricks, to play with a hard one whom you seldom defeat, is to learn new tricks. If you are over fifteen you may try to make the hardest, if younger try an easier one.

Good by till we meet in October.
UNCLE JOHN.



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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

the time is close at hand when we can cast our vote for I don't believe our votes could be bought as they buy the votes of the men. What do you think about it, Uncle?

I live in sunny Tennessee, about thirty miles north-east of Nashville; I was raised at Bloomington, Ill. I have been married four years, to one of the best men in the world. I think so at least.

Well, I promised to not stay long so I will describe myself as the other cousins do and then say au revoir. I am five feet six inches tall, weigh one hundred and forty-five pounds, have dark brown hair, blue eyes and fair complexion. Before I close, dear Uncle, I just want to say that my husband is a great admirer of you. He reads every bit of your talks and answers to the cousins' letters each month. He says you are a grand man. So you see he loves you too. I for one would like to shake that noble right hand of yours.

Wow! be glad to hear from any of the cousins. Will answer all favors addressed to me. With much love to you Uncle and regards to all of the cousins and COMFORT readers, I am your loving niece,
ELLEN JOHNSON. (League No. 36,560.)

Thank you, dear friend, for all the lovely things you say about me and my work. I have not, however, published your letter because of the bouquets it contains. You will have the right to vote very soon, dear friend. The Woman's Suffrage movement is now like a mighty steam roller that will instantly crush out any opposition that dares to stand in its way. There was a wonderful parade of women suffragists in New York lately. Fifteen thousand women marched shoulder to shoulder. Women of wealth and social prominence, women distinguished in art, literature and the professions, nurses, doctors, teachers, lawyers, writers, artists, scientists, marched shoulder to shoulder with their humbler sisters of the sweat shop, tenement and factory, and behind them, to their eternal credit, marched hundreds of the most prominent men in New York, famous college professors, men whose names are known the world over, men prominent in every movement for the uplift of the race, all marching for a great principle, the eternal principle of justice, liberty, the square deal and equal rights for all; not for men only, but for all women as well, for if woman has no right to vote, then by the eternal power that rules above, man has no right either. The parade was witnessed by a million people, who watched the marchers swing by with respect and admiration, whereas five years ago they would have jeered and booed at them, because lunkhead male hoodlums always hoot at every idea that is new to them or that forces the sluggish mush they call brains from the stolid inertia in which such mush slumbers into sufficient action as to compel it to acquire a new thought, a new view-point on a proposition which hitherto such apologies for brains had never been called on to consider. Once, however, the male mush tank is pried open with the can opener of common sense and intelligence, and the painful process of assimilating a new idea has been gone through, then the lordly male begins to change his point of view. It is a painful process at first. He gibes, jeers and sneers, hurls ridicule, and finding more progressive people scoffing at him finally veers round, changes front, and being forced to acknowledge that the idea is based on the eternal principle of righteousness and justice, actually sees good in it himself, and sneaks shamefaced into the tail end of the procession which has forced him against his will along the highways of progress. The one great cardinal crime against the human race, a crime for which it is ready to rend, torture and slay you is to spring a new idea on it. Christ came with new ideas and they crucified him. The human race would rather rot in a dungeon cell in chains than listen gladly to the man who told the race how with a little exertion it could get rid of these chains. It's this mental sloth that puts a few in the saddle, and makes the masses do the mule-and-horse act from the cradle to the grave, their noses to the ground, drawing heavy burdens all through their lives. Not until the steam roller of progress comes along and the standpat human lunkhead sees that he must get out of the way or be crushed and pulverized under the oncoming mighty mass of steel, does he get a wiggle on and move ahead. God Almighty, however, engineers the steam roller of progress, and those who won't move ahead with it, or ahead of it, must be crushed beneath it. So my dear friend, you will have an opportunity to vote for a president very soon. It is lovely of you to wish to vote me into the presidential chair, and if I had not already consumed so much space replying to your letter, I would tell you what I would do if I got there. I may tell you, however, the last thing I would wish to be at the present time is President of the United States. As I told you before, the masses of the people hate new ideas, even though those ideas would prove their salvation, they would rend the man in pieces who tried to make them think along other than their accustomed lines of thought. My government would be a government that concerned human needs, human beings and human welfare, a government that would go

down to bed rock and deal with causes and not tinker with effects, a government that would deal with the real problems of life, the problems of empty cupboards and hungry stomachs, with a view that all humanity might be benefited and made happy, healthy and contented, instead of a government of political thimble riggers, a government of bosses and dollars, concerned not with the happiness and welfare of the many, but the selfish interests of a few. The country is not ripe for such a government. The can opener of intelligence will have to circumnavigate millions of human heads before the brains within them will be willing to listen to the trump of the angel of progress. Tongues that speak with words of fire, pens that flash a myriad lightning bolts of inspiring thought, that by their contact turn to white heat the aspirations and desires

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

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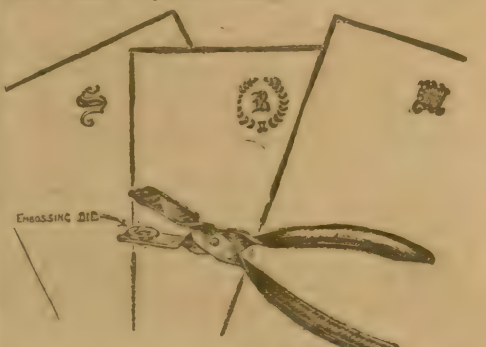
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The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Miss L. D. Cleveland, O.—Your sallow complexion and anemic condition may be improved by the following treatment: Tincture nux vomica, three drams; tincture calumba, one ounce; compound tincture enough to make four ounces in all. Take one teaspoonful in water before each meal. Also take one or two one grain tablets of reduced iron after each meal. Eat the most easily digested food, chew thoroughly before swallowing, drink no tea or coffee, and practice deep breathing every morning before dressing and at an open window, and frequently through the day when in the open air. Get the oxygen, plenty of it, into your lungs and blood.

E. M. D., Denver, Col.—Milk and buttermilk are very excellent substitutes for coffee and tea, and they will probably effect the assimilation of food you do not now have. If more people took sweet milk and buttermilk instead of tea and coffee they would be in better health. To increase your weight try two teaspoonfuls of the best condensed milk in a cup of hot water with a pinch of salt in it, every night before retiring. Eat a cracker with it, or a little bread.

L. B., Hillsboro, Oregon.—Medicine will not cure blushing. It is a result of nervousness and an excess of self-consciousness. Don't think about yourself when in company, or if you do, then forget you have nerves. By a little exercise of will power to keep your mind on other people and away from yourself you will only blush when it is the proper thing to do.

T. G. S., New Orleans, La.—Facial neuralgia, tic-douloureux, is one of the worst pains that flesh is heir to, and it is practically incurable, though it may be controlled and greatly relieved by competent treatment. We would suggest that if you will be careful of your digestion and keep it at its best, your nerves will respond favorably and you will be less liable to such severe pains. The nerves are quickly affected by stomach disorder.

R. M., Paterson, N. J.—It is a patent medicine, and you had better follow directions if you use it at all for freckles. Some freckles are really small moles and it is practically impossible to remove them. The simple spots that come from sun exposure may be treated with the freckle lotions usually found in drug-stores.

B. F. D., Napa, Cal.—Warts on the face and hands are not uncommon among children, and they are usually due to a run-down condition of the system. The skin loses its vitality and the warts result. Where they are numerous rub with zinc ointment. Constitutional treatment may be necessary, and you should consult a physician. (2) See advertised remedies in COMFORT for the other trouble. If they fail, consult a physician.

M. H., Denhoff, N. Dak.—There is nothing dangerous in a slight cough in the morning when you get up, and if you will take a pinch of soda in a glass of water it will probably disappear. Or a plain glass of hot water will answer, perhaps.

B. A. A., Oroville, Wash.—Uncooked cereals are those which are served without cooking, as many breakfast foods are now made. Cereals of this kind should not be kept too long before eating as they are apt to deteriorate, after being opened and exposed to air and flies.

Eva, North Creek, N. Y.—We think you are having almost a case of nervous indigestion. The dimness of vision, the difficulty of breathing, the nervous twitching of the skin and the yellow color would indicate that your stomach is not taking proper care of the food you are giving it, and you are not giving it the proper kind of food. Stop the tea and coffee, eat milk, eggs, rice, whole-wheat bread, or dry toasted bread, fruit, raw and cooked and other simples that you can assimilate and never swallow a mouthful until you have thoroughly masticated it. Eat no pork, potatoes, sweets, nor rich foods, or pastry. Lamb and chicken may be taken in small quantities. In the meantime talk to a doctor.

Mrs. W. J. S., Coldwater, Kans.—As we have often said in this column we repeat, as it seems to be necessary, whenever there is any trouble with the eyes, don't try to cure them yourself, but go at once to a physician who can prescribe properly. Sight is worth too much to neglect its preservation.

S. J. B., Salt Lake City, Utah.—Your tonsils are affected which causes the soreness in your throat, especially when you get cold. Your nervous condition also aggravates it. Now that your general health is improving, you will find your throat will trouble you less. It is sometimes necessary to remove the tonsils, but the operation is a very simple one. Your home doctor will tell you about that. Gargle salt water, or peroxide of hydrogen in water for temporary relief, or any sore throat remedy. The disease called tonsillitis is infectious to some extent, and you should take care that your trouble does not go so far as that.

N. B., Hemingford, Nebr.—It may be set down as a safe conclusion that when a person whose general health seems to be good except a bad taste on rising in the morning, the digestion is bad and dieting should be begun until the stomach is restored to its proper activity. Bad taste and bad breath come from fermentation of food in the stomach which should have been digested over night.

F. A., Malden, N. Y.—So-called head noises are due sometimes to some inflammation or disease of the organs of hearing, but oftener from catarrh which affects the eustachian tubes. Only by examination can the cause be known, and the remedy applied. (2) Absent-mindedness may not be cured, possibly, but it can be relieved by the exercise of one's will not to be forgetful. Don't dream while you are awake, in other words. (3) Sleepiness if prolonged during the waking hours, is an indication of an abnormal condition of the system which may be premonitory of disease, or merely a sign of the need of something bracing, either a change of food, scene, or climate.

E. L., Clare, Mich.—The youthful turning of the hair white is not to be cured, as it is an inherited predisposition. Many young women are white haired when still in their twenties, and nowadays it is considered

to be a mark of beauty, as it certainly is no sign of age.

M. P., Gholson, Miss.—Brown patches on the skin, sometimes called "liver spots", are due to various causes, and in ordinary cases may be removed or much improved by applying the following, which is also good for freckles: Sulpho-carbide of zinc, two parts; glycerine, twenty-five parts; rosewater, twenty-five parts; alcohol, five parts. Apply twice a day, leave on for half an hour or more and wash off with cold water. An excellent application for the skin, face or hands is made with four parts of the simplest food, you may not need an emetic to relieve the stomach. A week or so at a time of such dieting will be very beneficial.

C. A. D., Gridley, Kans.—Care should be used in administering emetics as they are depressing in their effects. There are many kinds, but that most in use is mustard in hot water for all simple cases. Make it strong or weak as may be needed. Salt in hot water is also used, and in many cases plain hot water will answer. An emetic draught is compounded as follows: Tartarized antimony, one grain; ipecacuanha wine, two drams; water, ounce and a half. Take one half and repeat in twenty minutes, if the first dose does not act. If you will eat less and only the simplest food, you may not need an emetic to relieve the stomach. A week or so at a time of such dieting will be very beneficial.

M. S., Whitehall, N. Y.—Ordinary vermicifuges are not efficient in case of hook-worms, which are very dangerous, but a remedy which is absolutely sure if taken in time, is now in the hands of physicians and boards of health and you should apply for it at once. You cannot cure yourself.

Discouraged, Illinois, Mo.—The only way to cure a disease is to get rid of the cause and as long as you live in the neighborhood of a swamp you may expect to have that tired feeling, that pain in the back, that slight touch of fever and other malarial disturbances. As your neighbors tell you, you may get used to it, but you'll have it just the same. Get away somewhere to the high and the dry land if you want to feel good and enjoy life.

I. F., Poage's Mill, Va.—Bicarbonate of soda is the cheapest and best simple remedy to neutralize acid in the blood. Take a half teaspoonful in a glass of water, hot or cold, night and morning and half an hour after meals. Continue it for a month, then take it only in the morning, increasing it if you feel the need after meals. It is harmless if not taken to excess and is an excellent aid to digestion. Be careful of your diet and swallow no food that is not thoroughly masticated. Stop the coffee drinking, or take it more than half milk, and only a cup once a day.

M. A. S., Burling, Maine.—Plenty of people have worried themselves sick when nothing was the matter and that is what you are doing. If there is anything that will make a swelling of the flesh under the skin grow into a cancer it is worry and fear that it is cancer. You are nervous and at your time of life a woman can scare herself to death if she keeps her mind on it. Take your doctor's advice and don't ever think about cancer until he tells you you have it. By that time, we think you will be too old to care what you have except a nice funeral.

Inquirer, Walker, Miss.—If you have no trouble from your stomach so long as you take the medicine your doctor prescribes, why do you stop it and bring the trouble on again? We are not great believers in taking medicine, but when its good effects are so apparent as in your case, it should be continued until a cure is effected. Your stomach needs the medicine, therefore continue until it does not. (2) Simple and vigorous massaging with the hands is about the best remedy for cramps in the legs. Rub downward, good and strong.

Hayseed, Jamaica, Ia.—Tonics are given to improve the tone or strength of the system by acting on the muscular fibers through the nerves. They are stimulants, but differ from ordinary stimulants in the permanence of their effects. If too long continued they act as irritants and are hurtful. Iron is one of the principal tonics and has the same effect upon either sex, the blood of each being the same.

A. K., Hedlin, Ala.—An ingrowing nail may be relieved, or cured, by nothing at all at the top and scraping the nail thin along the center, so as to take the pressure from the sides. Lift the edges from the sides, clip them off and place cotton under them to keep them away from the flesh.

C. L., Supply, Okla.—Callosities, or corns, on the bottom of the feet, trouble a good many people and they are difficult to remedy as the cause—pressure—is always present. Soak the feet in hot water and pare or scrape them down as much as possible. They may be rubbed down with sandpaper, or a corn file. Large soft corn-plasters may be worn to protect them, or relieve them from the direct pressure. You should go to a chiropodist and have him put your feet in condition.

Miss F. E., Concordia, Kans.—Causes of headache are almost beyond number, and one that is least thought of by most people who don't know what the matter is, is the eyes. If you do not use glasses and your eyes are weak, we advise that you try glasses for your headache. Glasses, properly adjusted and not guessed at, have cured many headaches.

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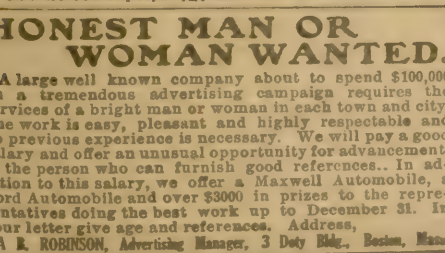
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Creatures of Destiny

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

Larry stepped out of the shadow, the dog fawned upon him and barking in a friendly way.

"Who is it?" asked the marquis, in a low voice—the voice of the man who labors under a physical disadvantage, the voice of the deaf and the blind and the lame.

"It's me, my lord—Larry Harding," said Larry. "Down, Boris. Down, good dog."

"Larry? Oh, the fisher boy—the boy from the mill?" said the marquis, with a smile—again the smile of the deaf, the blind or the lame, the smile that speaks of patience, resignation.

"I've seen you coming to the house with fish, have I not? Boris seems to know you."

"Yes, my lord," said Larry.

"What are you doing here in the woods? Not that you are not welcome," said the marquis, his eyes—they were blue, with a touch of the pathetic in their large pupils—dwell on the strong, graceful figure wistfully, a trifle enviously.

"I—I don't know," replied Larry, puzzled for a reason that wouldn't sound girlish. "I—just came. Then I heard the music—"

The marquis smiled.

"And you wanted to listen. It drew you as Apollo drew—"

he paused, as if he remembered that he was speaking to a fisher boy, who would not be likely to know much about Apollo. "Well, that's all right. You can go home across the lawn, through the wicket gate."

"Thank you," said Larry simply, and he came into the moonlight and passed the marquis.

For all their dreaminess, the latter's eyes were sharp, and he saw the blood stains on Larry's chest.

"What's that?" he said. "You are bleeding, you have hurt yourself?"

Larry colored. More fuss!

"It's nothing, my lord," he replied unconcernedly. "I was climbing the cliff—it's nothing."

The marquis beckoned him nearer, and, laying a white hand on the collar of his shirt, turned it down: then his face grew grave and his eyes stern.

"You are lying, Larry," he said quietly. "This is a cut—from a knife. You have been up to mischief. Ah, yes, I see; poaching! That's why you came to my woods!"

He looked round, and was so evidently about to call for someone that Larry, exasperated by this second unjust charge in one night, said sharply and angrily:

"No, I'm not poaching. If you'll promise not to call anyone; not—not make a fuss about it, I'll tell you."

The marquis suppressed a smile and scanned the dark, indignant eyes with a shrewdness beyond his years.

"The truth!" he said. "It was a quarrel, I suppose. Well, out with it. But the truth, please."

The two lads—the marquis was the same age as Larry—each other, the one questioning, the other with a boyish reluctance.

"I—I was stabbed," said Larry.

"Stabbed? Ah, yes, a quarrel, as I thought. Who did it? You don't want to say? That's all right. Fight and tell is almost as bad as kill and tell, I suppose."

"But I don't know," said Larry; and thereupon, with many pauses, he grudgingly told his tale.

As he proceeded, the marquis' smile faded, he had sunk under the seat and remained with his violin in his arm, touching the strings but making no sound; and his head drooped so that Larry could not see his face.

But presently he raised it, and Larry started, to see how pale it was, and how full of—was it envy in the large blue eyes?

"So you did all this; climbed that cliff—you might have been killed—to save Lady Marie's diamond clasp. And you did save it. And she thanked you, I suppose? Yes, she would."

He drew a deep sigh and his lips came together tightly, as if he were in pain. "You fought a man, risked your life, to do her a service. Oh, Larry, Larry, you are a happy boy! What I would give to change places with you! Yes! Yes! To be a fisher boy, tall and—straight and strong. You climbed the cliff—and down again. Oh!"

He rose and paced to and fro—the lump was plain enough now. Then, with his back turned to Larry, he said:

"Go, go, I don't wish you to stay!"

Larry turned without a word, but suddenly the marquis swung round.

"Stop! I—I beg your pardon; I was—forgetting. It is not your fault that you are strong and brave, and that I am what I am."

He was speaking to himself rather than to Larry. "No, it is not your fault any more than it is mine, and you have done a plucky thing—two plucky things."

While speaking he had been searching in his pockets.

"Tut, tut!" he said. "I've no money in this suit. Come to the house—"

Now, the people of Ravenford are proud. Are they not born under the shadow of Raven Castle, where pride reigns as a shadow monarch? They do not accept alms. Larry had never been offered such before in his life. He did not start melodramatically, but he looked at the marquis' face with a steadily, stolid regard which was more eloquent than words; and the marquis, who was a gentleman, and more sensitive than most, colored with swift shame.

"Forgive me!" he said, in a low voice. "You are right; you are right, and I ought not to have— But it was because I am so grateful to you; and I did not know how to show it. But I know now," he added, his pale face lighting up.

"The man—the word sounded pathetically grotesque between the two mere lads—'who—protects Lady Marie, who does her such a service as you have done, is my friend—my friend, do you understand? Shake hands, Larry!'"

He held out the long, white, musician's hand with a smile as sad as it was sweet. For a moment Larry stood silent, motionless with surprise; then, reddening, he put out his brown paw, and the white one closed over it and gripped it tightly.

And in this fashion was it that Larry's adventurous life began: with the glamour of romance above his young and unsuspecting head; with the clinking of the anvil, on which fate was riveting the chains which were to wind round the lives, the very hearts, of the girl and the two boys who played their parts in that night's work.

And while life lasted, the sound of Lady Marie's voice that night was to ring in Larry's ears; while life lasted, the grip of the marquis' hand was to hold its grip on his heart.

TO BE CONTINUED.

COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

of dull humans, thankful for a crust on the one hand, or greedy for gain on the other, must work ceaselessly for weary years before the country will be ready for the kind of government I would like to give it. You, however, my dear friend, will soon be able to vote for men inclined with the germ of progress, men who will do their part in the educational work that is necessary before the race is ready for a government for men and not for dollars.

AVOCA, WIS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Will you let an eleven-year-old girl join your companion circle? I live on a farm with my aunt. My mother is in heaven. I go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Margaret Holmes. I go to Norwegian school every day. I like to milk cows. We have got school every day at our house. It sings all the time. In a canary bird at our house. It sings all the time. It the evening it sticks its head under his wing. It looks just like you reading the COMFORT and most of all the letters. I have three sisters and one brother. I have blue eyes and dark brown hair. I weigh ninety-nine pounds. I love poetry.



Hears Church Bells After Long Deafness

For the first time in years, this good lady, who has been deaf, hears the church bells. She is in ecstasy. Only this morning has she been able to hear the rattle of her grandchildren and the voice of her daughter. Twenty-three years ago she first found herself becoming deaf and, despite numerous remedies, medical advice, hearing devices and specialists' treatments, she found it more and more difficult to hear. Of late years she was harassed by peculiar noises in the head, which added to her misery. At last she was told of a book which explains

how to regain perfect hearing without costly apparatus or drugs. She got this book and learned how to quickly become freed from deafness and head-noises. Observe her delight in this hypothetical illustration! Any reader of COMFORT who desires to obtain one of these books can do so free of cost by merely writing to the author, Dr. George E. Contant, 7 T. Station E, New York, N.Y. He will be pleased to mail it promptly, postpaid, to anyone whose hearing is not good. This offer will bring joy to many homes.

Well, I will leave some room for the other COMFORT readers. I hope to see my letter in print.
Your niece,
MILDRED PETERSON.

Mildred I shall certainly be delighted to have you join our companion circle as you call it. I am sorry you have lost your mother, dear. That is a sad loss to a little girl of only eleven years of age. It is a loss that you will feel all through life. I am glad that you realize that your mother is in heaven, and some day if you are a good girl you will be able to join her there. You say you go to a Norwegian school. Are you learning to grow up to be a Norwegian or an American? I thought Norwegian schools were only to be found in Norway. Take my advice and go to an American school. I quite recently expressed my opinion on this matter of sending children to Norwegian, German and other schools where hypernated-citizenship is fostered. I am very much interested in your canary. I had one of my own for a year, and it spent most of its time perched on the top of my bed talking or singing to me. The only time it was in its cage was when the gas was lit at night. One day it managed to get out of the window and that was last of "Pete". It's wonderful, isn't it, how those fluffy yellow balls of song, creep into our hearts, and how we learn to love them, and what a wrench it is when we lose them? In mentioning your bird you say "it sings all the time, in the evening it sticks its head under his wing." Whose wing, is it, dear, that your canary sticks its head under? I suppose it must be under your brother's wing, as he seems to be the only male member of your family, unless your uncle has wings, and if he has, he is the first uncle that ever was upholstered that way? My uncles all had whippers, but they never had wings. Your brother must be real angelic to develop wings. I know there are plenty of girl angels knocking around, but I'm from Missouri when it comes to male angels. It certainly must be some fun to see your canary sticking its head under your brother's wing if he is the one that has the flying attachment. Possibly you intended to say "in the evening it sticks its head under its wing." Let us

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

Song Writers—Send for Special Publishing Offer. KEITH'S MUSIC HOUSE, Long Beach, N. I.

\$5.00 DAILY Earned mailing booklets. Sample for stamp. Friend, 152 Miller Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR SALE Pure American Ginseng Roots and Seeds. A. J. BOWEN, MORAVIA, N. Y.

30 Comic Postals, 25 Lovers Cards, (Bushels of fun.) 10c just out. Magnus A. Hess, 637 Ashland Bldg., CHICAGO

\$2.00 A DAY earned at home writing; send stamp. Address Art College, LAPORE, IND.

SONG POEMS Wanted. Cash or royalty to you. NEEDHAM MUSIC HOUSE, 91-5, N. Laus, Mo.

Money \$ \$ FOR WISE MEN \$ \$ KEY FREE. J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.

Family Pictures Entirely New. Beautiful and cheap. Crescent Portrait Studio, 916 Madison St., Chicago.

WOMEN BE BEAUTIFUL. "Cyclopedia of Health and Beauty" tells how. Write for it. It is FREE. Hick Antiseptic Co., C 47, Mt. Vernon, O.

\$100 MONTHLY and expenses to trustworthy men and women to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer. Steady work. S. Scheller, Inc., S. W., CHICAGO

LADIES Make Shields at Home. \$10.00 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped envelope. EUNIKA CO., Dept. 21, Kalamazoo, Mich.

GOITRE Cured at home; worst cases. No Pain. No cost. 1111 LaSalle. Wonderful testimonials. Write to Goitre Co., 975 W. 63d St., Chicago, Ill.

GOLD shell Spectacles \$1 a Pair. Send for catalog. Agents wanted. Coulter Optical Co., Chicago, Ill.



FREE TAILOR BOOK
Shows how to earn this swell tailored-to-order suit in an hour. How to make \$25.00 to \$45.00 a week, just by showing your FREE SAMPLE SUIT and our beautiful samples to your friends.
Lowest Wholesale Prices
Overhead of. We pay express. Follows everywhere going wild about our styles. Finest quality guaranteed tailoring in America. We send magnificent SAMPLE OUTFIT and everything FREE. You pay nothing, sign nothing, promise nothing. Wait until you see how handsome your Free Sample Suit is before you decide to be our agent. More quick money in this than you ever thought possible. Be easy to make it, you will be astonished. Don't wait. Only One Free Sample Book given to each country. Territory going fast. Read up your name today. (Chicago Tailors' Ass'n., Dept. 331 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.)

To the Wife of One Who Drinks

I have an important confidential message for you. It will come in a plain envelope. You can conquer the liquor habit in 3 days and make home happy. Wonderful, safe, lasting, reliable, inexpensive method. EDWARD J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave.; Y 359, New York, N. Y.

"The Birth of the New Party." Greatest political book of the Century. Retail \$1.00. To agents 50c. Sample book 10c. Send quick, make \$25 daily. Nichols & Co., Naperville, Ill.

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN. Good Pay, Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give Complete Instructions. PIERMONT TOBACCO CO., Box A 28, Danville, Va.

36-Inch Tablecloth Design Stamped on Butcher Linen



ready to embroider with eyelet and solid stitches, or either you may prefer. Butcher Cloth is very satisfactory, it is durable, and when embroidered is a most finished article. Table Covers are always useful, you can't have too many, and it is desirable to have the latest styles. You know we depend on New York City, for all our fancy work ideas and are presenting only the newest things from time to time. So whatever we offer is either the most popular or the most fashionable work of the moment. This Cloth is 36 inch size is large enough for regular size table and will work out most satisfactorily. Let us have your order early for one or more. Excellent for gifts.

Club Offer. We shall send one 36x36 Cloth, design clearly and distinctly stamped, for a club of but Two subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each for 15 months.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

This Swell Suit FREE

Be Your Own Boss—\$10 a Day Easy—No Capital Needed—Thousands of Young Men Doing It. The Chance of Your Lifetime. We have the most stupendous and gorgeous Agents Outfit you ever saw, all ready to ship to you, prepaid, without question, the moment we get your name and address on a postal saying: "Send me everything free."

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It is utterly impossible for anyone who receives this outfit to fail to take orders for our snappy, hand tailored, made-to-measure suits, overcoats and pants. Experience unnecessary. Our catchy, up-to-the-minute styles and money saving prices will wipe out all competition. Orders pour in.

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Dress like a gentleman—showing the clothes you wear knocks out the very last obstacle.

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Compare our suit and our sample outfit with any other—see how much more attractive and classy are our stylish clothes and how easy we make it for you to take perfect measurements for clothes that set them all to talking. Also \$1,000 Cash Awards.

No matter who you're with compare our suit with the GREAT CENTRAL TAILORING CO., Dept. 81 Jackson Blvd. CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE to You
This Wonderful BOOK
200 Samples
60 Fashion Plates

Are You FAT?

I Was ONCE.

Reduced MYSELF.

I was Fat, Uncomfortable, Looked Old, Felt Miserable, suffered with Rheumatism, Asthma, Neuralgia. When I worked or walked, I puffed like a Porpoise. I took every advertised medicine I could find. I Starved, Sweated, Exercised, Doctored and changed climate but I ruined my digestion, felt like an invalid but steadily gained weight. There was not a single plan or drug that I heard of that I did not try. I failed to reduce my weight. I dropped society, as I did not care to be the butt of all the jokes. It was embarrassing to have my friends tell me I was getting stout, as no one knew it better than myself.

SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE

I began to study the cause of FAT. When I discovered the cause I found the remedy. The French Method gave me an insight. I improved on that. Removed the objectionable features, added more pleasant ones, and then I tried my plan on myself for a week. It worked like Magic. I could have

SCREAMED WITH JOY

at the end of the first week when the scales told me I had lost ten pounds by my simple, easy, harmless, Drugless Method. It was a pleasure then to continue until I regained my normal self in size. I feel fifteen years younger. I look fifteen years younger. My Double Chin has entirely disappeared. I can walk or work now. I can climb a mountain. I am normal in size. I can weigh just what I want to weigh. I am master of my own body now. I did not starve, but eat all I wanted to. I did not take Sweat Baths. I did not use Drugs. I used no Electricity, or harmful exercises, but I found the Simple, Safe, Common Sense WAY of reducing my weight and I applied it. I have tried it on others. My Doctor says I am a perfect picture of health now. I am no longer ailing. I am now a happy, healthy woman. Now I am going to help others to be happy. I have written a book on the subject. If you are fat, I want you to have it. It will tell you all about my Harmless, Drugless Method. To all who send me their name and address I mail it FREE, as long as the present supply lasts. It will save you Money, Save you from Harmful Drugs, Save you from Starvation Diets, Harmful Exercises, possibly save YOUR LIFE. It is yours for the asking without a penny. Just send your name and address. A Postal Card will do and I'll be glad to send it so that you can quickly learn how to reduce yourself and be as happy as I am. Write today as this advertisement may not appear again in this paper.

HATTIE BIEL, 377 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

WATCH, RING FREE AND CHAIN
Our American made, steel watch beautifully designed case, factory tested, guaranteed for 5 years, and this latest style double heart shaped ring are given to boys and girls for only two 10 packets of high grade art post cards at 10c a packet. Order 20 packets to-day. When sold send us \$2.00 and we will positively send you at once the watch, ring and chain.
Palace Mfg. Co., Dept. 11, Chicago

SIX PIECE BABY SET



Stamped on Embroidery Linen 36 inches square. Dainty Baby Outfit of Kimono, Pillow, Bonnet, Shoes, Bib and Belt for Dresses. Every article washable, makes them more desirable than other materials, then the Hand Embroidery adds more than anything to their attractiveness. The Kimono and Pillow alone make this Set very desirable for every Mother, the Pillow is 14x18 inches in size, and just right for their carriage, crib or sleigh. The Kimono Jacket is useful always for their shoulders, out or in doors. Bonnets are always desirable, and one never has too many. This Set has been designed and arranged by a Mother who best understands what the little ones require. The entire set stamped on one piece 36x36 inches, Embroidery Linen which is one yard square and best expresses the size and excellence of the patterns.
Club Offer: For only two subscribers to COMFORT at \$5. each for 16 months, we will send you one of these Sets as described, post-paid.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are given by subscription, no attention will be given to any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

L. H. F., Alexandria, Minn.—What you call smoke which you see rising from your piece of lowland after a rain is not smoke but vapor resulting from a difference in the temperature of the soil and the water falling on it.

J. J. Warns, Wentworth, S. Dak., writes to correct our statement to E. L. W., Success, N. C. that U. S. cancelled stamps of ordinary issue were of no value and says they are worth thirty dollars a million. This is at the rate of three cents a thousand, and that comes near enough to being valueless to make our statement about right. If any COMFORT reader does not think so, let him try to collect a thousand stamps for three cents. Thanks to Mr. W., just the same.

D. M., Sayre, Okla.—The problem of earning extra money at home confronts the women readers of COMFORT just as it does all women who need the extra and the only answer to it is given by the women who find out the needs of their neighbors and try to supply them. It may be needlework, or dairy-work, or garden-work, or eggs, or pies, or jellies, or anyone of many things which people use and have not the time or inclination to make for themselves and are willing to buy. Study the conditions among the people living about you, or in the towns nearest you, and see if you cannot find something they want that you can supply. Whatever it may be, it will pay you if you work it faithfully and well. Nothing will come to you; you must go after it.

R. S., Holton, Kans.—One who has a talent for designing art needlework may get recognition by submitting the illustrations to various magazines and Sunday newspapers using that kind of work. A few accepted and published designs over the designer's signature would open the door to the entire field. Which might mean steady employment with some publication or manufacturer, or orders for all work that could be done. Skill and experience are necessary to success and that is the only way we know to get them, as the unskilled and inexperienced have no chance at all.

H. J., North York, Wis.—It is not difficult for a quick-witted girl or woman to learn to become a telephone operator. Good manners, good language, good disposition and good health are the first requirements. Only a few weeks are required to get the run of things at the switchboard. The pay is small, running from six dollars a week up to twelve dollars or fifteen dollars in the large exchanges.

F. M. S., Braham, Minn.—This and a good many other COMFORT readers ask us about the writing of plays, songs, stories and books, and all of them are amateurs, and most of them entirely ignorant of the details of such work. We want to say that they have no show at all against the experts and they are wasting their time trying.

E. B. M., Humming, Minn.—Apply to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C., for a patent but first write to him for information, blanks, etc., so that you will know how to proceed.

Bitter-root, Gateway, Mont.—Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth has been dead a number of years. She lived during the latter part of her life at Georgetown, Washington, D. C. We cannot enlighten you as to her "Ismael Worth."

Lenore, Rhos Springs, Tenn.—Mathematics, beyond simple arithmetic, is not necessary to a literary education, but you cannot go through a regular course in college without at least knowing arithmetic, algebra and geometry. You may, however, take an elective college course omitting the mathematics.

K. C. B., Greeley, Ia.—"Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone" was written, we believe, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, one of the leading women writers of verse in this country. Col. John A. Joyce of Washington claims its authorship.

Billy Boy, Smithfield, Neb.—The states in which cousins may not marry are Arizona, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, N. Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, S. Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Washington and Wyoming, but the time is coming shortly, when there will be no state in the Union which will permit first cousins to marry.

Miss R. A., Hinson, Ga.—Georgia is in the Fifth U. S. Circuit. A Circuit Court of Appeals consists of the judges of each circuit and a Justice of the Supreme Court. The Chief Justice of the U. S. is Edward D. White of Louisiana, born in 1845, appointed in 1910. The chairmen of the national committees of the two leading parties are Chas. D. Hilles, Republican and William F. McCombs, Democratic.

L. P., Woolsey, Ga.—The Nevada and Oklahoma, keels laid in 1911, each of 27,500 tons and 38,000 horse-power, will be our largest battleships when completed. The Texas, keel laid in 1911, is of 27,000 tons, and 32,000 horse-power, and the New York, keel laid in 1911, is of the same size. The lost Titanic was about ten years building and her cost was put at \$7,000,000. She disappeared within two hours and a half.

An Adventure

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

man in that closet yonder, I have seen him, he pushed aside the curtains to come out, but he heard the servants stirring in the rooms above and closed the curtains to wait until all was quiet, that must have been about half an hour ago, he will try again soon."

"She paused a moment for the storm had lulled again and she feared that her breathless whisper might be heard. As the wind rose again she went on: 'there is a loaded pistol in the upper drawer of that cabinet. I saw it there tonight. I want it, with it in my hand I shall be perfectly safe. I shall presently speak aloud as if to wake you, moan as if in pain, and I shall beg you to bring me the vial of laudanum in that drawer. You will cross the room and bring me the pistol, and then I shall bid you go to the next room and bring me some blankets to wrap myself in, and you will, when once outside this door, rush to Uncle Robert's room and alarm the house. You have nothing to fear, as the man will not come out until you have left the room, he would rather face one screaming woman than two. You need not fear for me, I shall have the pistol!'

"She did not give me a moment's time and it is well she did not, instantly she lay down and half screaming: 'Wake Alice, wake! Will you never wake? I am almost mad with that pain again, my laudanum is in that drawer, oh, get it for me quick, don't stop to talk!'

"She pushed me from the bed, I staggered across the room, it came to me even then, that watching eyes might not suspect the tottering gait of one just roused from sleep. Opening the drawer I saw again that steady gleam in the firelight, my fingers closed over the pistol, and a blessed sense of strength and relief seemed to run through me from that hard, cold contact. The curtains of the closet just behind me moved slightly, I crossed the room and laid the pistol



Personal To Rheumatism

I want a letter from every man and woman in America afflicted with Rheumatism, Lumbago or Neuralgia, giving me their name and address, so I can send each one **Free a One Dollar Bottle** of my Rheumatic Remedy. I want to convince every Rheumatic sufferer at my expense that my Rheumatic Remedy does what thousands of so-called remedies have failed to accomplish—**ACTUALLY CURES RHEUMATISM**. I know it does, I am sure of it and I want every Rheumatic sufferer to know it and be sure of it, before giving me a penny profit. You cannot **cure** Rheumatism out through the feet or skin with plasters or cummings metal contrivances. You cannot **tease** it out with liniments, electricity or magnetism. You cannot **imagine** it out with mental science. **You Must Drive It Out**. It is in the blood and you must **Go After It and Get It**. This is just what Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy does and that's why it cures Rheumatism. Rheumatism is Uric Acid and Uric Acid and Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy cannot live together in the same blood. **The Rheumatism has to go and it does go**. My Remedy cures the sharp, shooting pains, the aching muscles, the throbbing, swollen limbs, and cramped, stiffened joints, and cures quickly.

I CAN PROVE IT ALL TO YOU

If you will only let me do it. I will prove much in **One Week**, if you will only write and ask my Company to send you a dollar bottle **FREE** according to the following offer. I don't care what form of Rheumatism you have or how long you have had it. I don't care what other remedies you have used. If you have not used mine you don't know what a **real** Rheumatic Remedy will do. **Read offer below and write today.**

A FULL-SIZED \$1.00 BOTTLE FREE!

We want you to try Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy, to learn for yourself that Rheumatism can be cured and we want no profit on the trial. A fair test is all we ask. If you find it is curing your Rheumatism or Neuralgia, order more to complete your cure and thus give us a profit. If it does not help you, that ends it. We do not send a small sample vial, containing only a thimbleful and of no practical value, but a **full-sized bottle**, selling regularly at drug-stores for **One Dollar Each**. This bottle is free and we must pay Uncle Sam to carry it to your door. **You must send us 25 cents** to pay postage, mailing case and packing and this full-sized One Dollar Bottle will be promptly sent you free, everything prepaid. There will be **nothing to pay on receipt** or later. Don't wait until your **Heart-Valves** are injured by Rheumatic Poison, but send today and get a Dollar Bottle free. Only one bottle free to a family and only to those who **send the 25 cents for charges**.

Address, **KUHN REMEDY CO., DEPT. B. M. HOYNE & NORTH AVES., CHICAGO**

in Dorothy's hand, there was a second's pause and then:

"My dear," she said, "if I could be quite warm now, I think the trouble would soon be over. You foolish child," she cried as I staggered in my effort to reach the door, "be so frightened when the worst is over, what you brought me has helped me already, I am stronger, go quickly, and come back soon."

"I was almost insensible before I reached the hall, but once there my life surged back to me, and with it such an intolerable sense of Dorothy's danger, as gave wings to my feet. I do not know how I aroused them or what I said, but the time could almost be counted by seconds before a crowd of people in every stage of undress, and grasping all kinds of weapons, were trooping along the corridors, as noiselessly as they could. Just as the door crashed back under Uncle Rob's hand, we heard within a sharp click and a loud oath, in a rough, startled voice and then we could see that a man stood before the fireplace, his figure outlined darkly against the dying firelight, in his right hand he clutched a short, clean-bladed knife, which flashed in the flickering light. His eyes were fixed with terrified fascination upon Dorothy, towards whose bedside he had evidently been moving, when at the click of her pistol he had raised his eyes and stood paralyzed. Dorothy was sitting up in bed, her long hair falling all about her, firmly grasping her shining, deadly little weapon. Her finger was on the trigger and it did not tremble. That her aim was a good one the crouching figure stopping midway on its stealthy approach to the bedside (intent on securing the cross), did not seem to doubt. Of course that is all there is to tell. It was only a momentary struggle of one man with many, then he was bound and taken away.

Dorothy returned the money sent her for his capture, to be used for the benefit of the families of poor prisoners. Yes, it was Burrows, you have known all along, have you not? He had been skulking about the outbuildings all day, and had watched his chance to slip into the house and find his way up to the great room. He had probably intended making his escape with what valuables he could lay his hands on. And that is all my story and all the adventure that ever happened to me in my fifty years of life."

SWAT THE FLY.—In many cities of the United States contests are being held under the supervision of city health officials, whereby flies are

Generous \$2 Bottle Free by Mail



If you suffer from Epilepsy, Falling Sickness, Spasms, or have children that do so, my New Treatment will relieve them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a **FREE \$2 Bottle** of Dr. May's Formula. It has relieved permanently the very worst cases, when everything else has failed. Please write and give age and complete address.
DR. W. H. MAY, 543 Pearl St., New York.

to be killed and prizes given to those killing the largest number.

Magnolia Blossom



Women If Sick Or Discouraged

We want to show you free of cost what wonderful results **Magnolia Blossom** can accomplish. If you suffer from **Leucorrhoea (Whites), Womb, Ovarian Troubles, Painful Periods, Bearing Down Pains, or any form of Female Trouble**, just sit down at once and write for our **Free Box of Magnolia Blossom**. We know what it has done for thousands of other women who have suffered just as you do and we know what it will do for you. All we want is a chance to convince you. Just have a little faith; send us your name and address today and let us send you this simple Home Treatment Free with valuable advice. Address

SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., South Bend, Indiana

CALL STONES Try our Home Remedy. No Oil. No more Pain. Aches, Colic, Biliousness, Gas, Stomach Distress, Nervousness, Catarrh. Write **CALLSTONE REMEDY CO., Dept. 278, 219 S. Dearborn St., CHICAGO**



BABIES'

JAP-SILK BONNET

Trimmed with three silk ribbon, double bows, silk cord, 4 or 6 long white strings and lined throughout. This is a fall 1912 style, very attractive and of the latest fashion. Has the very appearance of **Honnets** costing \$2.00 or more. By ordering in advance we obtain quantity price, of which we give you the benefit. We have these **Jap-Silk Bonnets** in white only and ages up to 3 years. Complete satisfaction and perfect fit guaranteed or money returned.

Club Offer. Send only orders to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months for One Bonnet. Please give age required.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

ITCH-ECZEMA FREE TRIAL

(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.)

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when say cured, I mean just what I say—**CURED**, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what am talking about. If you will write me **TODAY**, I will send you a **FREE TRIAL** of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me today you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 654 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: This National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

A Hammock Free for Everybody

THE COMFORT HAMMOCK

as a free gift for a small club
Read all about it



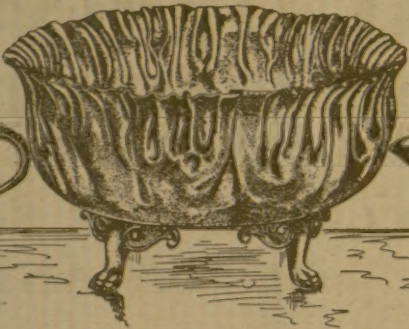
The fashions in Hammocks are ever changing. This year we offer you something entirely different from the usual premium hammock, a fine quality, new pattern, fish-net, same as is used by fishermen; something substantial and is tested to hold 300 pounds, dead weight, is 10 feet long, over 32 inches wide. Highly colored in red, black, yellow and white. Each Hammock is fitted with strong wood stretchers at either end, so attached that they are a part of the hammock and are never out of place, but always in place to give the hammock suitable spread for comfort, also add much to the appearance of the Hammock when not occupied, giving an inviting finish. For hot summer days you can have nothing that will afford more pleasure than a hammock in some shady nook. Now to everyone who will get up a club of 4 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send one of these Hammocks, **FREE**, we paying all express and mailing charges.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SPLENDID THREE-PIECE SILVER SET

The Smaller Round Dish
for Candy, Olives, Nuts,
Whipped Cream or Pickles.



The Seven-Inch Dish
for Salad, Fruit,
Nuts and Candy.



The illustration represents only the general style of the three-piece set. One gets no idea from this of the unusual beauty, nor of the effectiveness of this ruffled silver effect. The whole set or single pieces will prove exceptionally useful. A cream pitcher, sugar bowl and the large dish make up the set. The large dish may be used for berries, fruit, nuts, whipped cream, jelly, preserves or other purposes, or it preferred as an ornament for the table or mantle, but the pitcher will be useful daily on the dining table, or may be kept for best, and the same with the sugar bowl, which will oftentimes be of use for other things, such as olives, nuts or whipped cream. These sets are unusually large, full size, practical size, the big bowl is seven inches in diameter, four inches high, with capacity of at least three pints, the sugar bowl and cream pitcher are of just the right size, have four feet and handles. Each piece is gold lined and will positively wear for years and give entire satisfaction. Send only 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for this Gold Lined Silver Set **Club Offer.** of three pieces, which will be sent by mail or express prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A PAIR OF

Nottingham Lace Curtains

Each Curtain Nine Feet Long.

This Most Beautiful and Elegant Premium Has
Just Been Added for Selection to All Who
Send a

Club of Only 5 New Names.

The Curtains are full width and just what anyone needs to adorn the home with. Everyone of taste will tell you that there is nothing which "dresses up" a room so much as a pair of Lace Curtains. The finest effects are obtained by these draperies. They show from the outside as well as from the inside. They are of the real Italian pattern and formerly sold as high as \$6.00 or \$8.00 a pair. They are delivered free to you, all charges paid.

SPECIAL OFFERS. If you will send us a club of only 5 subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send one pair of Curtains to you as a free premium. A club of only nine 25-cent fifteen month subscriptions secures two pairs and we send three pairs for only 14 subscriptions at 25c. each. COMFORT goes to each subscriber 15 months and Curtains to you.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THIS BEAUTIFUL NARCISSUS ASSORTMENT EXTRA HEAVY SILVER PLATED WARE.

Now offered in eleven different pieces comprising an elaborate and complete assortment. Especially desirable Wedding Gift, equally as desirable to all housekeepers.

Unless you have some of the Spoons in this pattern you have no idea how beautiful it is, with the soft gray frosted handle with high polished blades or bowls. You may think you have enough silverware now, even if you have a variety there is always use for more, especially such very beautiful ware as we now offer you, and COMFORT is such a great monthly, people readily subscribe, so you actually will obtain these Spoons for but a moment's time.



The combination of twenty-six pieces in the Narcissus pattern, French Gray finish enables you to have all the assortment for complete table set, or as few pieces as you require. The lovely pattern is a very heavily embossed design, in relief, ornamenting the entire length of each article, on both sides.

For every-day service and special occasions this durable ware embodies every requirement and although delightfully attractive will stand constant use.

Club Offers. We have arranged the following schedule of club offers, enabling you to obtain free as much of the assortment as you require, if not all.

For only two 25c. subscriptions to COMFORT, we will send your choice: Six Teaspoons, Two Tablespoons, a Dessert-spoon, Sugar Shell, or Butter Knife. For only three subscriptions to COMFORT, we will send your choice: either a Gravy Ladle, Pie Knife, Cold Meat Fork, or Berry Spoon. For a club of twelve subscriptions to COMFORT, a set of Six Knives and Six Forks. A club of thirty subscriptions to COMFORT for the entire assortment of 26 pieces. All must be 25c. fifteen-month subscriptions.

Carefully look over the different articles and decide which ones you desire most then first send in a small trial club for sample after that we are sure you will get the entire assortment when you find how nice the goods are.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

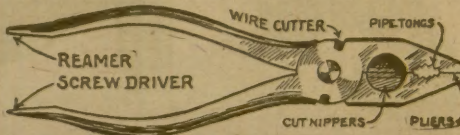
STONE SIGNET GOLD RING



Introduced this season for first time and at once displaces old style initial signet ring. Stone mountings of every kind are now worn exclusively. Nearly all rings except plain band now are given the added touch of a stone of some kind. This engraved ring has artistic lines, is heavy and durable, a new style in every way, enhanced in beauty by the single imitation chip diamond setting in center. This is a swell ring for young ladies, or old; it can be worn as a man's ring with taste. One of, if not the best of our new rings.

Send only four subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, and give finger size. We will send ring at once in an attractive ring box.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



STRONG STEEL PLIERS Nickel Plated

As useful as a hammer, and just as necessary about the home, farm, shop, school, store or office.

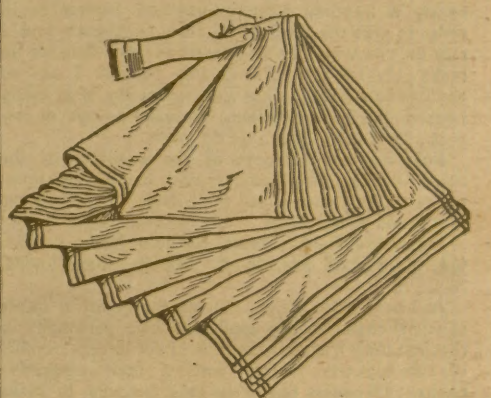
These six-inch pliers are a combination tool, embracing pipe tongs, cut nippers, side wire cutters, screw driver and reamer as shown in illustration. We guarantee every pair to be made of very highest grade materials, and to last a lifetime if not abused. By an advantageous purchase we are enabled to offer these Pliers at a bargain and remember we warrant them.

Club Offer. Send only three subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months for one pair six-inch-nickel plated steel warranted Pliers.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

People subscribe to COMFORT when the features and the price are explained. Try it and see how readily you secured a Club and some of these grand premiums offered on this and other pages. Send for Sample Copies to canvass with.

Yard Long Ready-Made Towels



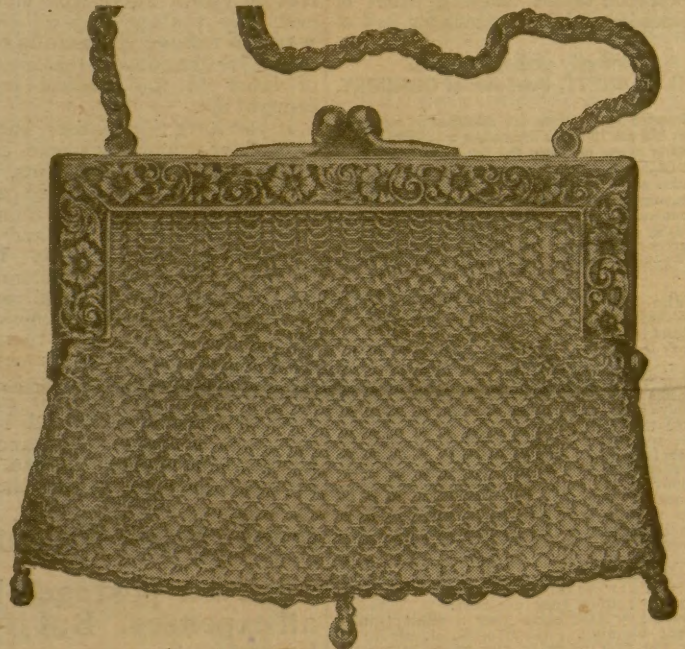
Excellent quality crash, each towel one yard long and ready to use. For kitchen, office, factory and shop use this is a durable, rough-and-ready towel; will wipe well, wear well and wash well. For dishes and hands this is the best; for many purposes about the house good crash toweling finds its use and the good housekeeper always has a supply. The men and boys will enjoy such towels as these. The natural linen color and blue line border make them very attractive. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Club Offer. A club of only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months secures four of these Towels.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Beautiful German Silver Mesh Bag

FOUR INCHES WIDE, OVER THREE
INCHES DEEP, SIXTEEN INCHES LONG
LINKED CHAIN, ENGRAVED FRAME
AND LINED WITH SOFT WHITE KID.



You have seen and admired these fashionable SILVER MESH BAGS. So extremely popular are they that you see them everywhere you go. In the shop windows, in every catalogue, and carried by all the ladies and misses. Such a bag as we show above actually retails for \$2.50, and is an extreme bargain at that price. Only by purchasing in quantities are we enabled to offer them for so few subscriptions to COMFORT, for only a limited quantity and limited time. Each bag is made of best German Silver, solid, heavy frame. No sham or imitation about it, tastily engraved, the illustration does not half convey to you the excellent appearance of the bag.

We are so confident this Bag is such a real value, so first class in all respects, that we guarantee them in every way, and you are at liberty to return any bag not meeting with your approval, and we will refund money without asking a question. What could be more fair? Until the quantity we obtained is gone we shall accept orders on following liberal

CLUB OFFER: Send only eight subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months, for one bag free. Any lady unable to solicit a club of subscribers may send \$2.00 for a bag providing ONE NEW 25c. fifteen month subscription to COMFORT is sent in addition.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE This Beautiful Monogram Dinner Set of 42 Pieces

Each Piece Decorated with your Initial in Gold. Positively the
Biggest and Finest Dinner Set ever Given Away as a
Free Present. Any Lady Can Earn this Set
in a Few Hours' Time.

This beautiful Monogram Dinner Set, full size, for family use, consisting of 42 pieces just as shown, is a present that will bring delight to the heart of any housewife and can be had absolutely free of charge for a few hours' easy, pleasant work among your neighbors and the people of your vicinity. This set is made of finest Parisian china, is a pure delicate white and decorated with wild rose design in colors, with the edges traced in gold. It is a set of dishes that you will be proud to own and put on your table and show your friends.

Your own initial in pure gold will be on every piece except the cups and saucers. The set consists of six large plates, six dessert plates, six large cups and saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, six butter plates, two large vegetable dishes, one large platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, and one gravy bowl, making 42 separate pieces, positively the grandest array of dishes ever offered for this small amount of work.

Club Offer: For only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for fifteen months we will present you with one of these beautiful Monogram 42-Piece Dinner Sets. The set will be carefully packed and shipped by freight upon receipt of the club order. Remember only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months procure this Gold Decorated 42-Piece Initial Dinner Set. State what initial wanted when ordering.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



This Happy Wife

Wishes to tell you FREE

HOW SHE STOPPED Her Husband's Drinking

Write to Her and Learn How She Did It

For over 20 years James Anderson of 504 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which made her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

She also tried this remedy on her brother and several neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost. She will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly.

(We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)

FREE SUIT

This well-known company makes this startling announcement: To advertise our high class made-to-order clothes, we will make you a fine suit to your measure and give you a chance to get it without one cent of cash. Act quick—before someone in your locality gets ahead of you. This suit will be the best you ever wore. Show it to your friends—tell them casually who made it.

We Mean Exactly What We Say

Be wide awake to this big smashing opportunity and send in your name at once. This wonderful offer is absolutely on the square. We are well and favorably known Chicago firm whose word is as good as a bond. If you don't know our reputation for honesty and square dealing, ask National Bank of Republic, Chicago.

We Send 70 Samples To Pick From

—also style charts, measurement blank, tape, etc.—without any obligation on your part—just as soon as we get your letter—and we prepare everything. Remember, the time of this offer is limited—we'll use a full page if we wanted everybody to know about this. Men who have the keenness to find this small advertisement, to read it and to answer it are just the type of men we favor. So send us your name and address to us at once—S. S. SPENCER, MEAD CO., Dept. 184, Chicago, Ill.

P. S.—We desire a few more live hustlers to earn \$3 to \$10 a day managing some of our agencies, open soon.

MARVELOUS, PERMANENT CURE OF DOUBLE

RUPTURE

An old sea captain cured himself of a bad case and a multitude of other hernia sufferers have been cured completely by the same method. Successful in many cases of all kinds—single, double, navel, scrotal, also rupture after operation; young or old. Not merely relief but complete cures often reported. Proof package mailed FREE by Capt. Collings, Inc., Box 44, Watertown, N. Y. Better write today!

THE BEE CELL SUPPORTER

A BOON TO WOMANKIND
Made from the purest softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Ask your druggist or send us \$2.00 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Descriptive circular, FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. A, White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

REGAIN YOUR HEALTH

You ought not to wait another day before trying Bodi-Tone, which many of your neighbors have used to the great and lasting improvement of their health. You ought to test it, because you can get it on trial and need not pay a penny unless it greatly benefits you. Read the liberal Bodi-Tone trial offer on last page of this paper and send for a box.

CANCERS

Removed root and branch before paying out one cent. My cures guaranteed. Printed literature free. Address DR. C. ROYNTON, LAWRENCE, MASS.

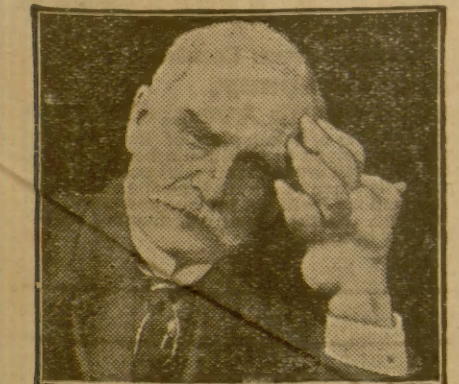
LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Bayles Co., 183 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

BEEF BLOOD VIRO FOR THIN PEOPLE

MAKE PINK FLESH
Marvel of all Flesh Producers. Six times the strength of strong healthy bullcock's blood. Gain 15 to 30 pounds, have plump form. For indigestion, Nervousness, Constipation, To prove its wonderful powers we will send 50¢ trial package for 10¢ and our SPECIAL TEST OFFER with POSITIVE GUARANTEE. Write today, now.

THE VIRO COMPANY, Dept. 5, Clarinda, Iowa.



I CAN CURE YOU FREE OF RHEUMATISM

This photograph truthfully shows the terrible effects of rheumatism in my case, but today I enjoy perfect health and devote my life to curing others.

After spending \$20,000 and suffering untold agony for thirty six years, I discovered a remedy which permanently cured me, and I will send you a package of the very same medicine absolutely free.

Don't send any money—it's free. A letter will bring it promptly.

Your absolute satisfaction at all times is positively guaranteed.

Every day lost means one more day of needless pain, so write now to S. T. Delano, Dept. 329 D. Delano Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

kept there. Quarrelsome, ugly, dangerous neighbors simply make life a burden for those who have to live near them. They throw a gloom over a whole community. If an insult is resented, a whole is stolen or maimed, or a bullet crashes through the window, as a gentle reminder of what will follow if resentment is shown at the bulldozing tactics of these lawless tyrants of the countryside. We have recently seen a fine exhibition of bloodthirsty lawlessness in the murderous acts of a brutal clan of desperadoes at Hillsville, Va. People have to take submit to this rural lawlessness or take the consequences. There is only one remedy in such cases and that is to pull up stakes and get out. In any other country but the United States, bulldozing tyrants would be jammed behind the bars so quick they wouldn't know whether they were on their heads or their heels. In the United States, as a rule, however, we could crime and allow the lawless to rule and make the lives of peaceful, law-abiding citizens miserable and unbearable. There ought to be a special law and a special set of officers to regulate these rural tyrants. To imprison them for a short time only adds to their venom and makes them the more dangerous. Ugly, dangerous people should be put on a penal reservation where they could have neighbors as ugly and dangerous as themselves, then if they quarreled and fought no one would care, and if they killed each other off so much the better for everybody concerned. It is a crime to allow such people to make the lives of peaceful, harmless citizens unbearable, and this is the only country where they would be allowed to do it. You ask me how old I am. I had to take to my bed when I was thirty-three years old, and I've been in bed fifteen years. Now figure that out and you'll know how old I am.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There is no annual dues, and after you have once joined in the League, you can secure the same standing by your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration. If you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-month subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate and number, and your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15 month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal order on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for September

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from a postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. All appeals unless accompanied by written references will be destroyed.

W. R. Green, Sparta, Tenn. Is afflicted with consumption, as is also his daughter. They are in a serious condition. Mrs. Green, by doing laundry work is able to pay house rent and that is about all. Financial aid and clothing badly needed. There are young children to be supported and clothed. Rena Yelley, Wheelersburg, R. R. 1, Ohio. Has tuberculosis of the hip, and is bed ridden. She craves cheery letters and postals and good reading. Send her a dime shower so she may be able to buy the few luxuries which she craves. Family poor. Mrs. A. Freeman, Spencer, R. R. 3, Va. Invalid. There are six children, one unable to speak and perfectly helpless. They are in need of clothing. Any help sent will be worthily bestowed. Excellent references. Mrs. Annie Wade, 335 Lancaster St., Leominster, Mass. Helpless invalid, unable to lie down. Send her a dime shower. Very worthy. Mrs. Mary A. Filbin, Francisco, N. C. Invalid. Husband died recently and left her with five little children. She is almost helpless. Would greatly appreciate clothing for herself and little ones, and any financial help you would care to give. Excellent references. Ethel Rumberg, Dry Creek, W. Va. Helpless invalid for five years. Has to be fed. Family poor. Send a little sunshine into her life of suffering. Charles M. Ketcham, Sunman, Ind. The postmaster says that he has known Charles Ketcham for twenty-five years, and for six years this poor soul has not been able to raise his head from the pillow without assistance. Any help sent him will be greatly appreciated. M. O. Haxon, Nassau City, Iowa. Unable to work. Has family of six young children. Grateful for any help. Highly recommended. Robt. M. Thomas, Fannettsburg, Pa. Helpless invalid for thirty years. Has to lie flat on his back all the time. He wants money to buy materials for a little wagon in which he can get around. The one he has is worn out. Who will help this poor soul? Postmaster speaks highly of him. Rebecca Whitfield's address is Finleyson, Ga. Mrs. H. S. Knight, Prosperity, S. C. Helpless invalid. Husband dead. Needs and very worthy. Do what you can for her. B. H. Richards, Lake George, Colo. Wife and himself are both blind. He makes brooms for a living. Those who are interested in the blind write to him. Don't, however, take up his time unless you can help him. Ponder Haney, Jacksonville, R. R. 1, Ga. This poor boy has been on crutches for ten years. Four years ago he had his leg amputated. He is desperately desirous of obtaining an artificial limb. Postmaster and physician vouch for him. Will you not help him? Polk Thornton, Augusta, Ill. Helpless, with a broken back for nearly four years. Has a wife and two children. Highly recommended. Any help will be worthily bestowed. Rebecca Pennington, Station 1, E. Win-



How to Completely Overcome TOBACCO HABIT

Attained at Last—A Successful Remedy.

Read these testimonials. They are but a few from legions.

VICTORY IN 3 DAYS

FEELS BETTER EVERY WAY.

Mr. Wm. Seitz, Eldon, Iowa, writes: "I took your C Remedies. I have no desire for chewing tobacco and feel better in every way. My food tastes better, I sleep better and my remedies have certainly done all that you claim for them."

THINKS REMEDY A WONDER.

Mr. J. Le Barb, Barstead, N.H., writes: "Your Treatment for the tobacco habit is a wonder; I wish every tobacco user would try it. It is good to feel that one does not care for the nasty stuff any more."

MONEY WELL SPENT.

Mr. J. A. Perry, Miami, Florida, writes: "It is many months now since I took your Treatment, and I have no desire for tobacco. I am better in every particular & weigh 10 pounds more than before."

HE WAS A CIGARETTE FIEND.

Mr. Fritz A. Garrett, Box 2, Zona, La., writes: "I had become a cigarette fiend, but I never think of using them at all now. My nerves are steadier and my complexion is better; it does not have that yellow tint any more."

HE SMOKED FOR 34 YEARS.

Mr. J. P. Lapp, Stark Ave., Canton, O., writes: "I had used tobacco for about 34 years, in fact, I could not do without it, but I am now completely freed of the habit. I cannot say enough in praise of your Treatment and I certainly recommend it."

ALL DESIRE OR CRAVING IS REMOVED FOR Pipe, Cigars, Chewing Tobacco, Cigarettes, Snuff.

I offer a genuine guaranteed remedy for tobacco or snuff habit in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco or snuff. Tobacco is poisonous and seriously injures the health in several ways, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas belching, giddiness, or other uncomfortable sensations in stomach; constipation, headache, weak joints, loss of vigor, red spots on skin, throat irritation, catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, melancholy, neurasthenia, impotency, loss of memory and will power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, hemorrhoids, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, lassitude, lack of ambition, weakness and falling out of hair and many other disorders. It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco and snuff habit by suddenly stopping—don't conquer habit in another way without his knowledge. Full particulars including my Book on Tobacco and Snuff, mailed in plain wrapper, free. Address: EDWARD J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave., Z 359, New York, N. Y.

chester and 29th St., Ashland, Ky. Worthy invalid. Send some sunshine into her life of suffering. Eliza H. Tresner, Hartsville, R. R. 1, Mo. Is fifty-four years old, blind and afflicted with dropsy. Highly recommended. Send him the sympathy that buys bread. Annie Peary, Roanoke, Ala. Invalid. Would like cheery letters and postals. Miss Banner Liston, Oak Flat, Ark. Send her any good novels, or high grade magazines you may have. Classic authors preferred. Postage on books is eight cents a pound. Weigh all packages before sending.

The following is an extract from a letter from one of our shut-ins:

"Many wrote me and asked a lot of questions, but never sent me anything. Numbers worried the postmaster with letters of inquiry, until he got so mad he said he never wanted to hear the name of shut-in again. Apparently it takes all kinds of hogs to make a world. One party sent me ten cents and told me to be sure and use it right and reply at once and let her know if I got it, which of course I did."

Please don't worry postmasters with questions about our shut-ins. Do the sleuth act and in another direction, you are wasting your time here. No case is listed in these columns unless it is a worthy one. I attend to that. If you don't want to be helpful, find some other employment than worrying busy officials and annoying poor afflicted humans, who have enough troubles without being harassed by tight-wad busybodies.

Lovingly Yours,

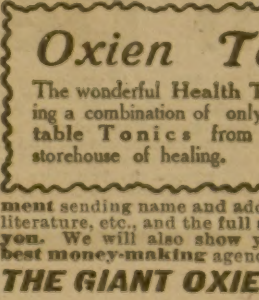
Uncle Charlie

"Wouldn't Part with Uncle Charlie's Poems for a Ten Dollar Bill!"

Scores of people write in and tell us that. If they had a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems and knew it would be impossible to duplicate it, they would not part with it for a farm. There is something in Uncle Charlie's exuberantly funny volume of verse, that you don't find in any other book on earth. Get a copy and see for yourself. The book contains 160 pages of glorious fun, printed on finest paper, beautifully bound in lilac ribbed silk cloth; contains pictures of the author and a heart touching sketch of his life. Ideal gift for birthdays and all other occasions. Free for a club of only four subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Write for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Is a Hummer and a Peach!

Here is a music folio that is a pure joy to the lover of good songs. No dope, no dead ones in this beautiful volume of melodic gems, 28 of the loveliest songs ever written. Songs of love, coon songs, story ballads, songs for the Sabbath, songs for all occasions, with full music for voice and piano. A big bulky, beautiful volume, with handsome cover on which appears four splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie. Free for a club of only two fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Both books free for a club of only six subs. An hour's easy work and they are yours. No COMFORT home complete without them.



Send for a FREE BOX of OXIE (One Week's Supply)

Oxien Tablets

The wonderful Health Tonic containing a combination of only pure Vegetable Tonics from Nature's great storehouse of healing.

NEVER FELT BETTER IN HIS LIFE.
Mr. Andrew Thrapp, Waldo, Kansas, writes: "I never was so glad of anything in my life, as when I found out that I was freed of the accursed habit. I never felt better in all my life, than since I took your C Treatment, and I can heartily recommend it to anyone."

EXIDES GIVE UP USING TOBACCO AND SNUFF.
Miss Harriet Martin, Marietta, Okla., writes: "I have used snuff for 55 years, but since taking your C Treatment, my snuff habit was overcome."

HEALTH IMPROVED WONDERFULLY.
Mr. J. D. Hancock, Third St., Lynchburg, Va., writes: "I have taken your C Remedies and can truthfully say that I am completely freed of the tobacco habit. Since taking your treatment, I have not had the least craving for tobacco in any form. My health has greatly improved."

IT TOOK AWAY ALL DESIRE.
Mr. N. S. Gregg, N. St. Ave., Boston, Mass., writes: "Your C Treatment for the tobacco habit has taken away from me all desire and craving for the vile weed. I can advise it for all who wish to quit the use of tobacco, it is very reliable in its work."

NOTED SCIENTIST'S ANALYSIS.
Prof. Wentworth Lancelotti-Cook, noted medic-chemical expert, scruples: "The preparations comprised in the Woods C Treatment are well calculated to be effective in overcoming the tobacco habit. They are of great purity, excellent quality and free from injurious narcotics. The remedies contain genuine sodium chloride of gold."

FREE

THE BUBONIC PLAGUE.—A few cases of the dreaded bubonic plague recently broke out in Havana. The government officials immediately took the strictest precautions necessary, and even carried this precaution to the coasts of United States and the Gulf States. A war is being waged on rats; and also the houses in Havana have been fumigated, and all old furniture and rubbish has been ordered burned.

Men! Men! Men!

More Men Wanted

Write Today—NOW
We want more men right away, and we will pay you big money—more money than you can get in any other way. Making before. Just show our magnificent line of samples—the orders will come in a hurry. Exclusive territory open. Don't delay. Let us tell you how to get one of our handsome suits FREE. Write today.

Earn \$30 to \$50 a Week
Yes and then some. You can earn big money, easily and quickly. No trouble at all in taking orders. No clerks, no hours—and you are your own boss. Or you can keep your present position and make \$75.00 to \$100.00 a month on the side.

Let Us Start You In Business
Be your own boss. No need to trudge along on a salary. We'll start you in a business of your own—give you a chance to make big money easy. No money needed—no experience necessary. Write now!

Write Today
Get full particulars of this exceptional offer right away. Just send post card or letter and we will tell you all about it. We send you all accessories—complete outfit—free—for starting right in to make big money.

The Fidelity Tailors 551 South Fifth Ave. Dept. 12, Chicago

10 PERFUMED POSTCARDS your name in gold. C. Bloomington Co., Bloomington, Ill. 10¢

Post Cards 25 assorted 10¢; 50 full size. Brooklyn, N.Y.

Poets-Authors! Get CASH for your songs and stories. MUSIC SALES CO., 81-84, St. Louis, Mo.

POEMS wanted. Big money for composers. Send \$5. to Inland Music House, Chicago.

EARN \$8 ADVERTISING OUR WARNING FLUENT in your town. A. W. SCOTT, CONOES, N. Y.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. T. ARTOL Co., 115 Nassau St., N.Y.

50 HOT AIR CARDS. "Lots of Fun," 10¢ Sun Book Co., Dept. 183, HARRISON, NICH.

MONEY (\$3-\$5) Unik \$ Secrets, etc. Key Free. E. ROGERS, HORSESHOE, N. O.

\$80 In C. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it. FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.

LADIES make supporters: \$12. per hundred; no canvassing; material furnished. Stamped envelope for particulars. WARASH SUPPLY CO., Dept. A25, Milwaukee, Wis.

How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds

Wouldn't You Like to Feel Real Good Again?

To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

We will send, all Free and plainly mailed the necessary OXIE REMEDIES, consisting of one 25 cent Oxien Porous Plaster and samples of the Oxien Pills together with a free Sample Box of Oxien Tablets the WONDERFUL HEALTH TONIC. This is the same treatment that has for past years accomplished almost miracles in thousands of homes and is a royal road to health.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send us at once to

THE GIANT OXIE CO., 34 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

Old Folks

Young or Old

No matter whether you are a man or a woman, twenty years old or seventy, all you need do is send the coupon with your full name and address and it will be sent to you, without a penny from you. *Age is no barrier to health*, and this offer is open to all *Old People*, as well as middle-aged and young men and women. We want to send every elderly person a full-sized one dollar box of Bodi-Tone on twenty-five days trial, the same as we send it to the young and middle-aged, all at our own risk and expense, to prove how Bodi-Tone acts in ailments of the old as well as the young, to prove what it does for persons suffering from bodily weaknesses and ailments, whether from age or otherwise. *This trial offer is open to all men and women*, freely, generously, without any age limit. Thousands of persons, old and young, have sent for Bodi-Tone on trial, without paying a penny, and found it put new flesh on their bones, new vigor in their minds, new vim in their muscles, and new vitality into every vital function, and we want you to try it, to see if Bodi-Tone will not do as much for you.

**All you need do is tell us you will try it
and a dollar box will be handed to you.**

It makes no difference who, where or what you are, Bodi-Tone takes all the risks, and asks no pay if it does not benefit. You don't need to write a long letter, don't need to fill out any tiresome blanks, don't need to send any money or stamps. We don't ask to know your ailment and you need not write a word about it. All troubles originate in the body, and Bodi-Tone sets the body right. All you need do is clip out the coupon, which tells us you want to try Bodi-Tone, fill in your name and address, and we will send Bodi-Tone to you. This is how Bodi-Tone wants to be tried by old and young, this is how it wants to prove its curative powers. We are glad to send it to you without a penny, glad to give you a chance to try it, to learn about this medicine which has brought new health and vigor to so many sick, suffering and feeble persons, old and young, glad to show you how health can be created at all ages with the right medicine, made from the right ingredients. If Bodi-Tone benefits you as it has benefited thousands, pay us a dollar for it. If you are not satisfied, don't pay a penny. We won't ask for pay or dun you, for we leave it all to you. *Clip the coupon and send for it today.*

Bodi-Tone Does Just As Its Name Means

It cures disease by toning all the body, and we want to show you what it will do for your body. Bodi-Tone is a small, round tablet, that is taken three times every day. Each box contains seventy-five tablets, enough for twenty-five days use, and we send you the full box on trial, so you can try this great remedy and learn what it is, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it *cures stubborn diseases* by helping nature to tone every organ of the body. Tonic is a little word, but it means a great deal, everything in health. When all the organs are doing their part, when each is acting in a perfectly natural way, when all the functions are healthy and are performed with natural vigor, when the energy, strength and power of resistance to disease are all at a natural point, then the body is in proper tone. When disease has attacked any part, when lack of vitality is found and felt, the tone of the entire physical body should be raised to the highest possible point, to make all the body help to cure and restore. This is the power which underlies all of Bodi-Tone's great work for the sick, this is the power it offers you to help you get new health and strength, new vigor and new vitality.



Natural Curatives To Make Natural Health

When you use Bodi-Tone you know just what you are using, know it is pure and safe and know you are taking the right kind of medicine to provide real help for the body. It contains nothing that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing. It does not depend on killing pain with cocaine, opium, morphine or other dangerous drugs. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body and cures its disorders with remedies nature intended to tone and cure the body when that power was given them. Thus, Iron gives life and energy to the blood, Sarsaparilla drives out its impurities, Phosphate and Nux Vomica create new nerve energy and force, Lithia aids in the kidneys and dissolves rheumatic deposits, Gentian does invaluable work for the Stomach and Digestive forces, Chinese Rhubarb and Oregon Grape Root promote vigorous Liver activity, Peruvian Bark raises the tone of the entire system, Golden Seal soothes the inflamed membrane and checks Catarrhal discharges, Cascara gives the Bowels new life in a natural way, and Capsicum makes all more valuable by bettering their quick absorption into the blood. *A remarkable combination that does wonderful work for the body's health.* Each one of its ingredients adds a needed element from nature to the body, for Bodi-Tone is altogether a natural remedy. Each has a certain work to do in the body and does it well, in a natural manner. They are used in Bodi-Tone because of this ability. We claim no credit for discovering these valuable ingredients, each of which has a well-deserved place in established medical science. We claim only the credit for our successful Bodi-Tone formula, which is our own discovery, for the way in which we have selected, proportioned and combined these great

natural curatives, and for the health-making work Bodi-Tone has so well proven its ability to perform in the body. The curative forces which Bodi-Tone so ably uses are the forces which have always existed in nature for the restoration of the body's health. Many are regularly prescribed by good physicians in combination with such drugs as each doctor may favor, for there are wide differences of opinion among doctors of various schools. The exact combination used in Bodi-Tone is what gives it the far-reaching and thorough curative and restorative power that makes possible the remarkable cures experienced by Bodi-Tone users, cures which prove the difference between Bodi-Tone and common remedies, cures which have won the gratitude of thousands.

You Need Bodi-Tone To Set Your Body Right

If you are tired of continual doctoring and bad health, if you are wearied of feeling you cannot depend on your body to act right and do its full duty, you need Bodi-Tone right now, and this offer gives you a chance to try it without risking a penny. You need it to seek out your weak spots and make them stronger, to stop the leaks which are draining your vitality, to make your organs capable of giving you the right measure of strength, vigor, energy and full-blooded comfort your body should have. If there is anything wrong in your body, if any organ is acting in a way which you realize and know is not right, send for Bodi-Tone on this trial offer and give it a chance to set you right. If you do not feel right, eat right, sleep right, weigh right, work right and think right, now and all the time, put Bodi-Tone in command of your body for twenty-five days. Let it marshal your bodily forces, let it line them up and work them into shape, until all are marching along, straight, strong and harmoniously, in perfect time, tune and tone, for that is what Bodi-Tone is for and what it is doing for thousands. If the doctor's prescriptions and ordinary medicinal combinations have failed, let this scientific combination of special remedies show and prove what it can do for you. Its greatest triumphs have been among men and women who had chronic ailments, who had used patent medicines and had doctored with their local doctors and out-of-town specialists, all without lasting benefit. It is because of its great work in these cases that all chronic sufferers and persons with obstinate diseases are invited to try a dollar box of Bodi-Tone at our risk.

Why Be a Slave To Bad Health?

Why remain in ill health month after month, why allow your body to make you a slave to ills, humours, distress and discomforts, when it is so easy to procure a trial box of this home treatment which has restored thousands to vigorous health and glorious strength? Why delay another day, when a trial of this proven medicine is yours for the asking? Why keep on suffering, when by filling in your name and address on the trial coupon and mailing it to us, you can get a full twenty-five days treatment of this great remedy which people everywhere are praising and talking about? It just costs a two-cent stamp, and you don't need to pay a single penny for the medicine unless Bodi-Tone benefits you. You have all to win and nothing to lose, no matter what your ailment may be, by trying Bodi-Tone on this liberal offer. Thousands of strong, virile, rich-blooded men and women in all parts of the country are living, breathing, walking and talking examples of the power of Bodi-Tone in the diseased, debilitated and run-down body. When you read how it acts, when you see what it does for others, when you see how it destroys the roots of disease, how it builds up, repairs, renews, cures and restores for persons like these whose likenesses are seen on this page, it tells you what to do to get the health you seek.

Not a Secret

Bodi-Tone is not a patent medicine, for its ingredients are not a secret. It contains Iron Phosphate, Gentian, Lithia, Chinese Rhubarb, Peruvian Bark, Nux Vomica, Oregon Grape Root, Cascara, Capsicum, Sarsaparilla and Golden Seal. Such valuable ingredients guarantee its curative merit and restorative power in the body.

Thousands of Cures

of Rheumatism, Stomach Trouble, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Ailments, Uric Acid Diseases, Female Troubles, Bowel, Blood and Skin Affections, Dropsy, Piles, Catarrh, Anaemia, Sleeplessness, La Grippe, Pains, General Weakness and Nervous Break-down, have fully proven the power and great remedial value of Bodi-Tone in such disorders. Each one got a dollar box on trial, as we offer you in the coupon.

Its history of success has proven beyond a shadow of doubt how the Bodi-Tone plan of toning all the body is a right plan that helps to cure these and other disorders, that it is a real aid to nature. Many who had for years been in poor health and had tried good doctors and most all of the prominent medicines, have found that one single box of Bodi-Tone did more good than all other treatments combined. It goes to the root in the body and cures because its work is rational and thorough, the only kind that makes cures permanent. Bodi-Tone makes the body right, with its maximum strength, vigor and vitality, which it may not have possessed for years previous, even when in fair health. Bodi-Tone works what seems a miracle by putting tone where tone was needed. Read the reports, showing how Bodi-Tone makes new health and strength, send for a box on trial at our risk and see if it will not prove the right thing for you. How we ask of the sick, all we ask of you, is to test it, to use it for twenty-five days, to give it a chance to prove what it can do, for a trial proves it.

Your Opinion Decides It!

When you use Bodi-Tone on this trial offer you take absolutely no obligations to pay one penny unless it satisfies, nor to buy any medicine at any time. We leave it all to you—your opinion decides it. You will know if you feel better, if you are stronger, more vigorous and active, if your limbs and back do not pain you, if your stomach or kidneys do not trouble you, if your heart or liver does not bother you. You will surely know if your organs are acting better than they did before using Bodi-Tone, and if health is returning to your body. If you are not sure, don't pay. We don't ask for pay or dun you. You need not even report unless you wish. Your silence can be your answer. Can anything be fairer? We know Bodi-Tone and take all the risk, because we know we can depend on it to make fast friends and win hearts wherever it is used, by the way it cures, by the way it rebuilds wasted bodies by the way it restores lost health, vitality and strength. None but a real curative medicine could be so offered. Send the coupon today for a trial box on these liberal conditions and learn just what Bodi-Tone will do for you. ADDRESS US AS PRINTED IN THE COUPON.

Permanently Cured a Year Ago

NORTH EASTHAM, MASS.—It is now over a year since I took Bodi-Tone, and I have waited to see if my troubles would return, but as they have not, I feel it my duty to the public to testify what the medicine has done for me. I had Palpitation of the Heart so bad that I could hardly walk, and could never lie on my left side. I had Indigestion so serious that the doctors thought I must die, but since taking Bodi-Tone I am a well man. I can eat anything I want at any time and nothing hurts me. I have had no trouble during the year with either my Heart or my Stomach and sleep well at night, lying on either side. I am seventy-seven years old, and can now do a very good day's work alongside men of forty, and Bodi-Tone made it all possible. WARREN K. SNOW.



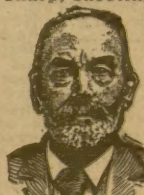
Rheumatism and Heart Trouble

MOUND CITY, KANSAS.—I suffered for over thirty years with Rheumatism and what the doctors pronounced Lumbago in my hips. The weakness was such that I could stand on my feet but a few minutes at a time. My Heart, too, was irregular and sometimes would skip beats. I was so nervous that I could hardly hold a cup of coffee without spilling it. I had no appetite and was all run down. My Kidneys were bad, for I had to get up several times during the night and could not sleep much. Sometimes the urine was scant and high-colored, with brick-dust. My feet and ankles were badly swollen. Life seemed almost a burden, for I was past doing my housework all summer. I sent for Bodi-Tone and could see a change after I had used it a week. It is wonderful. I have gained fifteen pounds in weight and do all my work now. I don't know what I would have done without it. MRS. CARRIE D. FRITCHETT.



Doctor Said Nothing Would Help

OSWEGO, OREGON.—I am seventy-three years old, and had Catarrh of the Stomach and Bladder, Rheumatism and Heart Trouble for many years. I had such sharp, shooting pains that I thought they would kill me. I doctored for years, having had three of the best doctors in California and Oregon, but they did me no real good. When I got Bodi-Tone I was down in bed. My doctor said it would make no difference what I took, for I could not get any better. Well, that was over a year ago, and I am still alive and can split and saw wood and do a pretty fair day's work. The doctors said I had a slow heart, and for years I could not sleep on my left side, but now I lie down any way I happen to get into the bed and sleep until day-break. The doctors used to inject morphine into me to kill the pain, but since I have used Bodi-Tone I have no pain. My feet and limbs used to swell clear to my knees, and my hands also, and now all is gone, along with the Rheumatism which I had for forty years. My Kidneys, Liver and Stomach do not bother me, and I can eat a good meal. Bodi-Tone was a blessing to me in my old age. G. M. SIMMONS.



A Girl's Case of Extreme Nervousness

LASCASSAS, TENN.—Bodi-Tone has helped me more than anything I have taken. Since using it I seem like a different girl entirely. So many people say "What have you been doing for yourself, you look so much better!" I couldn't do hardly anything before taking Bodi-Tone. Life was a worry and a dread, now it is worth living. I was so nervous I could hardly sleep at night. My head and back would jerk so we feared I had St. Vitus dance. I had our family Doctor, and I took a lot of medicine. Mothersaw the Bodi-Tone advertisement and the offer seemed so fair we could not help having faith in it, so sent for a box. Bodi-Tone has done the work for me as all here know. I shall always praise it. EULA DILLON.



Trial Coupon

Clipped from Comfort

**Bodi-Tone Company,
Hoyne & North Aves., Chicago**

I have read your offer of a dollar box of Bodi-Tone on 25 days' trial and ask you to send me a box by return mail, postpaid. I will give it a fair trial and will send you \$1.00 promptly when I am sure it has benefited me. If it does not help me I will not pay one penny and will owe you nothing. Neither I nor any member of my family have ever used it.

Name _____
Town _____
State _____
Street or R. F. D. _____

Husband and Wife Trial Offer When this trial offer is read in a home where husband and wife are both ailing and need Bodi-Tone, we will send TWO BOXES on trial, with the understanding that each will use a box, and pay us \$1.00 each if benefited. In such cases this Coupon should be designed with the husband's name, followed by the words "and wife." Write name in this way and we will know two boxes are wanted for husband and wife, the only way we ever send two boxes on trial.